EXTRA! Rita Hayworth tells all to Louella Parsons

modern screen

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AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

MAY -7 1952

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the JUNE ALLYSON Story

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MAY -7 1952

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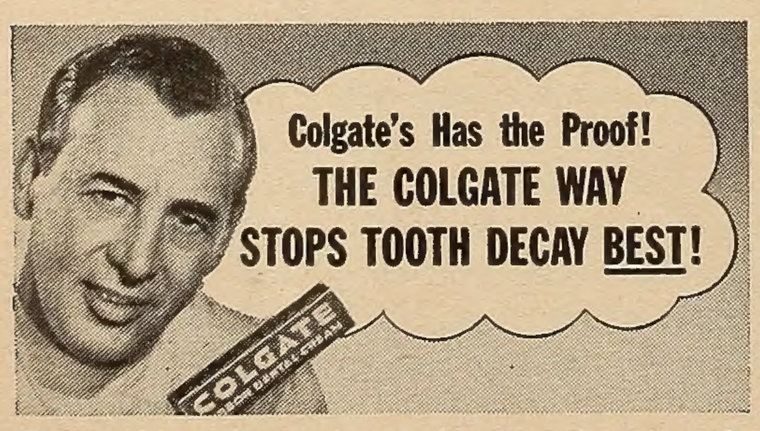
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JUNE, 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

special section

THE JUNE ALLYSON STORY ..... by Jane Wilkie 47
MY FAVORITE ROLE: "The Girl In White" ..... by June Allyson 51

stories

HUTTON'S PRINCE CHARLIE (Betty Hutton) ..... by Marsha Saunders 24
THE LOVE SECRET LIZ NEVER TOLD (Liz Taylor) ..... by Giselle la Falaise 29
SECOND HONEYMOON (John Wayne) ..... by Jim Henaghan 30
RITA TELLS ALL (Rita Hayworth) ..... by Louella Parsons 32
IT'S NOT *ALL* GRAVY (Mario Lanza) ..... by Steve Cronin 34
FOR SHELLEY—ALL OR NOTHING (Shelley Winters) ..... by Katherine Albert 36
JOHN SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF (John Derek) ..... by Caroline Brooks 38
IF YOU KNEW ANNIE! (Anne Baxter) ..... by Kirtley Baskette 40
LOVE IS BETTER THAN ANYTHING (Gene Kelly) ..... by Jim Burton 42
NOW THERE ARE SIX . . . (Jimmy Stewart) ..... by Marva Peterson 44
NO TRESPASSING (Howard Keel) ..... by Charles Russell 52
MERRY WIVES OF HOLLYWOOD (Oh, yeah!) ..... by Jack Wade 54
DREAMBOAT'S A-COMIN' (Jeff Hunter) ..... by Arthur L. Charles 56
PEOPLE MIGHT SAY SHE'S IN LOVE (Debbie Reynolds) ..... by Jim Newton 58

features

THE INSIDE STORY 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS 6
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT 12

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS ..... by Jonathan Kilbourn 18
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS 74
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT ..... by Joan Crawford, star columnist for June 88

ON THE COVER: Color picture of June Allyson by Nick Muray.
Other picture credits on page 104

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MGM

Movie-of-the-Month Calendar



JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

"SCARAMOUCHE" starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER, JANET LEIGH, MEL FERRER, brings to the screen Rafael Sabatini's swashbuckling story of the most fabulous adventurer in a romantic era! M-G-M's spectacular "Movie Of The Month" for June filmed in the glory of color by **TECHNICOLOR!**

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starring KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, dancers MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER in a musical gay as Paris . . . in color by **TECHNICOLOR!**
An eye-filling treat for July!



JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

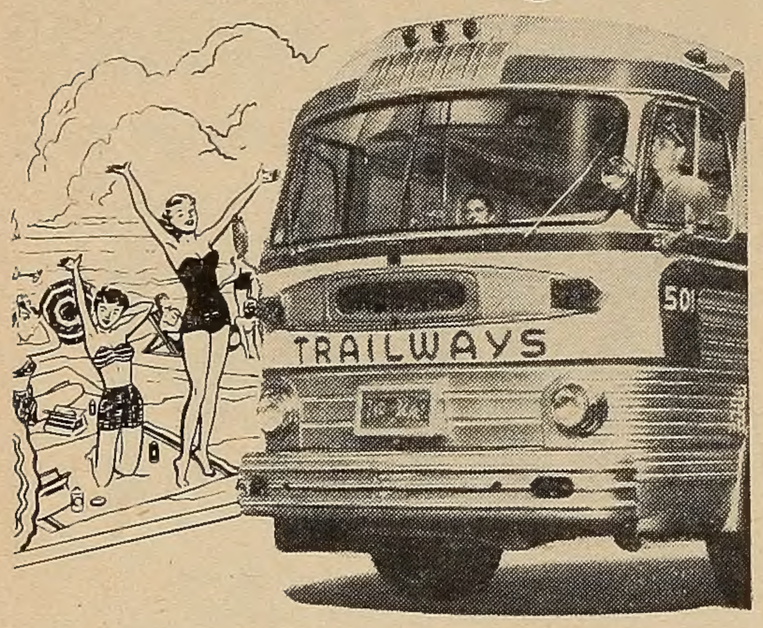


AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30

"IVANHOE" stars ROBERT TAYLOR, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JOAN FONTAINE, GEORGE SANDERS, EMLYN WILLIAMS in Sir Walter Scott's exciting story enriched with color by **TECHNICOLOR!**
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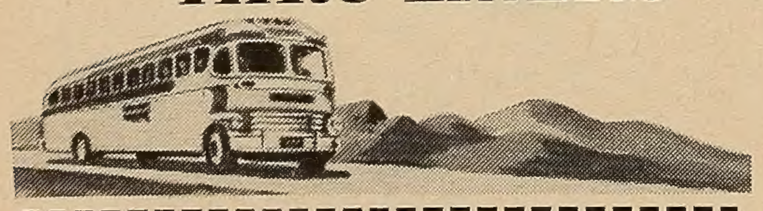
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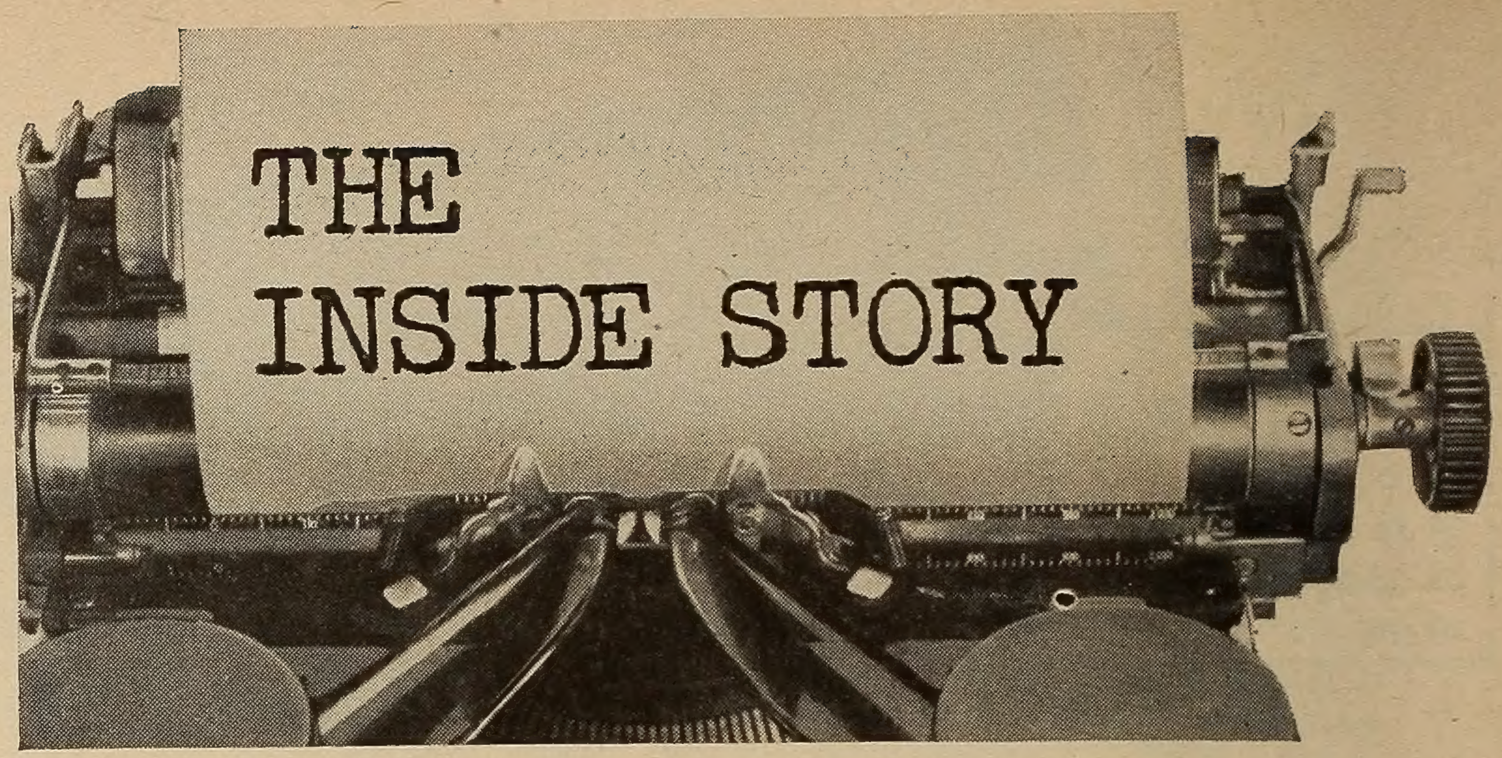
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Why is nothing ever mentioned about Gene Tierney's oldest daughter, Daria, who should be eight by now?
—B. B., DORCHESTER, MASS.

A. *Daria is in a boarding school in Pennsylvania.*

Q. Is it true that Elizabeth Taylor paid for her own engagement ring?
—V. C., KANSAS CITY, Mo.

A. *She advanced the money for it.*

Q. How many times has Dick Powell been married and how many children does he have?—Y. D., DENVER, COLO.

A. *Powell has been married three times, has four children, two of whom are his by adoption.*

Q. How much does Mario Lanza weigh now? —T. R., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *167 pounds.*

Q. I hear that Elizabeth Taylor and Alan Ladd are both Christian Scientists and that when Ladd was in the Army he refused to okay an operation for the removal of his appendix. Is this truth or rumor?
—A. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Truth.*

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire are really quite bald?
—D. O., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Does John Wayne have a nasty temper? Is that why he's so difficult to direct? —H. H., RALEIGH, N. C.

A. *Wayne has a quick temper but takes direction easily.*

Q. Does Doris Day bleach her hair?
—B. C., CHARLESTON, S. C.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Does Jimmy Stewart have a clause in his contract which forbids the mentioning of his great war record? If so, why? —U F., MEADE, PA.

A. *Stewart refuses to trade on his outstanding Air Forces record, wants to be judged publicly only on his record as an actor.*

Q. I understand that June Allyson gets a spending allowance of only $10 a week. How does she manage to live on that?
—B. H., PATERSON, N. J.

A. *She seldom pays cash for anything, has all her bills paid by her business manager. Most of the $10 goes for tips.*

Q. Is it true or just publicity that Betty Hutton reads the Bible before she goes to bed each night?—V. F., MOBILE, ALA.

A. *Before she retires, Betty drinks a glass of milk, reads her Bible.*

Q. How old is Bette Davis? How old is her husband, Gary Merrill? Isn't Betty the boss in this marriage because of her superior earning power?
—E. V., PORTLAND, ME.

A. *Bette is 44. Merrill is 37. He wears the pants.*

Q. How come I hardly see photos any more of Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray and their children?
T. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. *Mrs. MacMurray has been chronically ill for the past ten years. Because of that, the family does little socializing, absolutely no night-clubbing.*

Q. What caused the split between Nancy Olson and Paramount?
—T. L., PEORIA, ILL.

A. *Nancy wants better parts.*

Q. What happened to Marilyn Monroe's first husband?
—R. I., DEL MAR, CALIF.

A. *He committed suicide.*

Q. I understand it cost Bob Taylor a fortune to divorce Barbara Stanwyck. How much did she settle for?
—N. U., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A. *Their home valued at $100,000 and 15% of his gross income, annually.*

It's the Growing-Up, Falling-In-Love Story of the "Cheaper-by-the-Dozen" Family!

They're learning about L-O-V-E, winning Charleston contests, filling home and heart with song and laughter and utter delight!



Jeanne CRAIN
Myrna LOY



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From the best beloved Book-of-the-Month sequel to "Cheaper By The Dozen"

Also Starring

DEBRA PAGET · JEFFREY HUNTER · EDWARD ARNOLD

with HOAGY CARMICHAEL · BARBARA BATES · ROBERT ARTHUR · VERNA FELTON

Produced by SAMUEL G. ENGEL Directed by HENRY LEVIN Screen Play by PHOEBE and HENRY EPHRON

Based on the Book by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey



The 24th annual Academy Award night brought out an unprecedented number of celebrities. (*Left to right*) Ronald Colman; Humphrey Bogart, winner of the best actor award for his work in *The African Queen;* Greer Garson, who accepted the best actress statuette for Vivien Leigh, now performing on the Broadway stage; Danny Kaye, emcee of the ceremonies; Arthur Freed, winner of the Thalburg Memorial Award; Karl Malden, best supporting actor (in *Streetcar Named Desire*); George Stevens, winning director of *A Place In The Sun.*

BETTY HUTTON AND CHARLIE O'CURRAN ELOPE . . . CARLETON CARPENTER "MIXES

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



When Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran flew home from their Las Vegas elopement, Betty's little girls, Lindsay and Candy, met them at the door.

"Are you going to live here with us?" five-year-old Lindsay asked her brand new step-father. Charlie said he was.

"You can set up a bed in our room," the little girl offered. "We know Mother likes to be alone." (!)

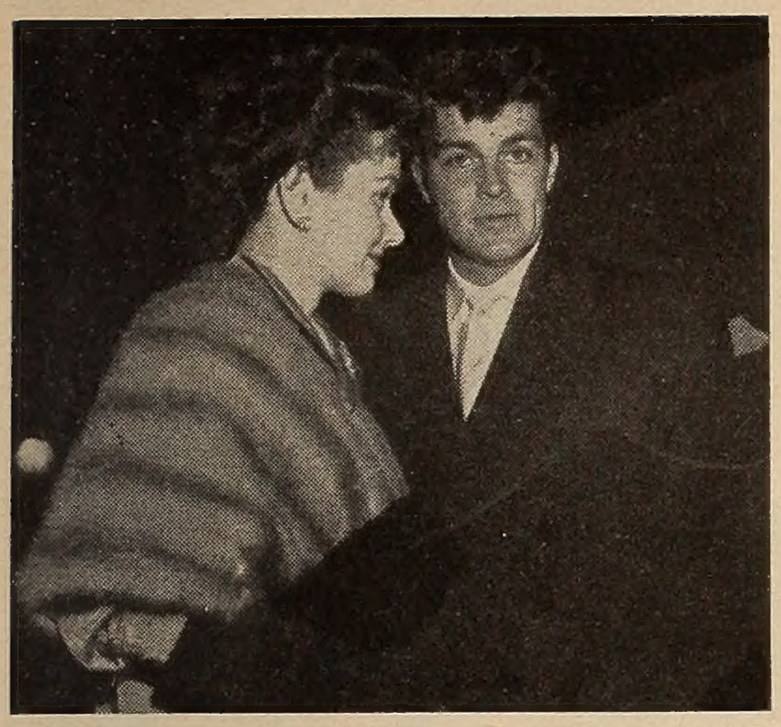
Betty certainly looked the part of the blooming bride at the champagne-and-cake reception at her home the afternoon following the elopement which surprised the natives and kept me up all night working on my scoop.

Her dress was white satin and she wore orchids in her hair and carried an orchid corsage.

"How does it happen that you come up with a white satin gown if you and Charlie got married on the spur of the moment?" I asked her.

"Oh, I bought this two years ago," she laughed, "—just in case!"

I have a hunch this marriage of Betty's



Dale Robertson and his pretty Jackie do the town on one of their rare nights out. The Robertsons expect an heir—or heiress—early in June.



Jane Powell came to the Academy Award dinner with husband Geary Steffen, later sang one of the songs nominated for an Oscar.



Slowpokes Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis, who finally made it to the altar, still had that "honeymoon look" at the Oscar dinner.



Lauren Bacall almost leaped out of her seat when her Bogie was called up for an Oscar. Lauren kisses him as Greer waits her turn.



Newshounds took a second look when Carleton Carpenter squired Joan Evans to the Oscar fete. He says he's "serious" about Barbara Ruick.



Jane Wyman beamingly introduced young Travis Kleef eld, to all her friends at the Academy Award party, later called off their engagement.

CHEMICALLY" WITH BARBARA RUICK . . . MARILYN MONROE GIVES A STRAIGHT ANSWER TO A CURVED QUESTION!

may work out. First, Charlie adores her and la Hutton is a gal who loves admiration and attention. Second, he is rapidly coming up as a very talented and high priced choreographer in the business. He gets a big salary which means that money will not be a problem between them as it was in her marriage to Ted Briskin.

Third—but far from least, O'Curran has an easy going, likeable disposition and when Betty gets upset about anything he just kids her out of it.

So I says—Good luck and much happiness, Mr. and Mrs. O'Curran.

CARLETON CARPENTER admits he is more serious about Barbara Ruick than he has been about any other gal in his life.

"She's a wonderful girl," says the long, lanky boy they call Stretch. "Great talent. Great sense of humor. Chemically we mix well."

But as for marriage:

"Who knows?" he says. "I can't see myself getting married. Wouldn't it be *hysterical* if we just up and did it, though!"

For one thing, Barbara understands Carleton's haphazard way of dating—a purely spontaneous thing. He says he never knows where he will be or what he'll be doing three hours later and can't make plans in advance. He likes to call a girl, ask her to go out, then go pick her up—just like that. He believes honesty is the best policy for a girl and boy—saves misunderstandings later on.

LOOKING Back Over "Oscar" Night: When Humphrey Bogart won, Lauren Bacall leaped from her seat as though she had been shot with electricity, also tripping Bogey before he got started down the aisle.

My girl, Jane Wyman, was a vision in pale lavender and so cute when she sang the prize winning "In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening" with Danny Kaye. (Bing Crosby was in San Francisco.)

Of the girls who appeared on the stage—Janice Rule's lovely white chiffon gown with its "smoke" colored bodice and overskirt was voted tops.

Too many of the girls tried to pull a Marlene Dietrich and wore black gowns when they made the presentations. Zsa Zsa Gabor's skirt was slit even higher than Dietrich's—but it didn't rate the wolf whistles "grandma" got with hers.

Leslie Caron loped onto the stage. The little French girl is a fine dancer—but she ain't much of a walker!

Eleanor Parker was the most beautiful "loser"—and by far the most gracious in applauding the decision to Vivien Leigh.

Shelley Winters just nudged Vittorio Gassman. And how come she wasn't wearing a smitch of makeup—not even lipstick?

Carleton Carpenter surprised the sidewalk jitterbugs by showing up with Joan Evans instead of Barbara Ruick.

Arlene Dahl's floating pink Fontanna gown was the loveliest of the evening.

Debbie Reynolds sat where I could watch her and everytime a winner was announced she'd yell, "Oh, Gee!"

Montgomery Clift, all dressed up in black tie, was with the Kevin McCarthys—but Monty didn't look disappointed. He hadn't expected to win. (*Continued on next page*)

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OF EXTRA COST

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5-day deodorant pads



the daintiest way to daintiness ever!



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No messy fingers! No trickle down your sides! Just pat a pad . . . then throw it away!

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Once you try them . . . you'll always buy them.



5-day deodorant pads

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% on other deodorants, pay only *2¢ on* **25¢** *size . . . 4¢ on* **59¢** *size . . . 5¢ on* **$1.00** *size*



Betty Hutton sang for the Marines only a few miles behind the front in Korea on a recent USO tour. (For more about Betty see pg. 22.)

When Bette Davis first walked onto the stage hardly anyone recognized her with her poodle haircut. Even emcee Danny Kaye said with some surprise, "Well, it's BETTE DAVIS!"

Almost overlooked in the excitement of this year's winners was Broderick Crawford who won two years ago for *All The King's Men.* But Brod had his own private reasons for being happy: he sat and held hands all evening with his pretty Kay. They actually beam since the reconciliation.

Just a note to the Academy Awards itself: If the actual winners are out of town and cannot attend in person, arrangements should be made to pipe them in via radio as was done last year. There's something awfully cold about an Oscar being given to a stand-in—no matter how glamorous.

"URGENT that you see Miss Jane Wyman at once in the Polo Lounge," the maitre d' whispered in my ear, at the Cinema Editors' Dinner.

"They wouldn't put me through to you on the telephone. And I wanted you to be the very first to know that Travis and I are engaged," Jane said.

Her eyes were twinkling like twin stars as she went on to tell me how happy she was.

But just when everyone thought that Jane and Travis were going to elope, Jane telephoned and told me her engagement was broken.

"Has it anything to do with the difference in your ages?" I asked. (He's just 26 and Jane is much older.) "Nothing in the world," she said. "We are the only two people, I guess, who weren't conscious of the difference in our ages. The dawn came after we sat down and talked over our future and we both knew it just wasn't right."

Travis, who inherited a fortune from his father, is actively engaged in a housing project in San Diego. As soon as he and Jane broke their engagement, he left for San Diego. Jane turned off her telephone and talked to only her closest friends.

I really think she is very upset, but as she said, "It's better to break it now than to have a broken marriage later."

Recently, Jane had dinner with Ronald Reagan (her ex-husband) and his bride, Nancy. Because of their children, Jane and Ronnie



It was all around them! A dead man's curiously twisted smile, a still-heard echo in a hidden catacomb, a glowing bed of fiery jewels! Here treasure-hunt flared into man-hunt—turning a torrid corner of the tropics into flame!

WARNER BROS.' THRILL-SWEPT TROPICAL ADVENTURE!

SCREEN PLAY BY N. RICHARD NASH Music by Max Steiner • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS • PRODUCED BY DAVID WEISBART



What's what with Scott Brady and Susan Ball? No comment from them, but they've been seen around town a lot lately, here with George Fisher.



Arlene Dahl's dreamy pink gown walked off with "prettiest" award on Oscar night. Lex Barker agreed but kept getting tangled up in it.



Bette Davis with her new poodle cut, and Gary Merrill resplendent in a plaid dinner jacket, were a snappy twosome at *Zapata* premiere.

will always be friends.

MANY people will say that Marilyn Monroe did wrong in posing in the nude for an art calendar several years ago when she was broke. But she did right in admitting that the picture is hers.

"I was broke," Marilyn explains, "and when Tom Kelly, the artist-photographer, told me that he had an order for a nude art study and that his wife, Natalie, would be present throughout the sitting—well, I just couldn't turn down the money.

"When the calendar was circulated, my studio almost had a fit. Some of my friends advised me to deny to my last breath that I had posed for the picture. They even said I should say I had posed only for the head and that it had been pasted on a nude body.

"But, heck" sighed Marilyn, philosophically, "it looks like my body, too. I just decided to be honest about the whole thing and pretty soon people will forget about it, I think."

Marilyn may not be the brainiest blonde in town—but she's honest and she's sincerely trying to make a successful career for herself. Since she clicked, she hasn't played the nightclub circuits with a different beau every night, either.

Her only serious date recently has been Joe DiMaggio, who seems to have a real crush on her. Whether or not Marilyn returns the interest, I don't know.

I do know—she is the perfect doll for 20th Century-Fox to star in the life story of Jean Harlow when the platinum blonde's career is made into a movie.

Nobody recognizes Tony Dexter in public. Saw him dancing with his wife at the Cocoanut Grove the other night and when he tripped slightly a bobbysoxer at the next table said, "Who's that man who *looks like an actor* who almost fell down! ! !"

This goes to prove what I've said all along —Tony's makeup as Valentino changed his natural appearance more than anyone thought.

He'll need a couple of good roles using his own face before he begins to be greatly pestered by the autograph hounds.

P.S. Believe it or not—Tony is still No. 1 man in my MODERN SCREEN fan mail!

PAGING Jane Powell in A Hurry: Janie, I'm getting a lot of criticism about your silvery hair. Your fans don't like it because they say it makes you look "gray headed," and you're too cute and too young for that. If you just intended it to be a silvery-blonde tint—something musta happened in the dye job.

Such is the life of a columnist. Gene Tierney stopped by my table with Kirk Douglas and all the time we were talking she called him "Kirkie." I printed that.

Then she went to New York and told a reporter that she never called him "Kirkie" in her life and wondered how it started?

Our "usual" weather (this year, anyway) with the rain coming down in buckets and most of the canyon roads roaring like rivers, didn't keep the guests from attending the Donald Nelson party in their home atop Coldwater Canyon.

Only Joan Fontaine and Collier Young sent regrets. Joan, who also lives in a hillside house, said she was afraid she couldn't get back to her children.

My escort was Leo Genn, handsome and talented British actor, who was the guest of honor. If you saw *Quo Vadis* you know just how fine an actor he is.

Leo called for me carrying a red umbrella belonging, he said, to his landlady. We drove through water up to the hubcaps of the car—and when you're swirling around mountain roads—that's no fun, pals. I must say Leo was most amusing and comforting about the whole thing.

Once there—we forgot about our perilous journey in the gayety of the warm, flower-bedecked house and the many guests already there.

I had a long talk with Gregory Peck who is taking Greta and the three boys to Europe to stay at least a year and not to avoid the income tax.

"We'll stay a year IF I can get a job," said Greg, deadpan.

"I'm not worried about THAT," I laughed. P.S. He has a job in *Roman Holiday* with Willy Wyler which will be filmed in Rome.

The Pecks plan to take a house in the south of France and then go to Finland for the Olympic games. Greta looks awfully cute—she's so much thinner, about size 9.

JEAN PIERRE AUMONT still looks so very sad but he tells me he finds comfort in talking about Maria Montez with all the people who knew her.

"I used to try to avoid talking about her," he said. "But now it is relief to my heart."

Seems I run into the Walter Pidgeons at every dinner party I attend. They are about the most popular dinner guests I know. That's because Walter is always so gay and makes a point of being pleasant to everyone.

After dinner was over—by at least three hours—up the canyon in the still pouring rain came Hedy Lamarr—and surprise, surprise—there wasn't a single complaint out of Hedy, even about the weather. Luscious Lamarr is usually having more troubles than the old lady in the shoe—with her children, or her career, or a husband, or life in general.

Yes, we all had a very gay time at the Nelsons'. During the regime of FDR, Donald was a top official in Washington and he and Valerie, his pretty English wife, are very popular in our town.

WHEN Hedy Lamarr finally went into court to divorce Ted Stauffer, hotel operator, she charged him with beating her. This, indeed, came as a surprise, for when they separated Hedy said it was "just one of those things"—no bitterness on either side. She told me his business activities kept him in Mexico and her interests were in Hollywood.

As surprising as her charges were—Ted was as eager to have the marriage ended as Hedy—so he put up no defense.

Now Hedy, the Beautiful, is free to take on Husband No. 5 if she is so minded.

Might be director Stanley Rubin, who has also courted Gloria Graham and Coleen Grey. But, by the time this is in print, somebody else will probably be Head Man in Hedy's heart.

The Letter Box: "Leona," of Detroit, who is 15, writes: "I can understand Elizabeth Taylor falling in love with and marrying an older man like Michael Wilding. I'M in love with Michael Rennie!"

Helen Baker writes: "Hasn't Frank Sinatra had about enough bad luck? Let's start printing some nice things about Frankie." I agree —enough's enough and Frankie has certainly had it.

Vivian Westmorland, Cincinnati, doesn't believe that Dale Robertson drinks only milk. It isn't the only thing Dale drinks, Vivian, but it's his staple—five quarts a day!

Well, guess that just about winds us up. That's all for now. See you next month!

Top secret—your hair gleams and shimmers like silk, it has the excitingly smooth feel of silk, it shines with a soft silky blaze, when you shampoo with gentle Drene. (Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair!)



DRENE SHAMPOO

silkens your hair...as it cleanses!



GET DRENE TODAY!

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PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain Wrapper). Write Dept. F-62, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Make a bet that Betty Hutton's new marriage will be every bit as tempestuous as her previous one—and for no other reason except that Betty LOVES excitement. At the press conference following her wedding to Charlie O'Curran she told me, "I met Charlie seven months ago, when he was directing my dances in *Somebody Loves Me*. We fought like cats and dogs. And the more I fought with him the more I loved him!" . . . The Dale Robertsons expect their baby in June. If it's a boy, Dale won't let Jackie name him Junior. Says he: "It's too presumptuous." . . . Mona Freeman will unveil her new glamor personality any picture now. She left Paramount, after a nine-year contract there, because she was tired of playing little girl roles.



Freeman

Aly Khan's household help at Chateau de l'Horizon has been notified to expect a visit from Princess Rita sometime this summer. But his lawyer went back to France with this word from La Hayworth: "Let me think about it. I want to make up my own mind about a divorce or reconciliation" . . . Meanwhile, Rita's whirl with Kirk Douglas, after his brief romance with Gene Tierney, rocked Hollywood. Odds aren't too good, however, on the Rita-Kirk kindling continuing, since his children are coming out to spend the summer with him . . . And here's another hot one: Oleg Cassini wants to make it a third try with Miss Tierney. His argument: "A successful Hollywood marriage, where the wife is a movie star, includes a husband who is willing to humble himself and wait on her hand and foot." Oleg's willing! . . . Her parents objected strongly to Joan Evans' romance with handsome, young, used-car dealer Kirby Weatherly, who used to be an actor, to no avail. This one's a real sizzler . . . Will Deanna Durbin ever make a picture again? She writes from France: "Never happier, just singing lullabies to my baby."



Douglas



Evans

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Talking with John Agar at a party in Beverly Hills, I found him a trifle on the unhappy side about several writers who have been sniping at him because of his brush with the Los Angeles Traffic Department almost a year ago and a brief stay (less than two months) at the Sheriff's Honor Farm. This criticism has cost him several good movie jobs, since they implied he was unreliable. But John hasn't touched anything stronger than a coke since then! Also, he has been almost painfully punctual for interviews and whatever else has been asked of him—and, in his desire to be completely cooperative, has gone in for publicity promotions from which he once studiously shied.



Agar

Some writers have implied that John was angered with his former wife, Shirley Temple, for taking their baby across the country to Washington, D.C. John refutes it with, "Where else should a little girl be but with her mother?" One "reporter" wrote that John's wife, the former Loretta Barnett, was older than he and a one-time starlet, and that his actions had brought disgrace on Hollywood—none of which is true. And John, who has been remarkably patient about this shoddy treatment in the press, (*Continued on page 14*)



"My guy is afraid to marry me...

afraid I'll turn out to be like his own sister! Maybe the things they say about her are true. But if you don't love your husband... and you're crazy about somebody else... haven't you got a right to do something about it? Like Mae did! My guy's afraid that maybe I'd act the same. And you know something? Maybe I would... maybe I would..."





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BARBARA STANWYCK · PAUL DOUGLAS
ROBERT RYAN · MARILYN MONROE

CLASH BY NIGHT

with
J. CARROL NAISH • KEITH ANDES • Produced by HARRIET PARSONS • Directed by FRITZ LANG • Screenplay by ALFRED HAYES
BASED ON THE PLAY BY CLIFFORD ODETS

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

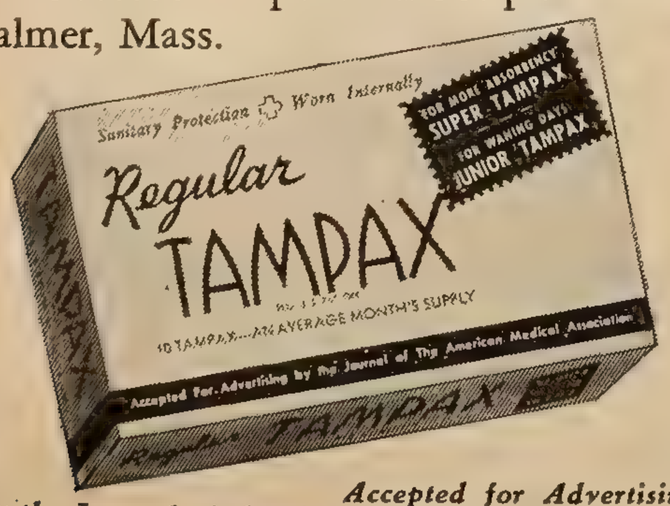


give the girl Credit

These daughters certainly bring new ideas into the house—break the ice of old habits, so to speak. For instance it's ten-to-one that your daughter discovered Tampax before you did—*Tampax*, that improved method of sanitary protection (worn internally).

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax needs no belts, pins or bulky outside pads. It really represents a highly modern idea in monthly protection—helps take the pressure off your mind at "those times." With Tampax there's no worry about odor or those revealing edges or ridges that you see showing through other women's skirts or dresses. Your social poise is sure to improve when you wear Tampax.

Daintiness is the key word for Tampax—from the slender white applicator (you needn't touch the Tampax!) all the way through to the final disposal. Pure surgical cotton provides unusual absorbency. ... Sold in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Full month's supply may be carried in purse....Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

hollywood report continued

said that several times he was on the verge of chucking the acting game and going into the job he always wanted before he came to Hollywood—a golf professional . . . Maybe it's time the tearer-downers let John alone. He has proved he's a regular guy, has learned his lesson, and should be given a fair opportunity to regain his former status in movies.

Ann Blyth presented Dick Clayton with a pair of St. Genesius cufflinks (St. Genesius is the patron saint of actors) when he quit being an actor to be an agent for other actors . . . Linda Darnell and Pev Marley celebrated the finalization of their divorce decree by dining together . . . Cutest couple of the month: Joan Benny and Gary Crosby . . . Second cutest: Susan Zanuck and Rock Hudson . . . Lana and Lamas tore back from a Palm Springs rendezvous in her white Jaguar convertible, which still bears the initials LTT (the last T for TOPPING!) on the door . . . Joan Bennett and her ex-husband, Gene Markey, have been getting sparkier and sparkier.



Blyth

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

U-I stopped Peggy Dow's pay checks—because her honeymoon just wouldn't stop! . . . Andre De Toth packed the three kids to Veronica Lake in New York, prior to their divorce, and moved in with his mother . . . Errol Flynn refused to let Pat Wymore puncture her earlobes for earrings. He just doesn't like punctured earlobes!

The big squabble between Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier, aside from the $8,000 she claims her ex-husband owes her for furniture he moved from their house and tax money that she loaned him, centers on daughter Deborah. Bill refused to let his daughter accompany her mother to Europe for some picture-making there . . . I hear their respective bosses aren't too happy about those home movies Tony Curtis and Jerry Lewis have been making . . . Icicles—but Icicles!—when Jane Wyman attended a party with Travis Kleefeld and either snubbed or just plain didn't see—I dunno which—Diane Garrett, who used to go to parties with Kleefeld . . . The only trouble I've been able to discern in the Ruth Roman-Morty Hall household is that he likes to live in New York and she likes Hollywood . . . One fan yelled "Shell Gas!" when Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman showed up at the *Viva Zapata!* preem. But isn't that Vittorio the quiet one. Shel kept prodding him and muttering, "Say something to me—people are watching!" . . .



Lewis and Curtis

His friends say that Franchot Tone's devotion to his sons is greater, much greater, than any love he's ever had for Barbara Payton—so much so that ex-wife Jean Wallace made a firm stand for full custody. "He spoils the boys terribly," Jean said, "by giving them $10 or $20 every time he sees them."

QUICK QUOTES:

Loretta Young: "When I went to school the only thing I understood about figures was that they're good to hang clothes on" . . . Betty Grable, when I asked her how she prepared for her role in *The Farmer Takes A Wife:* "I attended the County Fair last summer" . . . Jane Russell, after she "ran into" that black eye in Las Vegas: "Everyone is happy as a lark at my hearthside" . . . Jan Sterling's line of snazzy dialog, directed towards Tony Curtis in *Flesh And Fury:* "Mother told me never to sell myself cheap, 'cause I'll never hit the jackpot that way!" . . . Joan Crawford: "I have been reported dating Scott Brady and feuding with Gloria Grahame while we were shooting *Sudden Fear*. But when you're making an independent picture you haven't time for sex or feuds—and I resent it because both make for a happy life!" . . . Ava Gardner: "I should have married sooner. I'd be a mother by now".



Crawford

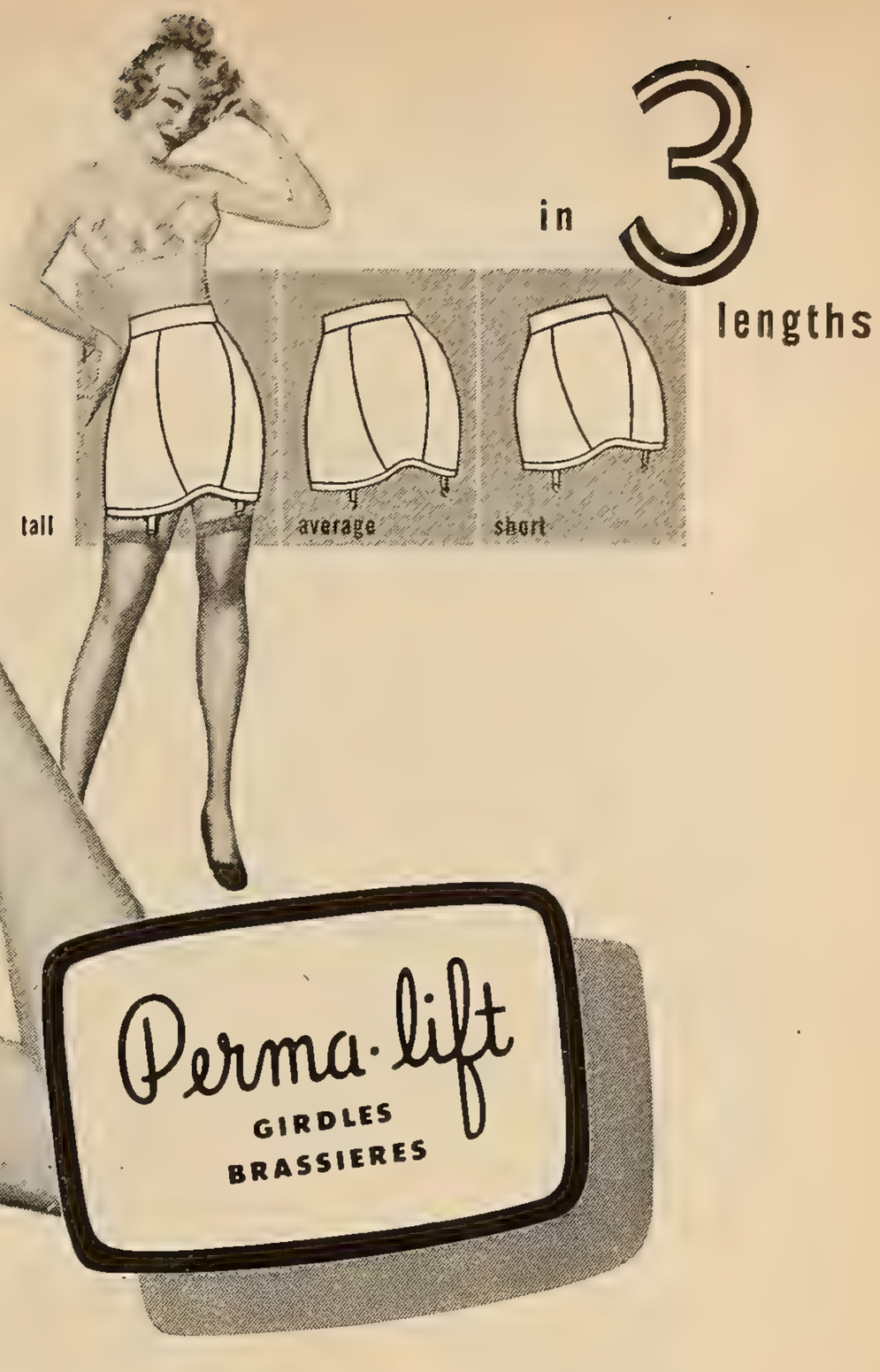
ODDS BODKINS:

The only two charge accounts Marilyn Monroe has in town are at bookstores. What does she do—decorate her apartment with dust jackets? . . . Jean Peters has a new vocation: designing costumes for Hollywood's new little theatre group, The Gallery Players . . . All of a sudden there isn't a more conscientious actor at 20th than Dan Dailey, and what's brought on the change I wouldn't be for knowing . . . Checking through my files I found that Mickey Rooney directed Aldo Ray's first picture, *My True Story,* two years ago at Columbia. Ray, the town's new rave leading man, played a bit as a chauffeur in that one . . . Tin plate on the door of Walter Wanger's bungalow at Monogram Studio: "No Peddlers Or AGENTS" . . .

Penny Edwards left Republic and got a new contract at 20th because she was fed up with riding and never getting any love scenes in Rep's Westerns. So what happens? Her first picture at 20th is Ty Power's *Pony Soldier,* in which she rides, rides, RIDES and has never a love scene! . . . Did you too notice that Katie Hepburn's hair seemed to get redder and redder as *The African Queen* unreeled? . . . Bing Crosby started an ice cream company. Now you can see him (movies), hear him (radio), spin him (records), breathe him (cold cure) and smear him on your kid brother's kisser . . . Jonas Schrift, Shel's pop, saw his daughter in *A Place In The Sun* at the Academy Award Theatre. When the canoe tipped over and Shel drowned he left the theatre because as far as he was concerned the picture was over! . . . Mary Livingstone fainted in Palm Springs recently. As Jack Benny rushed to her side a teenager ran up to him and thoughtlessly squeaked, "Mr. Benny, kin I have your autograph?". . . Ava Gard-



Crosby



How you can be a Beauty Queen

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Wherever you go whatever you do, you'll look like a queen in a "Perma·lift"* brand new, grand new Girdle. This tummy smoothing, hip rounding, little bit of daintiness is—oh—so blissfully easy to wear. Most important, too, it is styled in three lengths—Short, Average and Tall—so you can be sure, whatever your size, it will stay put always. Your favorite corsetiere can fit you perfectly, so see her as soon as you can. At an—easy on the pocketbook—price, the Girdle $5.00, matching Pantie $5.95, in Snowy White.

You'll also love the dream designed "Perma·lift" Bra to match. Styled with the famous Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups, you're gently, firmly supported from below. Wear it daily, wash it nightly—the uplift is guaranteed to last the life of the garment. For the Junior figure—$2.00.

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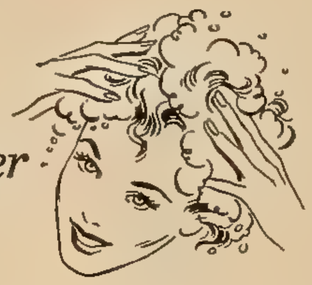
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Not a soap, not an oily cream —Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



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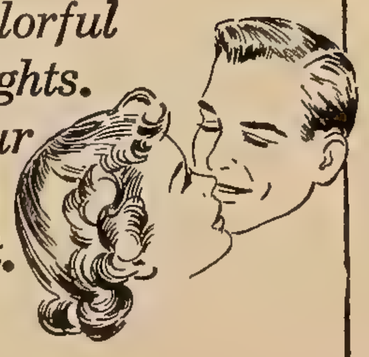


Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!





Leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

hollywood report continued

ner's scenes in *Snows Of Kilimanjaro* with Greg Peck took two weeks of shooting, during which time she meets her hero, marries him, becomes pregnant, loses the baby, hunts a rhinoceros, goes to war—and dies! . . . Stewart Granger ordered a new British midget car for his own Jeannie Simmons, same color as his . . . Northern California newspaper headline: "Ava Gardner's 3d Husband Arrives in Town."

HOME FIRES BURNING:



Gardner

Bob and Dorothy Mitchum called the baby Petrina, after Bob's grandmother . . . Sue and Alan Ladd celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary by giving each other gun racks. You heard me. Gun racks . . . Frankie calls Ava "my li'l ol' Southern cawn pone" . . . Ava calls Frankie "my Old Man" . . . This is the way Tony Curtis answers the phone at home: "Hungarian underground!" . . . Arlene Dahl reports that she and Sexy Lexy saw *The Blue Veil* and decided to raise a family! . . . The Barbara Rush-Jeffery Hunter heir is due in August.

Joanne Dru leased Carole Lombard's old house on Beverly Drive and swears it's having an effect on her career: "I actually find myself bouncing around on the set like Carole used to in pictures!" . . . "Matronly" is the way returnees from Rome describe Ingrid Bergman. And Greg Bautzer has secured a $22,000 refund from the Government for her, in back income taxes—all of it airmailed post-haste to Italy . . . Bing escorted his Dixie to Don Loper's and bought her 18 Easter outfits . . . Barbara Perry, Bette Davis' sister, is now handling Bette's fan mail. She inherited the job from Bridge Price, Bette's secretary for 20 years . . . Dana Andrews' oldest son will report to the Army when he graduates at Hollywood High in June . . . Danny Thomas has spent $100,000 remodeling his old-fashioned Spanish house (it cost $35,000) in Beverly Hills . . . Rocky Cooper had the final word when Patricia Neal went to Europe: "Gary should enjoy a period of bachelorhood. Then we'll see what happens."

TIME TABLES:

The time table scanners are all focussing on Liz Taylor, whose American dollars financed her honeymoon with Mike Wilding in Switzerland and who mentioned three times in one overseas interview how much she wants children . . . But no matter how you slice it, Liz and Mike LOOK like two very-much-in-love people . . . Cary Grant and Greg Peck are both playing 18-year-olds—Cary in *Darling, I am Growing Younger,* Greg in *Kilimanjaro* . . . By the way, back to Liz, she's been signing autographs "E. T. Wilding."



Grant

SEX APPEAL:

Zsa Zsa Gabor threw out her chest when a photog asked her to look sexy and sputtered: "I ALVAYS luke saxy!"...



Moore

Hollywood's photogs are now calling beefcake poses "Brando art," following Marlon's muscle-ripplings in *Streetcar Named Desire* and *Viva Zapata!* . . . The Breen Office made Hal Wallis tone down Terry Moore's cleavage in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Or should I say tone UP? . . . There'll be no Jane Russell-type buildup for Katie Grayson when she gets loaned by M-G-M to RKO for a co-starrer with Tony Martin, and for two very good reasons: she doesn't want it and she doesn't need it!

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Humphrey Bogart, who has been banned by some of the toniest nightclubs in Manhattan, turned right around on his recent trip to New York and banned El Morocco and the Stork Club! . . . Judy Holliday is slugging it out with Harry Cohn, her boss at Columbia. He has her tied up for a few more pix at $50,000 each. But she let herself in for it in order to get *Born Yesterday*. She insists she's worth $150,000 a picture now . . . Ronald Reagan refused to endorse a beer ad submitted to him on the grounds that this is a bad time for Hollywoodites to incur bad public relations by doing so . . . But Bob Hope endorsed one and then turned his $10,000 check right over to the Cerebral Palsy Fund.

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Rory Calhoun, who have been living on $35 a week as prescribed by his business manager, asked the very same b. m. for a $1.20-a-week raise. Got it, too . . . A very well-known swashbuckling star's check for $40 bounced at the Cafe Gala . . . And talk about woes—poor Dean Martin lives on $20 a week! He claims the Internal Revenue Department allows him only that much weekly and is "sitting on" the rest of his take-home pay . . . Judy Garland's best break in years: the $400,000 she made on her Palace Theatre date in New York . . . Sylvia Gable won't get that huge lump sum she demanded from Clark. Instead, he'll pay her yearly remittances . . . Buddy-boy Brando was paid $125,000 by 20th for doing *Zapata!* That's $50,000 more than he got from Warners for *Streetcar* . . . Gene Nelson raked in $9,000 for his three weeks onstage at the Strand Theatre, New York—which is exactly $6,750 more than he makes for the same period in pictures! You figure it out.



Garland

Hedy Lamarr asked a company that sells cultured pearls for $25,000 to endorse its product. They countered with an offer of $15,000. She didn't endorse it . . . Bette Davis made the mistake of disposing of her percentage in *Another Man's Poison* for some ready cash. The picture will take in $750,000 more than was originally estimated . . . Randy Scott signed for four hoss operas at Warners. He'll get $460,000 for the four.



New! Miracle tip for fingertips...

Spillpruf CUTEX

Now, Cutex brings you an amazing new nail polish bottle! Designed with a miracle device, it prevents polish from flowing when bottle is overturned—protects clothes and furniture from costly accidents due to spilled polish!

Yes, Spillpruf Cutex is better in every way! Made with long-wearing Enamelon, it sets hard as a jewel—gives lasting "non-chip" wear. Such a heavenly range of colors too—one lovelier, livelier than the next!

EXCITING LIPSTICK DISCOVERY—
NEW STAY FAST INDELIBLE LIPSTICK!

Stays on till you take it off! Never smears on glasses, cigarettes or people! Never leaves a kissprint! *Creamier* because it contains pure lanolin! Ten glorious colors, to harmonize with your favorite shade of Cutex Nail Polish.

Ask for Cutex today! You get so much more—for less money!

SPILLPRUF CUTEX **15¢** *plus tax*
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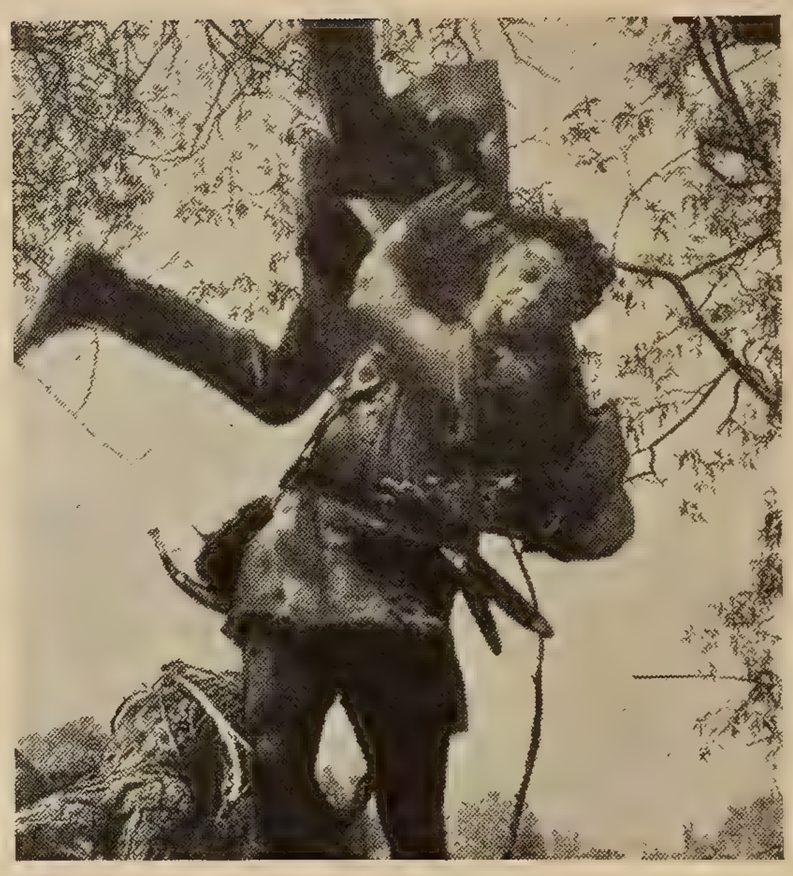




MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month



Robin Hood (Richard Todd), loyal to his absent King Richard, fights the tyrannies of Prince John's opportunists by rallying around him a band of fighting men in Sherwood Forest.



Maid Marian (Joan Rice) visits her childhood sweetheart, Robin, in his lair. She tells him that King Richard has been imprisoned in Germany during the Crusades and must be ransomed.



Robin, flanked by Friar Tuck and his men, challenges the entrance of the Black Knight into the Forest. The patriotic outlaw does not recognize the Knight as the King he has fought so hard to ransom. After the King reveals his identity, he revokes Robin's sentence as an outlaw, names him Earl of Locksley and, in addition to a knighthood, gives him Maid Marian's hand in marriage.

ROBIN HOOD

■ Walt Disney's all-live-action retelling of the Robin Hood legend was made in England with a strictly British cast, yet much of it is reminiscent of a horse opera, with the zing of arrows replacing the roar of guns. Far from detracting from the tale, this makes it all the more fun. Richard Todd, in the title role and in the spirit of things, plays his part mostly with a twinkle in his eye and a mischievous grin. But the story makes the roguish, romantic side of Robin's nature subsidiary to the patriotic: It tells how his faithful band helps hold the plundering proclivities of King Richard's regent, Prince John, in check until the monarch returns from the Crusades. The intrigues, the chases and the daring escapes are shown against a background of medieval customs and the English countryside, caught in full flavor by Technicolor cameras. Most of Robin's familiar friends and foes are here: an eccentric but vastly amusing Friar Tuck; a properly robust Little John, and a regal Dowager Queen. Pretty Joan Rice is pert and believable as Maid Marian, except when she dons boys' clothes, when she still looks pretty and pert. All in all, this Sherwood Forest makes a more than satisfactory substitute for the worn Western prairie.

It's "real George"!!! (translated from the jive...) it's Terrific!

That real, cool pash-pie* and that real George double-bubble!*



Tony CURTIS

*(meaning - that sensational dream-boat!)

Piper LAURIE

*(meaning - that thrilling new heart throb!)

Terrific Together in

"No Room for the Groom"





The romantic tale of an unkissed bride and her fit-to-be-tied groom!



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Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Produced by TED RICHMOND • A Universal-International Picture



DEADLINE—U.S.A.

It's improbable that Humphrey Bogart will win another "Oscar" for his performance in *Deadline—U.S.A.*, but it is a satisfactory piece of work nevertheless, and he deserves a rising vote of thanks from the American Society of Newspaper Editors for the finesse with which he plays a crusading editor. Bogart fights a triple battle: (1) with his late publisher's heirs, who want to sell their newspaper property for amalgamation with another metropolitan daily; (2) with the city's crime overlord, and (3) with his former wife. He loses one of the battles but wins the other two. If this sounds pat and according to pattern, it is both those things, and Bogart's part is one that has been played, with variations, by many actors. But the plot and the playing have this in common: They are so intelligently handled that what is mostly just melodramatic excitement sometimes takes on a kind of dramatic punch. Thus when Bogart talks about the importance of a free and non-monopolistic press, he delivers his speech so sincerely—and the words he speaks are written so well—that the effect, for the moment at least, is quite telling. Telling, too, is Kim Hunter's characterization of a woman grass-widowed by the press of press-time, and there are portraits of a harassed, hard-working city editor and a group of reporters that are as real as printer's ink. All this may explain why the picture seems, in retrospect, slightly disappointing. It is so much better in parts than most melodramas, and so much more successful in capturing the flavor of newsprint than run-of-the-mill films, that one wishes it were more: a really good motion picture about the serious side of newspaperdom. That is something that the movies have seldom produced. Maybe Hollywood's rising young writer-director, Richard Brooks, who deserves credit for this one, is the man who can do it.

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Kim Hunter, Ed Begley, Audrey Christie, Ethel Barrymore.—20th Century-Fox.

THE MARRYING KIND

American movies are often criticized for failing to do one thing that foreign films manage so well—picturing the average lives of average people in a realistic manner. Here, however, is a film from Hollywood that does just that and in a consistently entertaining fashion. This is no West Coast dream world, peopled with overly sophisticated players living in palaces and dressed in tomorrow's styles, but you or I, or that guy over there, and his wife. "That guy" is Aldo Ray, and his wife is Judy Holliday. *The Marrying Kind* is the story of their trials and tribulations in the first years of married life. Ray plays a New York Post Office employe who meets a girl in Central Park and, after a whirlwind courtship (movies, ice cream cones, Coney Island), marries her and settles down in a Manhattan housing-project apartment exactly like thousands of other average city dwellers. In the next few years they have fun, fights, two children, one major tragedy and the kind of domestic crisis innumerable young couples have gone through. How they face the latter and what follows provide the climax of the film. Credit for keeping the picture a fascinating one up to and through the denouement is due to five people who had more than a hand in it. Ray and Miss Holliday prove almost ideal choices for the couples to whom the title refers. Each is endowed with a de-

ceptively different sort of personality—looks, voice and manner that are personable yet seemingly uncultivated and therefore believable as those of the "people next door." Ray's unique high but gruff voice and his ability to project the feeling of a very real nice guy should make a top-tenner of him if he can avoid carbon-copy roles. Miss Holliday, on the other hand, shows she can modify her heretofore mannered delivery; she makes a touching and most believable wife and mother. Partly, possibly, because they are husband and wife, Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon have written a script that, even if it is not wholly original in conception, justifies the title's generalization. The matrimonial give-and-take of their dialogue is not only amusing but has the ring of truth in it. And George Cukor's direction exhibits a masterful restraint appropriate to the "average"—but, as many couples have found it, exciting —subject.

Cast: Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, Madge Kennedy.—Columbia.

MACAO

In *Macao* director Josef von Sternberg returns after twenty years to the China coast, the scene of one of his best-remembered films, *Shanghai Express*. But *Macao* is more of a milk train—a melodrama that never lives up to the early promise of its locale or the torrid reputations of its principals, Robert Mitchum and Jane Russell. The story appears to have been compounded of the more boring ingredients of a Chinese puzzle, and it is just about that intelligible. On a coastal steamer to Macao, Portuguese island seaport off south China, come Mitchum, an American of uncertain background, and café singer Jane Russell. Things begin to get complicated fast. Jane steals Bob's money and identification, and when they disembark, an American gangster who runs Macao's leading gambling house suspects that Bob is a New York cop sent to lure him back to the States for imprisonment. From here on in, complication piles on complication, mistaken identity on mistaken identity. All eventually ends well for the principals; at least it ends, which was probably the scriptwriters' best idea.

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell, William Bendix.—RKO.

BELLES ON THEIR TOES

Few sequels live up to their predecessors, but *Belles On Their Toes* (a sort of "Life with Mother Gilbreth") achieves the same family-album quality that *Cheaper By The Dozen* evoked so successfully. Life of course was never like this, even with one's own loving family, but it's nice to remember it that way. *Belles* opens as white-haired, widowed Lillian Gilbreth (Myrna Loy) sits at her youngest daughter's graduation exercises. Her thoughts slip back to the year her husband died, and while she mentally reviews what has happened since, a long flashback tells the story on the screen. There was her attempt to provide for her family by taking up her husband's efficiency-engineering lectures where he left them off; her rebuffs because she was a woman, and her final success (one memorable night after she made a name for herself, the New York Engineers Club discovered her sex and refused her admission, although she was to be guest speaker). Mostly Mother Gilbreth remembers how all the members of the family pitched in and helped through the difficult years. But if they

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were difficult, the years were full ones too. Then her eyes open with a start. The exercises are over, and a new generation is on its way. With that generation may come yet another Gilbreth picture, but one hopes not; the two have been so satisfactory. This one is Myrna Loy's movie, as the first was Clifton Webb's, and she takes over as an efficiency engineer who is also the mother of an enormous brood would be expected to do. Ably abetted by Jeanne Crain and a necessarily large cast, she turns in a performance that helps make *Belles* one of the best, and certainly the biggest, family movie so far this year.
Cast: Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy, Debra Paget, Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Bates.—20th Century-Fox.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

This is the inspirational story of the making of an American: Giorgi Papashvily, a Georgian (Near Eastern variety) who comes to the United States in the Thirties knowing little of the country's language and practically nothing of its customs. It tells how, with the help of a group of his expatriate friends, he becomes first a construction worker, then a cook and finally an orange grower in California; and how he woos and wins a West Coast girl named Helen. This story of an immigrant is neither Horatio Alger tale nor epic struggle. Based on the autobiographical book of the same name by George and Helen Papashvily, it is very human, often even moving, and manages to retain much of the simplicity and semi-humorous detachment that made the book a best-seller. This is made possible partly through the performance of Academy Award-winner José Ferrer, who shows movie audiences another facet of his many-sided art. If there is a quibble to be made about his handling of the role, it would be about the very facility with which he does it; sometimes he speaks faster than would be normal for a neophyte at English, and he seems to be almost too alert in "catching on" to American ways. But generally he is not only a young and winning Giorgi but manages the difficult accent in a manner that is never cute or self-conscious. Kim Hunter, who looks prettier with each movie appearance, plays Helen admirably, and a whole raft of first-rate character actors complete the cast as Giorgi's Georgian friends.
Cast: José Ferrer, Kim Hunter, Oscar Beregi.
—Paramount.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

As a screen musical, *Singin' In The Rain* possesses two rare virtues: a relaxed, unpretentious production and a story line just about as unhackneyed as anything that has come along since *On The Town*. By more than a coincidence, the direction and writing of both pictures are the work of the same teams (Gene Kelly-Stanley Donen and Betty Comden-Adolph Green, respectively). Gene Kelly is in the new film, too, and he gives his usual ingratiating performance as a dashing, Douglas Fairbanks-type hero of the silent screen. Jean Hagen is the other member of a famous acting team. She presents a genuinely side-splitting portrait of a silent-screen actress whose voice is hardly wired for sound. Complications set in for her partner when she begins to take seriously studio press-agentry linking her romantically with him; and complications set in for her when *The Jazz Singer* opens and sets movie people talking. (Her

voice is a high squeak and her diction the sort that maligns pure Brooklynese.) How Kelly, his side-kick (Donald O'Connor) and his sought-after (Debbie Reynolds) manage to salvage both his romance and his studio's investment provides the rest of the plot. As a special added attraction, Cyd Charisse appears in a couple of stunning dance numbers. *Singin' in the Rain* is a rare musical treat. *Cast: Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, Jean Hagen, Cyd Charisse.*—MGM.

FLESH AND FURY

The pretentious title that adorns this film hides its most engaging quality—that it is a comparatively worthy motion picture made on a comparatively modest budget. *Flesh And Fury* is no *Golden Boy*, but it is a surprisingly honest and often very touching fight story. It features far-and-away the best performance Tony Curtis has yet given. And the part of the fighter he has to play is not a particularly easy one: For most of the footage he is both deaf and dumb. Acting such a character calls for a kind of mute sensitivity that Curtis projects quite effectively from the time Jan Sterling, as a blonde named Sonya with a heart set on gold, first sees him fighting a preliminary bout in a small-time arena. The screenplay follows his rise in the ring to the point where he is ready for important matches. Then he meets Mona Freeman, who offers him understanding companionship that contrasts sharply with Sonya's passion for dollars and cents. From here on in, the film contains so much unnecessary melodramatic action that a good deal of its original effectiveness is lost. Yet its purpose remains a serious and laudable one—to show that some sort of insecurity grips everyone, so that a man who feels unsure of himself need never feel alone.
Cast: Jan Sterling, Tony Curtis, Mona Freeman.—Universal.

VALLEY OF THE EAGLES

The star of *Valley Of The Eagles* is its locale. The vast, panoramic reaches of far-northern Scandinavia and the nomadic Lapps who inhabit them provide a very real, rather overwhelming background for a spy story that is actually no great shakes. Yet the barren austerity of the setting lends a certain authenticity to the simple scenario: about a Swedish scientist who helps chase his wife and his former assisant through desolate snow regions to recover a sensational invention stolen for the possible military use of another nation. This is country where man is pitted not only against man but against pitiless nature, and the purposes of nations seem puny by comparison. The performances are keyed to this stark fact; the members of the predominantly British cast, play their parts in appropriately straightforward fashion. But it is the land itself and the phenomena native to it that make the film consistently interesting. The shots of a fight between hungry wolves and the Laplanders' trained eagles, for example, or the northern trek of a Lapp tribe with their reindeer, are unique among those ever introduced into a feature picture. It is because director-writer Terence Young's basic documentary approach is so sound—because he has mixed his melodramatic screen-writing so well with a measure of the wild melodrama of nature—that he has come up with a really exciting off-beat film.
Cast: John McCallum, Nadia Gray, Jack Warner.—Lippert Pictures.

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Wearing a white satin gown (she bought it two years ago "just in case") Betty and her new husband Charlie O'Curran share the first piece of cake at their wedding reception. Their midnight elopement came as a surprise!

Hutton's Prince Charlie

by Marsha Saunders

"I'm through with love," Betty cried—and everyone believed her, except a mild-mannered Irishman named O'Curran.

Just a few short weeks ago, Betty Hutton gave an interview to George Fisher, the CBS Motion Picture Editor, in which she stated quite frankly that marriage, as far as she was concerned, was just a word that started with M. Expanding on her views, Betty said that one unfortunate try for wedded bliss and a couple of sour engagements had convinced her that her true love was and would be her career—something she'd had since she was three years old. It was a serious discussion and Betty Hutton meant every word of it.

The next time Betty Hutton appeared at George Fisher's microphone, she had an entirely different story to tell. As a matter of fact, at that time her name had been changed to Betty O'Curran—and she was married to a dance director, Charlie O'Curran, a fellow she didn't even *bother* to get engaged to.

How did it happen?

Well, as Betty put it on her second appearance on the program, she had just gotten back from Korea where she had played for thousands of soldiers, lonely men grimy with the soil of hard living and battle. She had played camp after camp and dozens of forward positions—and during each performance she stood on a rude stage and gazed out at a sea of male faces huddled together in the cold or rain and saw loneliness. And she told Fisher: "I guess when I looked at all those men and realized that not one of them was really mine, I decided I wanted to be married. I was in love with Charlie, and I suppose it was then that I decided I'd marry him—even though I didn't realize it at the time."

If you knew Betty Hutton intimately, you would know that this was the way it had to happen to her. If you knew the heartbreak she had suffered at the time of her divorce from Ted Briskin, and the loneliness she suffered during the few years she had to live alone, you'd know that a shock like meeting terrible loneliness and need face to face would propel her into making (*Continued on page 83*)

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PERFUMER

Hope comes to Indiana*

By Sgt. Karl K. Deigert

■ Nobody noticed the cold that night at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Instead of the usual gloomy faces and complaining voices that hang over an army camp, the post was filled with laughter and excitement. Thousands of soldiers gathered expectantly outside the post's sports arena. A huge sign atop it shouted: "Bob Hope In Person Tonight!"

And to think I was responsible for it all! Weeks before, I'd entered a nationwide contest to pick the town where Bob Hope would premiere his latest picture, *My Favorite Spy*. The patients in the army hospital where I was in charge of Special Services needed entertainment badly—and this was a terrific opportunity to get it for them, I figured.

I forgot all about the contest after I entered it—until my commanding officer called me into his office. "We just got a phone call from Bob Hope! You won second prize in that contest. Get started making arrangements for an all-star show, soldier, two weeks from today!"



Boy, what arrangements we made! The arena was completely remodeled, a new stage built, a new sound system installed.

Bob and his troupe rolled into camp to the strains of the band's "Welcome, Mister," that day, and the new arena almost burst its seams. Almost 5,000 men jammed into it for the first show (there were two shows scheduled for the arena, and one for the hospital).

The applause was thunderous as Hope walked on stage. He fell to his knees, praising Allah in typical Hindu fashion. After bandleader Les Brown helped him off the floor, Bob grabbed the microphone and began sending jokes in all directions.

"Where's Crosby?" one of the soldiers yelled out. "Well," answered Hope, "Dad was coming out here with me, but he had a nasty accident—he fell off his wallet!"

The rest of the troupe—Gloria Grahame, Jerry Colonna, Jan Sterling, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, and Marilyn Maxwell came on stage one by one to do their act. Hope was always in there pitching; he clowned with each one of them, danced, sang, and brought the house down time after time.

Without a doubt, no one in the audience except myself knew that the man who was giving his all to entertain them had been ordered to bed by a doctor several hours prior to the show. However, Hope had refused to disappoint the men, and had gone on with a fever of 102 degrees.

When the show was over, Bob went down into the audience to talk with the patients. I'll never forget how his face changed when he looked at one of the youngsters who'd come back from Korea with half his face blown away. The patient managed to smile at Hope, and there was happiness shining out of the one eye he had left. After Hope shook hands with him, he directed a steady stream of jokes in his direction for about ten minutes. As I watched, I realized how tough it must be to try to bring laughter to men who have so little to live for. While Hope joked and mugged, I thought I saw a tear rolling down his cheek—but whoever heard of a great clown crying!

When Hope left the base that night, more than 10,000 soldiers had had their morale boosted 100%.

Now I am on my way to Korea, where I hope to continue my work in Special Services, to try to bring a little laughter to the men wounded over there. I'm sure I can't fail, for I had as a teacher a great "soldier in greasepaint"—Bob Hope.

** Bob Hope's trip to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, was a special second prize, not originally planned for his radio contest. This display of good citizenship in the highest tradition of show business earned Bob Hope the* MODERN SCREEN *award in 1952.*

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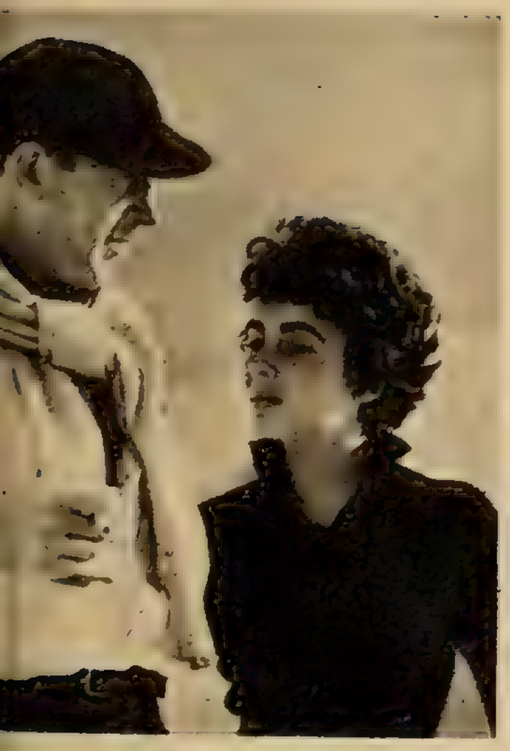
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the love secret liz never told

by Giselle la Falaise



Her honeymoon bliss in the Alps revealed nothing of the inner turmoil Liz felt before marrying Mike.

L'Alpe d' Huez, Switzerland: Nothing delights a journalist more than to suddenly encounter, especially in a remote part of the world like this, an exclusive, "now it can be told," scoop on the year's most enchanting bride.

To begin with, let it be known that Elizabeth Taylor, the exquisite princess of Hollywood, didn't stroll dreamily into this marriage to Mike Wilding. She ran swiftly. The speed with which Elizabeth deliberately wrote her own happy ending to the romance Hollywood couldn't understand was such that the bridegroom himself seemed a little taken aback.

But that was before he knew what had been going on in Hollywood after his picture contracts called him to England, forcing a temporary separation from his beloved Liz. And it was before Elizabeth told him the things she found impossible to say by transatlantic telephone.

I must explain, here, that although Hollywood spends most of its waking hours manufacturing stories about great loves, it seldom recognizes that kind of love when it actually happens. In fact, many of the geniuses who create stories of noble passion for movie audiences don't believe what they preach on celluloid. That is why so few people in Hollywood could convince themselves that Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were serious (*Continued on page 95*)



second honeymoon



Photo by Parry-Beerman

MODERN SCREEN brought you the poignant drama of the John Waynes' break-up. Here is the sequel—the only possible one—reconciliation.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

One day early this year, John Wayne sat in a wicker chair on the verandah of a Mexican hacienda, his feet propped up on a small table. He was staring listlessly across a lush green landscape at the purple sea that broke half a mile away on a white beach. He had been sitting there for hours, soaking sun and thinking. A friend sat a few feet from him chewing on pieces of coconut meat and listening to a small portable radio. But there was no conversation between them.

Although nobody spoke about it very much, Wayne had his troubles. He had been sitting this way for more than a month, all of his thoughts on the separation that was keeping him away from his wife, Esperanza. There had been no serious quarrel, no publicity, just one of those quiet talks in which a woman tells a man it's all over. And the man in this case had picked up his hat and walked, then flew, until he got a long way from his home where he could think things over. It required a lot of thinking, because John Wayne was in love with his wife and he wanted to win her back.

Presently the music changed on the radio and a French singer crooned a ballad. Wayne lifted up his head and looked at the set. "J'attendrai" was the name of the song—and it held a special meaning for Duke Wayne. When the chorus was over, he got to his feet.

"Come on," he said to his pal, "let's get out of here. I want to go home."

"Right now?" asked his friend.

"Right now," said Duke. "J'attendrai" means "I'll be waiting." I've been waiting long enough. I'm going back to see if Chata will let me in the house."

She didn't. Wayne (*Continued on page* 81)



Rita's night-clubbing with Kirk Douglas took the columnists by surprise. Kirk was her first date in Hollywood, as Rita had been in virtual seclusion since filing for divorce from Aly Khan in Reno.



"I'm not an actress, I'm a dancer," says Rita. *Affair In Trinidad* got off to a slow start because she refused to work with an unfinished script. Now *Affair* is finished and her next film is *Salome.*

by LOUELLA PARSONS

A MODERN SCREEN FIRST: THE ONLY AUTHENTIC INTERVIEW

■ Since her return to Hollywood Rita Hayworth has flatly refused to answer or discuss the following "forbidden" topics:

Is she still in love with Aly Khan?

Is there a chance of a reconciliation even though she has picked up her divorce papers in Nevada?

Is she "broke" because of footing the bills during her marriage?

Is she giving up the Moslem faith and returning to her Christian religion?

In which faith will she bring up her children—particularly two-year-old Yasmine, daughter of Moslem Prince Aly?

How has she taken the bitter criticism heaped on her head since Aly came into her life?

Has she been unreasonably temperamental since her return to Columbia?

Where—and why—is she "hiding away" with her two children in Beverly Hills?

Without fear of contradiction I can tell you that these questions were practically taboo with Rita.

Her only answer to anything pertaining to her private life was "I cannot discuss that subject"—and the freeze was on.

As an old friend of Rita's, I had tried to break down that wall of resistance. I had called her several times—but she did not return any of my phone calls.

On one occasion I had met her briefly in an office at Columbia and she'd answered a few questions in a perfunctory way. Frankly, I was hurt.

Rita had always told me her troubles ever since she was just little Margarita Cansino. I had attended her wedding to Aly Khan in France as the only newspaperwoman and one of the three American friends invited so I couldn't understand her attitude.

I sincerely believed that Rita needed help, that her side of her headlined marriage and separation should be put before the fans if they were to take Rita to their hearts again. Some of the things I thought the public had a right to know were the very subjects Rita was steadfastly refusing to discuss with even her closest friends.

So, once more I put in a call to her and—surprise, surprise—she answered!

I told her I wanted to talk with her—to really let our hair down—and she, herself, suggested *her* home for the meeting. Which proved one point; she was no longer trying to make a mystery of her whereabouts, at least with me.

The address Rita gave led to a simple and unpretentious place she has rented for herself and the children at the end of a secluded street in Beverly Hills. It is a small place of nondescript style—English, if anything—with a large garden

RITA TELLS ALL!



SO FAR WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MOST FABULOUS BEAUTY.

and much tall shrubbery in the back. Later, Rita described it as "a little on the murky side," but it is comfortable and convenient for her small household.

The maid let me in and no sooner had I entered the hallway than I was completely taken over by a little two-year-old charmer who was tugging at my skirts and pulling me toward the divan in the brown-and-chintz living room.

"I'm Yasmine," this adorable little thing introduced herself. "What's your name?"

"Lolly," I replied.

"Come on, Lolly," she said. "Let's look at my picture books."

In nothing flat I was completely under the spell of this darling blue-eyed, reddish-haired baby daughter of Rita and Aly.

You could just eat her with a spoon. No photograph has ever done justice to this child who is so gay and so lovely to look at, with her mother's vivid coloring and her father's gracious charm.

I think if Aly saw her as she is now he would be down on his knees to get Rita to take him back. Whatever his faults, Aly is a devoted father as his love for his two sons has proven.

Yasmine and I were bent over a picture book, and she was chattering like a magpie when Rita came in breathless from a dash up the steps. She was wearing a red sweater and blue jeans —a most informal array for an (*Continued on page 93*)



It's not all gravy

Lanza's the target for every crackpot, and a slave to the public now. Read how a nice, plain guy is trapped in the snarl of his own success story.

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ One Sunday a few weeks ago, Mario Lanza was awakened at eight in the morning by an insistent hammering on his front door.

Half asleep, Mario struggled into his robe and shuffled downstairs.

He opened the door, and a telegraph messenger handed him an envelope which contained the following wire: DON'T KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER BUT WE WERE IN VARE JUNIOR HIGH TOGETHER STOP MY MOTHER DESPERATELY ILL PLEASE WIRE FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS TO BELOW ADDRESS.

Mario shook his head in disbelief. He couldn't for the life of him recall the identity of the sender.

Two days later, he received a special delivery letter from the same person which said in part, "I didn't want to believe all those stories about your growing snobbish and swell-headed, but since you haven't sent the money after my fervent plea, what else can I believe?"

The fellow who sent that letter was a perfect stranger to Mario, who has an excellent memory. "Yet," says Betty Lanza, "you'd be surprised by the number of similar requests we get from people we've never heard of. As soon as the newspapers carried the story that Mario made a million dollars last year, he became the target for every crackpot, beggar and confidence man in the country. It's gotten so bad we've had to hire someone to separate the legitimate requests from the loony ones."

Six years ago, when Mario Lanza was a concert singer with the Bel Canto Trio, he dreamed of being rich and famous, of owning two cars, providing his parents with luxuries, and taking pretty good care of himself. (*Continued on page 86*)



Mario gets little chance for simple pleasures he loves (*above*). He's much too busy. "Success is a snare and a delusion," he says now.



Recently the Lanzas went to Las Vegas for a rest. The local reservoir was their sanctuary—the only place they weren't mobbed by fans.



Mario can only dream of "the one that got away," with no time to go fishing. He and Betty visited the Andy Russells in Las Vegas.

'She doesn't want a taste of fame, a crumb of affection or half a loaf of life. Shelley wants *everything* and won't settle for less!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

for Shelley— ALL OR NOTHING



Shelley praises Vittorio to the skies. "He's remarkable, brilliant and a great artist," she says. "Our marriage will be the most important thing in my life. I'll work at it night and day."

■ They were sitting around in Hollywood talking about Shelley Winters. Opinion was pretty equally divided. There were those who loved her and those who hated her, and nobody could change anyone's mind. Finally, someone said. "You know, I think Shelley is a wistful girl."

"Wistful!" Someone else exploded.

"Shelley, wistful? Why, I want to tell you when I was writing a script for her I did every scene two ways. I could have killed her off in any scene on any day, and it was only that threat that kept her in line."

"You ought to see her at an interview," a girl said. "She stands there snapping her fingers and saying, 'Come on, get on with it. I have a lot of things to do.' Real cooperative."

"I love her," a columnist said. "I love her honesty, and what she said about her performance in *A Place In The Sun*. She said, 'Every time I see it I get better.' That's refreshing after all the phony humility in Hollywood."

"Speaking of *A Place In The Sun*," a young starlet said, "I was at the opening. I love Shelley. When I said hello to her and Farley she couldn't have been sweeter. She showed me her dress—all torn where some kids had stepped on it—but she didn't care. Then she saw somebody else she knew, and rushed down the aisle to speak. The usher told her she was in the wrong place, so she dashed out into the lobby and pretty soon—well practically immediately —she was rushing (*Continued on page 97*)



john speaks for himself



In Hollywood, flattery will get you somewhere— but not with John Derek. He won't kid you . . . or let you kid him!

BY CAROLINE BROOKS



John prefers romping with his son, Russell Andre, to matching wits at Hollywood cocktail parties.

■ Some months ago, John Derek, a writer, and a studio publicist were basking in the sun on the Dereks' patio while an interview went on.

"What do you like to read?" the writer asked John.

"Not much," John said, stifling a yawn. "Never did read much. There were too many other things to do."

"Really!" said the writer with raised eyebrows, and the studio publicist tried desperately to catch John's eye.

"Patti likes it, though," continued Mr. Derek. "She has her nose in a book all the time. Can tell you anything you want to know about them."

The interviewer shifted in his chair, and the publicist coughed.

"Do you and your wife go to nightclubs very often?"

"Nope. Can't afford it. We don't go out very much at all. It's comfortable up here on the hill and besides, we can't afford a baby sitter."

The writer put down his pencil and looked at John in disbelief. "Oh, come now," he said.

Suddenly, the publicist broke in. "John," he said, "what's that stretch of flat land over there to the south?"

John grinned. "It's an irrigation project, and I've told you three times already." He turned back to the writer. "As a matter of fact, we're up to our ears with this house. It's mortgaged to the hilt. It's pretty expensive land, you know—"

Here he trailed off and looked at the publicist, who was plucking a piece of lint from his sleeve. John laughed. "He always does that when he wants me to change the subject, but I'm going to finish what I (*Continued on page 91*)



Oh what a gal is
Annie Baxter, who threw away the
rule book long ago and
lives just the way you'd love to!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

IF YOU KNEW ANNIE!

■ One sunny afternoon last spring, Anne Baxter was strolling barefooted along the glamorous Sunset Strip in Hollywood, thoroughly enjoying the sights. She'd started out properly shod on the daily two-mile hike—doctor's orders, for she was just barely expecting Katrina then—but the dusty path through the Hollywood hills was hot and the shoes oppressive, so she'd just yanked them off. Then, dropping down to Sunset Boulevard a mile below her house, she couldn't squeeze them back on her feet. That didn't particularly bother Anne, nor what happened next:

Out of the corner of her eye she spied the sleek, black Cadillac cut over to the curb and the door swing open. Anne revved up her lackadaisical gait and pretended she was chewing gum. The sharpie who leaned out and invited, "How about a ride, kid?" was unprepared for the round, brown eyes which beamed innocently at him and the rosebud mouth which made a loud smack as if popping the gum.

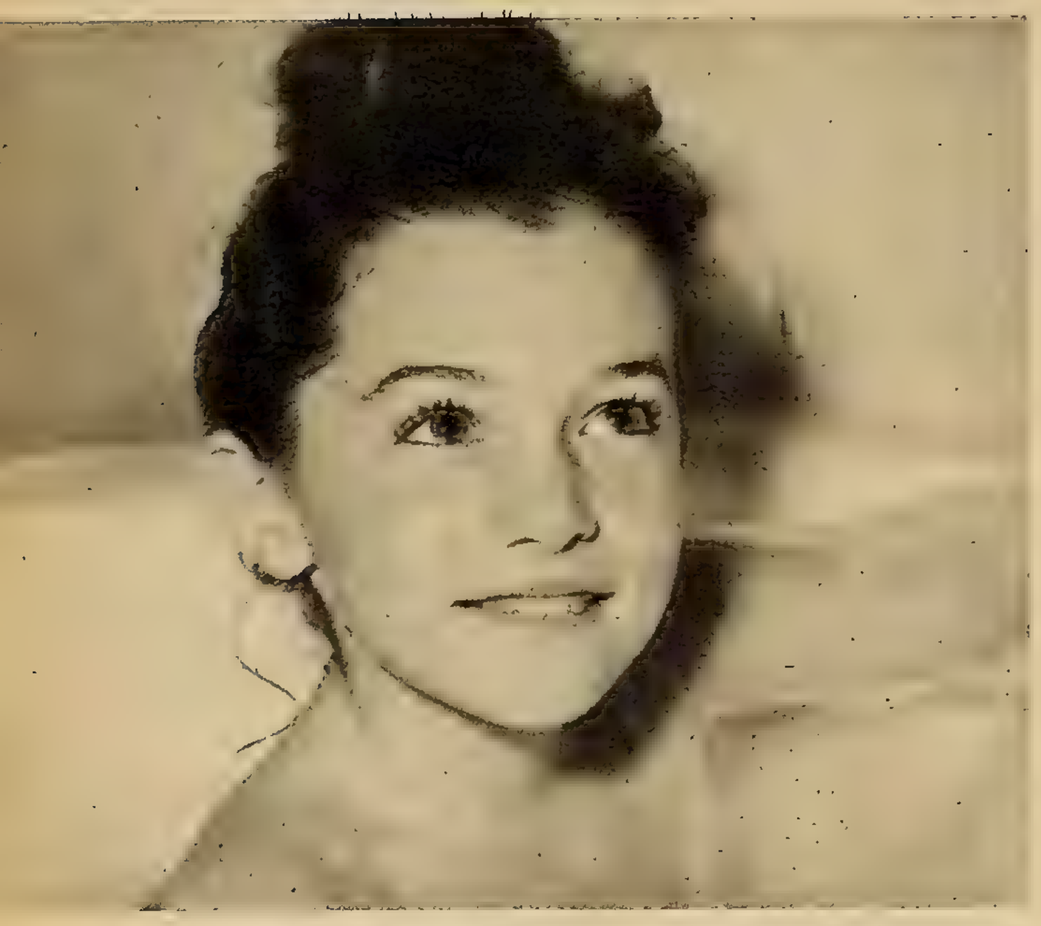
"Oh, thanks, mister, so much," she chirped guilelessly, "but my mama's waiting for me up at the corner." As she tripped merrily on, the car roared off with a supremely disgusted wolf snapping back the bitter insult, "Jailbait!"

Anne padded on up the hill to her house on Pine Tree Place and burst through the front door happily. "Guess what just happened to me!" she begged John Hodiak excitedly, and since he couldn't possibly guess, she told him.

"Why the rat!" exploded her lord and master. "I'll murder him! Imagine the nerve—and you in your condition and everything—" and he leaped for the phone to call the cops, the fire department, the FBI or whatever might be necessary to right the wrong. It took a few minutes, but Anne (*Continued on page 60*)



LOVE CONQUERS ALL, THEY SAY—AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, JUST ASK THE GENE KELLYS!



Nine-year-old Kerry is a delight to her Swiss schoolteachers. "Most rich American children are pampered and spoiled," they say, "but not this one!"



Gene, chatting here with talented Japanese actor Henry Nakamura, is always anxious to give new performers a break, plugs them whenever he can.

■ There are five reasons why, according to amateur psychologists, Gene Kelly's marriage should have foundered years ago:

(1) Gene is Catholic, and Betsy is Protestant.

(2) Gene is 12 years older than Betsy.

(3) Gene's acting career has been fabulously more successful than Betsy's.

(4) Gene is well-educated, a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh. Betsy never went to college. She's been a model, dancer, and actress from the age of nine.

(5) Wealth is conspicuous by its absence in Gene's background. Betsy comes from a fairly well-to-do family—her father is an insurance broker and her mother was a schoolteacher.

Despite these vital differences, the Gene Kellys have been one of the most happily-married couples in Hollywood for the past 11 years.

How come?

The reason is simple: Gene and Betsy, instead of being temperamental and self-centered, live for each other—not tempestuously with "sweetheart" and "honey-bunch" as their every other word, but in a calm, deliberate, mutually considerate manner.

A few months ago, Gene was flying over Paris en route to Munich to star opposite Pier Angeli in *The Devil Makes Three.*

It was a fast flight but a rough one, and all through it Gene kept clutching at his side, trying to mask the grimaces of pain which broke out on his face.

When he checked into the Hotel Lancaster, Gene, who hates being sick, had sense enough to call the house doctor.

An examination revealed that he was suffering from an acute case of appendicitis, and would have to be operated on at once.

"Your wife," the doctor said. "Where is your wife? She must be notified immediately."

"Skip it," Gene said.

Irritated by this phlegmatic American, the doctor said, "This is no laughing matter. (*Continued on page 62*)

love is better than

by Jim Burton

"I want to do whatever brings Betsy the most happiness," says Gene. "Isn't it funny," Betsy adds, "that's exactly how I feel about Gene."

anything



The Kellys believe in normal, down-to-earth living, prefer this unpretentious home to an elaborate mansion.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

Jimmy wanted a
dream house high above
the sea—but
Gloria brought
him down to earth!
(It's a much
safer place where four
kids are concerned.)

now there are six*

by Marwa Peterson

■ A few months ago Jack Benny was gazing out of his window and suddenly he thought he saw a parade.

"Mary," he shouted. "Come to the window. The circus is in town."

Mary Benny came and looked. She saw a tremendous German shepherd trotting up the avenue followed by two small boys on bicycles, a tall, attractive girl accompanied by an even taller, leaner man, and a nursemaid wheeling a pair of twins.

"Don't be silly," Mary explained. "That's no circus. Those are the Jimmy Stewarts out for an airing."

"You mean that dog is Jimmy Stewart?" Jack quipped.

Mary tossed her husband a married look. "The dog," she said flatly, "is part of his tribe."

Benny rubbed his head. "Can't figure it out," he said. "A few years ago the only thing the guy was married to was a golf ball."

The events of the past few years have left 44-year-old James Maitland Stewart only a mite less bewildered than his longtime pal. In August it will be three years since Jimmy and the goodlooking Gloria Hatrick McLean were (*Continued on page* 46)



*Here are the six who inhabit the Stewart "dormitory." Its bedrooms are

already filled to capacity: Michael, Gloria, Kelly, Judy, Jimmy, Ronald.



Gloria's favorite room is the library, where she spends lots of time reading (especially Jimmy's scripts). Family mementos line the walls, fill the cabinets and bookshelves to overflowing.



The oval table and period chairs give the dining room an old-fashioned, comfortable look. But the room is rarely used, since they do little entertaining, prefer to "be alone together."



The master bedroom is in a separate wing of the house. Decorated with Gloria's furniture from her old bedroom, a desk and TV set were added to give the room a masculine touch.

MORE →

now there are six

continued



Dark green paint did wonders for the old woodwork in the living room, and cracks in the ceiling were covered with painted burlap. Original oil paintings form an elegant setting.



Much to his delight, seven-year-old Ronald got "daddy's old living room furniture" for his own bedroom. He's so thrilled with it all he really enjoys keeping his room spic and span.



Jimmy's idea of owning an isolated home with a breathtaking view was changed when reality, in the form of four vivacious children, descended upon him.

married in the Brentwood Presbyterian Church. That wedding, as both of them fondly recall, was followed by an idyllic Hawaiian honeymoon completely free of script worries, housing worries, child worries, or miscellaneous worries.

There was swimming, sunning and romance and carefree, ecstatic happiness until one day—poof! The honeymoon was over, and life in Hollywood began.

When you're a 40-year-old bachelor and you marry a beautiful divorcee from Larchmont, N. Y., who has two sons—you've got problems.

First problem for the Jimmy Stewarts was they had too many houses. Jimmy owned a comfortable bachelor cottage in Brentwood and Gloria owned a good-sized house in Beverly Hills, one she had purchased after selling her mansion to the Frank Sinatras.

Jimmy's proposed solution was to sell both of these houses and build a low-slung modern job on the Palisades. "He made his dream house sound very attractive," Gloria remarks, "and I hated to destroy his lovely illusions, but I simply had to tell him the truth. Hillside homes aren't particularly good for children. The views are heavenly, but let baby toddle outside for one minute, and the next thing you know, (*Continued on page* 64)



the JUNE ALLYSON story →

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF JUNE'S EARLY LIFE—
PHOTOS FROM DICK POWELL'S PRIVATE SCRAPBOOK —
FOR THE MOST COMPLETE STORY OF
JUNE ALLYSON EVER WRITTEN, TURN THE PAGE.

the JUNE ALLYSON story

a childhood memory set

■ Her earliest memory is of riding in an automobile, curled up on the shelf between the back seat and the rear window, watching the receding flow of scenery. It was a balmy day, probably spring, and the rare treat of an auto ride sent little waves of happiness through her. The driver and her mother had been talking earnestly for a long time, but June had heard none of it until her mother's voice cut like a knife across her mind.

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I couldn't put her into a home!"

June was only three, possibly four, too young to know the real meaning of her mother's words. But she caught the feeling of them, and suddenly the brightness of the day was gone for her.

That memory set the keynote for most of June's life. She was born in a nondescript apartment on 143rd Street and St. Anne's Avenue in New York. Her parents' marriage was already on the brink of disaster, and when June was six months old her father walked out on his family.

Her mother was distraught. There was no money in the bank, only a few dollars in the vase on the living room table, and there were two children to support, June and her brother Henry. She went to her parents and asked if she could move in with them and bring the children.

The Provosts were good people, saddened by their daughter's plight, but they lived in a tiny apartment and had a limited income. "Clara, we're sorry," they said. "We'd like to take all of you but there is only room for you and one of the children. You'll have to choose between them."

Clara took June, because June was the baby and more dependent. Henry was sent to his father. Then Clara got a job in a printing plant.

June and her brother saw each other only once more during their childhood. It was one Christmas time when her parents were attempting a reconciliation. Clara had bought her husband a new derby hat for a gift. The children found it and playfully tore the rim from the crown. They emptied the ashes from the coal stove and sprinkled them through the apartment and then rode Henry's bicycle through the rooms. It was their version of 'playing train'.

It seems to June now that the spanking that followed was the last thing that happened before she and her mother were back with her grandparents. The Provosts had now bought a house, out in Throggs Neck on the East Side, a rambling, ancient affair with peeling paint and tiny rooms, but it seemed grand and immense to June. There was a hydrangea bush in front, and the snowball blossoms in summer were a wondrous thing to the child born under the Third Avenue El. The house was full, for it now sheltered a couple of aunts with broken marriages behind them, as well as June's cousin Helen.

June's grandmother was a tiny, plump woman with a kind face behind the spectacles she wore a bit low on the nose. She made a wonderful substitute for a mother while Clara was at work, surrounding June with love and taking all her dreams and problems seriously. June was happiest when her grandmother would play the piano, and she'd dance and (*Continued on page 67*)



A LONELY CHILD, June rarely enjoyed happy occasions like this outing with her mother and Aunt Helen (in white). Earlier in life June had overheard talk about her being sent to a home. It haunted her childhood days.



HOLLYWOOD BECKONED after June had worked herself up in a series of Broadway musicals and was beginning to feel at home in New York. On the Coast, frightened and lonely, she made *Girl Crazy* with Mickey Rooney.

BY JANE WILKIE

the keynote for her life



"THE SHY VIOLET" was the title of a poem June recited at school in this costume. She had an attack of stage fright and dissolved into tears. Only six, she already felt insecure.



A NEAR FATAL ACCIDENT was in June's past, but not forgotten, when she posed at 13 in her confirmation dress. Her adored grandmother had died; June's highschool days were troubled ones.



JUNE'S FIRST BREAK came at 16. The taunts of schoolmates who said she couldn't dance, drove her to try out for a chorus job on Broadway. She got it. Here she's in *Sing Out The News.*



LOVE WALKED IN when June met Dick Powell on the set of *Meet The People.* To June he was a big star and she couldn't understand or take seriously his interest in her.



SUCCESS WAS FUN and after June had won her own niche in Hollywood, she learned at last to relax and enjoy life. With Dick's reassuring love to guide her, the harsh memories of childhood faded.



SECURE AT LAST, June is at the height of her fame. (She won the Modern Screen popularity trophy in 1951.) More important to her is the fact that she has a family of her own to love.

MORE →

from Dick Powell's private scrapbook



First anniversary, August, 1946.
(Dick was late for the wedding.)



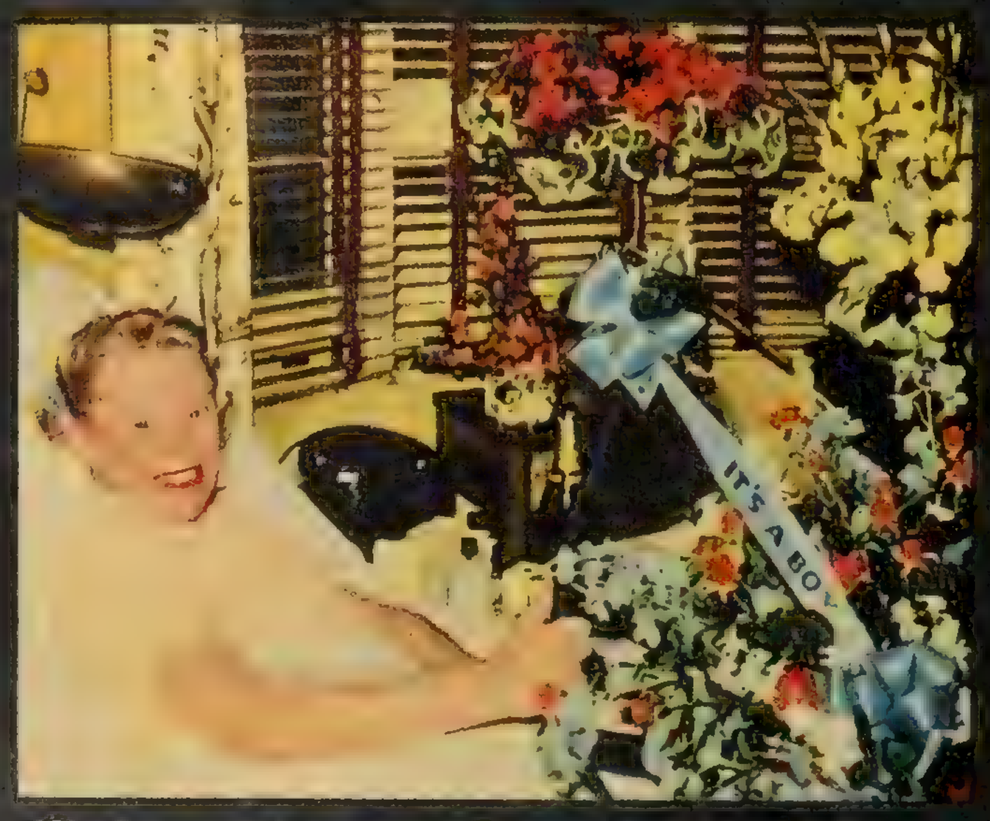
They'll always remember this rare, wonderful vacation in Honolulu.



Pamela joined them in 1948.
"I'm adopinated," she boasts.



Mrs Powell relaxes this way in the backyard.



Ricky was born on December 24, 1950, at St. Johns Hospital.



One-day-old Rick refuses to smile for the cameraman.



Four years with Dick, and June was seaworthy.



A new kind of snowman discovered in Sun Valley.



Pam and June spend half the summer on the lawn.

my favorite role:

"THE GIRL IN WHITE"

by June Allyson

I suppose every actress remembers certain roles with a special fondness. That's how I think of Dr. Emily Dunning in *The Girl In White*. True, it's my most recent part and freshest in my memory, but there are two good reasons why I enjoyed it so much.

The first was the cast with whom I worked. When you get to the studio at seven A.M., the strain of waking before dawn is somehow relieved when you sit down in the makeup department next to an actress like Mildred Dunnock. (She played the mother in *Death Of A Salesman.*) The very thought of working with such an accomplished performer thrilled me. Then there were Arthur Kennedy and Gary Merrill, Jesse White and Marilyn Erskine—a gay bunch that was fun between scenes and a great challenge before the camera.

The second reason is that at last I played the part of a doctor. I never thought it possible, because there are so few women doctors in this world. Dr. Emily was the first woman admitted to the medical staff of a New York hospital. To accomplish the goal she'd set for herself, she had to overcome opposition from every mother's son she encountered.

I'd always wanted to portray a doctor because once I actually wanted to be one. I first got the idea as a child when I was in the hospital after an accident. There was a doctor on the staff who was so kind to me—he'd come to see me as often as he could, and it seemed that he really understood me. I don't remember his name or his face, but he had bright red hair, almost orange, and I'd lie there for hours, anticipating the moment when that flaming head would come into view.

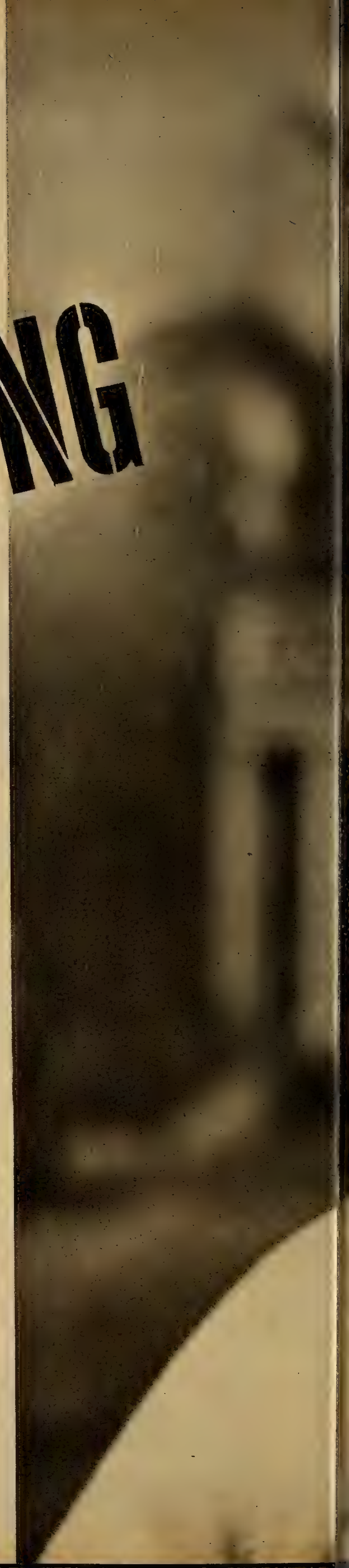
I thought then that I'd like to help people the way he did. The idea stayed in my mind for years, and when I began to work in show business I determined to put aside as much money as I could to eventually study medicine. *That* plan went up in smoke in a great hurry, because it took every cent I earned to pay the bills, and although I knew then I'd never make it, I've had a soft spot for doctors every since.

Of course, I didn't realize then what troubles I'd have had in college. The role of Dr. Emily Dunning taught me a lot—how only the very highest grades and (*Continued on page 85*)

Howard Keel's a movie idol who hates being idolized— a public figure who has a "Keep Off" sign on his private life.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL

NO TRESPASSING



■ Swimming season was on down at the creek, so this last week of school an ornery sort of kid named Harry Keel told his dad he'd like a haircut. "Make it short," he suggested, "so it'll last me a while."

His pop nodded, pinned a towel around his neck, stropped his straight-edged razor and shaved him as smooth as an egg.

"Great Jumpin' Judas, Pop!" swore Harry. "You've ruint me! I look like a picked turkey buzzard!"

His dad cracked him a playful flip with the towel. "Get along to school now," he ordered.

Harry got along, but he grabbed his cap first and pulled down the earflaps to hide his disgrace. He kept it on when he took his seat in class. "Harry Keel," the teacher barked, "take off your cap in the schoolroom!"

Harry shook his head. "No ma'am."

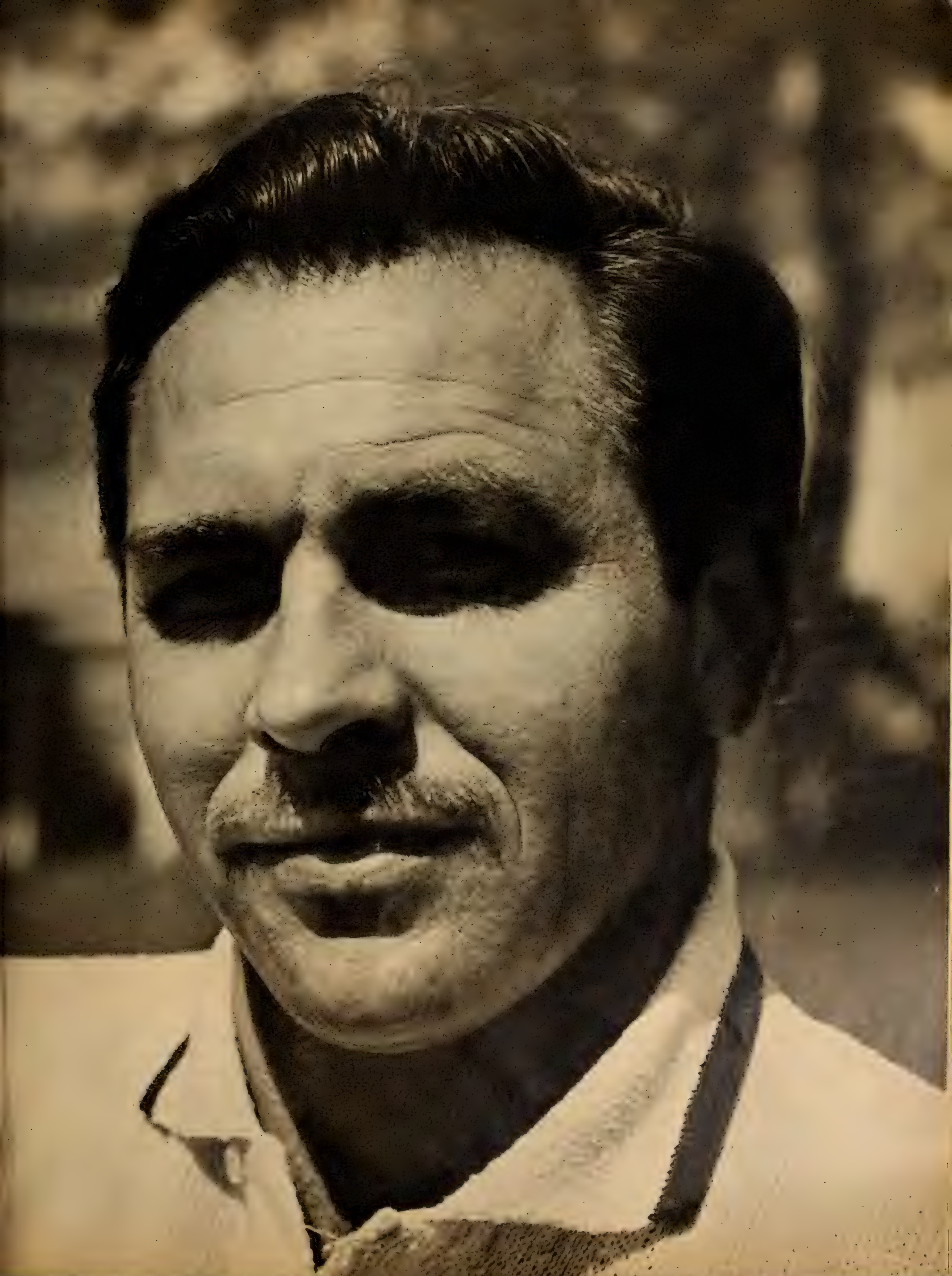
"Take it off, I said."

"Uh-uh."

She stalked down the aisle, snatched off the head piece and hung it on the rack. Harry jumped up, retrieved it and jammed it back on. She took it off again. He put it on. The antagonistic shuttle continued for 12 trips—a silent, resolute battle of wills. But in the end Harry was wearing his cap. They called him "Coonie" after that—"Coonie Keel"—because he looked like a skinned raccoon, but there was a certain admiration in the jibe. Obviously he was a kid with a mind of his own and one to be reckoned with.

That one-boy rebellion occurred a good stretch of years ago, in the little coal mining town of Gillespie, Illinois. But it's still going on, in essence, a good many miles West, in Hollywood. Harry Keel was his own boy and now he's his own man—all 76 inches of him.

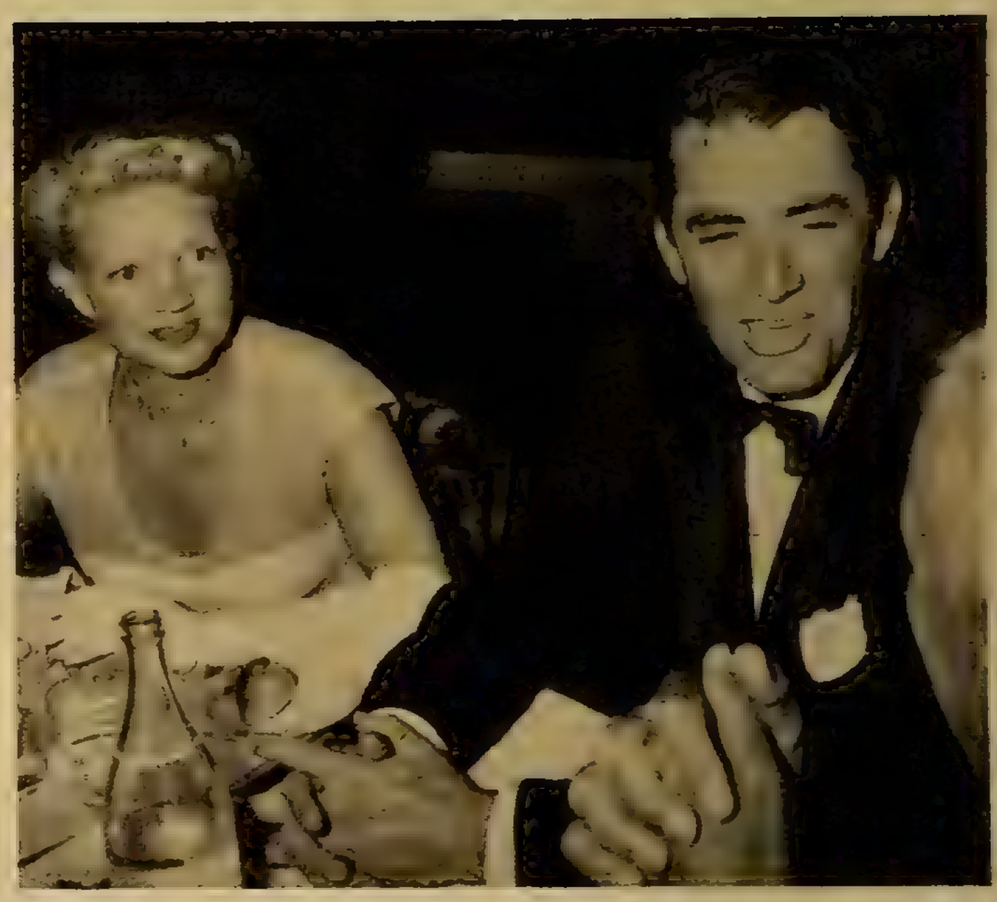
A few weeks ago, Howard stepped down from a plane at the Los Angeles Municipal Airport, shook (*Continued on page 103*)



MERRY WIVES OF



Fans would have been amazed to know that while Howard Keel was climbing to stardom, his wife Helen wasn't buying minks. She was trying to make ends meet in their tiny home.



Greta Peck yearns for anonymity. She's never forgotten how an ordinary auto accident became a first-page riot when it was learned that she, a famous actor's wife, was involved.



Patti Lewis usually stays home with her sons while Jerry, one of Hollywood's busiest stars, is forced to travel. Now, says Patti, she knows just exactly how a sailor's wife must feel.



Jessica Ryan once accompanied Robert when he went on tour. She found herself either sitting alone or walking alone while her harried husband had to make personal appearances.

Want to be ignored?

Want to be criticized?

Want other women to make passes at your husband?

Then marry a star—don't forget we warned you!

BY JACK WADE

■ Oh, to be the wife of a movie star. Mrs. Gregory Peck, say. Mrs. John Wayne. Mrs. Mario Lanza. Mrs. Burt Lancaster. Mrs. William Lundigan . . . it sounds wonderful.

Here, certainly, is wifehood without drudgery, motherhood without slavery, life blessedly devoid of penny-pinching. Picture yourself at those lovely social affairs floating in tulle or sparkling in

HOLLYWOOD (oh, yeah?)



The public sees Dean Martin more than his wife Jeanie does since he rocketed to fame and became a popular figure overnight.



There was no "other woman"—only work that separated the John Waynes and led to marital discord. Now reconciled, Esperanza is resigned to her fate.



Luckily, Betty Lanza glories in Mario's popularity; otherwise she'd have trouble ignoring all the fans who adore him.



The MacDonald Careys are a solid family unit because Betty knows how to deal with predatory females—she forgets about them.



Norma Lancaster realizes that as Burt's wife, she carries his reputation in her hands. This means she can't ever let the public know that life isn't all glamor.



When Bill Lundigan is mobbed by fans, they give Rena the brush-off. She's used to it; it's part of being a star's wife.

sequins, with innumerable handsome men brushing your fingertips with their lips.

But is it like that?

One woman who must have thought so introduced herself to Norma Lancaster at a beauty parlor late one afternoon. "Oh! Aren't you lucky to be the wife of Burt Lancaster!" she gushed. Norma, whose feet were tired from shopping all day, and whose little ones (for whom she won't let anyone else cook) wake her early every morning, just nodded dumbly. When she got home, however, she told Burt, "The next person who talks to me like that—well, I'll just blow my top!"

Of course Norma didn't mean that. Blowing one's top is a luxury the wife of a star cannot permit herself. She carries her husband's reputation in her hands at all times. Even more, there is the public conception of his glamor which she must make sure she never shatters, even though sometimes this is exactly what she feels like doing.

The minor, as well as the major irritations are many. It is supposed to be a wife's privilege, for instance, to feed her husband's ego. Sociologists agree that this is a normal way of cementing a marriage. But what (*Continued on page 100*)



He's been called "the most talented young actor on the 20th lot"—Jeff Hunter is Hollywood's answer to the hue, cry and demand for brand new faces . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

dreamboat's a-comin'

■ One afternoon, up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the postman delivered a package to skinny 12-year-old Henry Herman McKinnies, Jr., who raced back up to his room and tore it open excitedly. Inside, as a reward for a Ralston cereal box-top and 50 hard saved cents, was a miraculous object—a Tom Mix Makeup Kit.

Henry dug out the precious ingredients and set to work making himself into the most horrendous Frankenstein-like apparition he could dream up. Then he ran in the dusk up the street and knocked on the front door of a neighbor's house.

The woman who answered took one look, screamed, slammed the door and locked it. Pushing his luck, Henry Herman tore ecstatically around to the back door and banged. This time the man of the house confronted him angrily, ripped away the fright wig, putty and false eyebrows.

"Henry McKinnies," he barked, "beat it right home this minute and wash your face—and don't you ever go around fooling decent people like this again! If you keep it up, some day you're gonna get shot!"

That was a good dozen years or so ago, and while he has been fooling people off and on since, Hank McKinnies has yet to get blown to glory —unless you call zooming to Hollywood stardom a shooting affair.

In that hurry-up process, it's true, there've been some occupational hazards. Diving in *The Frogmen* Hank was chased by man-eating Caribbean barracudas. Smoke-jumping in *Red Skies Of Montana* he was almost roasted alive by naphtha flames. Doing *Cry Of The Swamp* he got chewed by a boa constrictor and mauled by a bear. And there was the bruising business of being belted around the set by husky Dale Robertson, while playing Chad the cad in *Take Care Of My Little Girl.* But despite it all, Henry Herman McKinnies, Junior, famous today as Jeffrey Hunter, has managed to stay in one tall, dark and handsome piece. And in Hollywood, Jeff, through some fast and effective footwork, has certainly done all right for himself.

It was barely two years ago that 23-year-old H. H. McKinnies, Jr., was warming a desk seat (*Continued on page 71*)



Married 16 months, Jeff and Barbara love to stay home in their Westwood Village apartment where they vary domestic chores with testing their acting skill on a tape recorder. Barbara hopes to present Jeff with a son come June.



people might say she's

"You kill me!"
Debbie says when they
ask if she's in
love—but there's no denying
the gleam in her eye
when Bob Wagner's around!

BY JIM NEWTON

■ Around noontime the other day a dusty coupe rolled to a stop at a drive-in restaurant halfway between MGM and Fox Studios near Hollywood. Inside, a tall, good-looking guy with ruddy cheeks, a chiseled profile and a rebellious shock of dark brown hair grinned at his pert companion, a tiny doll with green-gold eyes and saucy curls here and there on her head.

"What'll you have?" asked the boy.

"Oh, you know," she answered.

He ordered a jumbo strawberry malt and a hamburger with pickles for her, and a steak sandwich and coffee for himself. While he instructed the car-hop the girl unfolded the morning paper to catch up on current events. Suddenly she said, "Oh, no!"

"Oh, no what?"

"Can you take it?" she exclaimed, rattling the paper his way. "We're in Cupid's Corner again! Look, it reads: 'Things must be getting serious with Debbie Rey-

in love

nolds and Bob Wagner. The other day she helped him move his things to his new house in the rain!' "

"Well, didn't you?"

"Of course—but—well, I think it's a scream. It simply breaks me up. I mean, it wasn't raining at all," protested Debbie. "It was a nice, clear day—only a little cold. Remember? You loaned me your sweater and on me it looked like a skirt."

Now, that little scene is not particularly startling, (*Continued on page 106*)

if you knew annie!

(*Continued from page* 41) calmed him down.

"Why, Darling," she explained. "I'm not mad. I'm thrilled. Think what a compliment that was."

Now, there are very few mildly expectant mothers in Hollywood or anywhere else who would take a constructive view like that, very few, in fact, who would report the pass only to their loving husbands. Certainly you could hunt among the stars a long time to find one who wouldn't fly into an outraged snit and call out the Marines—or at least her press agent—to make the most of it. And among them all just about the last gal you might expect to react with a pleasantly tickled funny bone would be Anne Baxter, who, for some weird reason, enjoys the reputation of being a serious, elegant lady with about as much spice as a tax-collector.

Why this should be is a mystery, partly explainable, perhaps, by the fact that Anne has had only one husband to her name, and that in the dozen years she has been around Hollywood she has never had any more scandal attached to her career than has Gigi Perreau. A certain impression, too, was bound to get around when Anne played the predatory and ruthless Eve Harrington in *All About Eve,* and almost won her second Oscar for being so convincingly deadly, deadpan and icy in her ambitious drive for success.

In any event, there are a lot of mistaken impressions about Annie Baxter hanging around Hollywood and elsewhere which can stand correcting.

Not long ago, when Anne signed up to go on a Movietime, U.S.A., tour, the directors briefed her anxiously. "Now, Miss Baxter," they said, "of course we want you to keep your natural dignity and all that. But at the same time we'd like you to put across the idea in public that you're just like the girl next door."

"Unfortunately," Anne came back truthfully, "I have about as much natural dignity as a chimpanzee and the girl who once lived next door to me, frankly, was as dull as dishwater."

John Steinbeck, the distinguished author who's a pal of the Hodiaks, turned a neat phrase her way just the other day: "Anne—" he told her, "to me you always look like you're peeping over the bushes hunting a surprise!" Actually, that's just about it with A. Baxter. She lives on surprises, she couldn't live without them. Sometimes they're for herself, though more often for others, but however they wind up, they fit a nonconformist creed of daring independence which her crusty old grandpappy, the great modern architect Frank Lloyd Wright handed her long, long ago.

"Anne," he said, "remember this: Never form a habit. Never fall into a rut. And above all, never do anything because the others do." And so help her she hasn't and doesn't, no matter what—in her home, her studio, or with her friends or family. In fact, the recent arrival of Miss Katrina Hodiak is a case in point.

A LITTLE over a year ago when Anne first learned she was wearing a halo she was also set to make *Follow The Sun.* In Hollywood it's custom and cricket to spread the news the minute that interesting condition occurs. First to the studio which by law can retire any *enceinte* star to the boneyard pronto. But Anne saw no reason why she should skip a part she was dying to do, so she kept her mouth buttoned and played the part for all it was worth.

Well, when Annie was six months along, and still nobody knew, Hedda Hopper suddenly snared her for her radio show.

"The jig's up," John told his wife, "Hedda will take one look and, brother, the world will know!"

"Want to bet?" asked Anne.

She went to the broadcast. She wore her mother's dress, and a tight girdle, and she talked faster than Hedda can, so that that keen-eyed sleuth never got a chance to look below Anne's jabbering jaws.

In fact, nobody in Hollywood ever did guess, until the Hodiaks announced it themselves.

Now that is undoubtedly one kind of a record for Hollywood, but it's also typical of Anne Baxter and how she operates. So is the fact that, mulling over names for her first born, she came up at one point with "Heidi Hodiak," to make John snort, "Whose daughter do you think she's going to be—Cab Calloway's?" And last July Anne tore out to a gala Hollywood ball, almost fell in the fishpond, came home and sat around toasting her baby's arrival in champagne, until twinges sent her off to the hospital next morning where she had Katrina as easy as pie.

The plain truth is that Anne Baxter is an intriguing mixture of a sophisticated Bohemian and an unreconstructed scamp, who writes a personal declaration of independence with every move she makes.

A girl who can show up at a Press Photographers Ball in black transparent trousers, a bejeweled G-string and nothing between that and her sketchy bra but an amber colored bike light at her navel is, to put it mildly, individualistic. Anne got the flu from that escapade, but she also stole the show.

But that any of this should be a surprise to the customers is rather a surprise itself. Because rugged individualism obviously runs rampant in Anne Baxter's blood. Her architect grandfather, stunned all of America almost 50 years ago by designing houses that made functional sense but looked to shocked Victorian eyes like zig-zag orange crates. He has been blasting stereotyped ideas all his life and still does at 84. His daughter, Catherine, Anne's mother, is a woman of strong notions who once, when papa was away, redecorated her room in fluffy ruffles and bird's-eye maple just because she darned well felt like it, and kept it that way when her modern-minded father came home and exploded like Vesuvius. Nowadays, Catherine stubbornly re-arranges the furniture at the Hodiaks each time she visits them—and the minute she leaves, her daughter puts everything right back where it was.

When Anne was only a junior miss up in Bronxville, N. Y. and a prospective debutante, she took a studied look at the prissy Ivy League future in store for her, and she shook her head. When she was 11 she faced the family with the facts of life. "I'm going to be an actress," she stated. "Do you mind?"

"Heavens no," they told her. "Be a plumber if you like. But be the best!"

So Anne ran alone into Manhattan to drama school, intrepidly mixed with the mobs at the subway and nobody at her house gave it a thought. She was on Broadway at 12, when most girls are just starting to hide their dolls, and in Hollywood at 15.

One week when Anne was 16 she was deposited with family friends at their summer house on Catalina Island. These were very nice people and Anne, of course, was a very nice girl. She was already in pictures then, but because her mother didn't vibrate to Hollywood Mrs. Baxter was living up North in Burlingame. Anne had a companion, really a chaperone, named Miss Tickett, a dear, sweet soul, but a little difficult to shake at times.

At Avalon Anne sensed her opportunity, so she faked a telephone call and told her hosts she was called back to the mainland. She took the noon boat but she didn't go home to Miss Tickett. Instead, she decided to paint Hollywood red, but that's hard to handle when you're 17 with nobody to take you around. What Anne finally wound up doing was eating creamed chicken by herself in a respectable tea room, but that didn't satisfy her reckless urge. So she just drove and drove—finally winding up way out in the Malibu mountains at Lake Sherwood. There is absolutely nothing to do at Lake Sherwood except listen to hoot owls and plopping bass, but there beneath the shaggy oaks, Annie communed alone with nature and found it reckless and romantic enough, finally falling asleep in the car.

In the morning she drove back, tidied up at a gas station, and finally reported dutifully to Miss Tickett, who had called Catalina unfortunately, learned of her departure, and suspected the worst. But she said nothing, and from then on Anne got the freedom she yearned for and the privilege of dating—without a chaperone cramping her style. It may also be forgotten that Anne Baxter got around very successfully from then on, and in the experimental process of meeting men was engaged three times before she saw John Hodiak in the Fox commissary one noon.

That romance has been long since reported too, but even today if you mumble something about how John Hodiak courted her, what you get from Anne is, "Courted *me?* Don't be silly. I courted John. I had to tell lies, play hard to get and all kinds of things. It was really rugged to break the man down, even after I knew he was interested."

But she finally did, of course, six years ago come July seventh, and although John came down with mumps immediately before and Anne got carved with an appendectomy right afterward, in between they had a lovely wedding in the garden of her mother's house in Burlingame. The reception which followed must have been a party to remember—and a tough one to leave. Some of the guests got confused and ended up in Hawaii. When John and Anne finally pulled themselves away in a rain of rice they planed to Colorado Springs and the Broadmoor Hotel, where they finally got to bed at five A.M.

BUT even on her honeymoon Anne couldn't bring herself to carry on like the rest of the newlywed hand-holders strolling down lovers' lane and blushing prettily around the lobby.

What the new Mrs. Hodiak hove up with for a honeymoon idyll was spending a night in an old Rocky Mountain ghost town that even the natives had forgotten. She packed a hamper with steaks, garlic, French bread, salad greens and wine, John rented a car and they whizzed off. Well—it poured all night long, the ancient shack leaked and they almost burned it up, along with the steaks on the wood stove. There was no plumbing, no water, no heat. Swilling coffee to keep alive, they didn't sleep a wink—and in such a frayed condition had their first fight.

Six years of marriage haven't tarnished the spirit which triggered that frantic excursion, and life for Anne Baxter is always loaded with excitement. Maybe that's because, as she explains, "the only rule we have around here is that there aren't any."

At the Hodiak's Hollywood home (and it is smack in Hollywood, not fashionable Bel-Air or Beverly Hills) a deceptive air of calm and order prevails when you first walk in. But just stick around. If Petunia and Shoo-Fly, the poodles, don't

suddenly decide to have a family in the front hall with Anne playing midwife, then some characters with hammers and saws may wander in and noisily start changing this and that around, according to a fresh idea John or Annie got the night before. One such flash inspiration a year ago changed their whole house from English to contemporary modern with about everything in the joint shifted except the dishwasher. Last birthday John came home to find the dining room wall hung with shirts on a yellow pasteboard panel luridly labeled, "GIGANTIC CLEARANCE SALE!" Anne had raided Brooks Brothers that morning for every color and style they had. A party is likely to gather like a summer storm at any minute, with Clifton Webb dancing the "Afternoon of a Faun" perhaps, and Anne making like Lily Pons. One thing's certain to see almost daily use—the champagne loving cup which sits by the fireplace etched "Anne" and "John." Elaine and John Steinbeck gave them that thoughtfully. They knew how everything with the Hodiaks has to be celebrated—a new part, a new dress, or a 30-foot putt.

Long ago, Anne and John Hodiak learned that the planned life was impossible, because studios don't fit their shooting schedules to wedded companionship. So they gather their good times together on the first bounce of opportunity.

One evening three years ago, John rushed into the house, shouting, "Hey, I just got 18 days!"

"In jail?" Annie asked him.

"No—my fool—I'm free, off the hook, at liberty, nothing to do. It's real, it's true, and it's in writing."

"Now isn't that a coincidence!" cried Anne, "—with me a liberty belle too. And I had a dream last night. . . ."

"You and your dreams—"

"It was in Technicolor," continued his wife. "I saw blue, blue water and coral sands. Dark people with brightly colored scarves wrapped around their heads. Houses on stilts . . . where's that? Wait a minute."

She came back with two things. One, her dream book—it's called "What's in a Dream?" and has 10,000 visions and what they mean, and two, a handy, descriptive atlas. "This says I'm definitely going on a trip," she informed him, "and *this* says it's Jamaica."

"*Jamaica!*" howled John. "Not *that* far. Wait a minute!" But he knew he was licked.

That was on a Saturday night. Sunday they checked the weather in Jamaica by phone, packed their bags, called goodbyes and got permits. Monday they were on their way—and the doctor jabbed them with their smallpox shots going out the door in their traveling clothes.

That's pretty typical. And although in Kingston the shots took too much effect and Anne wound up with fever and was found laid out cold on a park bench, in the end it turned out to be some trip. Hodiak, who hates to dance, even learned the West Indian rhumba.

Life, of course, is not all a dish of cherries jubilee for Anne and John Hodiak. They have their problems like everycne else. Anyone who ventured dreamily that they've never had an argument since that honeymoon night in the Rockies would be laughed by both of them right out the front door. But underneath the explosions lies a love that is deep and real and stubbornly defended.

They buck horns constantly on trivial matters. Hodiak has threatened to bop Anne if she doesn't stop leaning over his shoulder when he's reading a book and inquiring, "How far've you got?" Being a sports fan he's long ago registered supreme disgust with indoor Annie's athletic talent, and compares her golf swing to the ballet version of a dying swan. On the other hand—Anne can't lure him out dancing, and she's put up for years with his criticism of the clothes she picks. The other day, after holding her temper when he criticized a shaded chiffon dress she'd bought at a sale with, "looks like the colors ran," she led him right back to the swank Beverly Hills shop and said, "All right—*you* pick it out!"

The models trotted out with all the French imports in the place, and in no time at all John easily picked a heavy white satin number with gobs of style.

"Now that's perfect for you, Anne," he declared. "We'll take that."

So they took that and John reached for his checkbook, as Anne grinned at the lesson he'd learn.

"Six hundred dollars, please," said the salesgirl sweetly.

But even in trying situations like that John is really proud as a peacock about his wife. At 28, Anne Baxter looks like that high school kid the smoothie in the Cadillac took her for. She's still tiny and cute with an even smaller waist—22—than before the blessed event. There's only one thing that really bothers her in the looks department—her nose. Nobody else worries about it, but she thinks it's a little too retroussé. A makeup man had her in his chair not long ago and cocked his head professionally. "Hasn't your nose been fixed?" he asked.

"Listen," snapped Baxter, "do you think I'd have it fixed *this* way?"

Ordinarily though, Anne Baxter isn't the touchy type. She's a serious actress, of course, so serious that sometimes, lost in her acting job, she'll forget to speak to her best friends at Fox. Other times, for no good reason at all, she can get crazily corny when the going is toughest.

Recently, on the set of *The Outcasts Of Poker Flat*, Anne tied into a climactic scene where the snowbound Sierra troupe sat around for days in a cold cabin and chewed on chicken bones. Through the long scene Anne was called on to lift up her skirt periodically, to stow away gold dust, pistols and props of the Bret Harte Forty-Niner drama in a pocket of her petticoat. The act became a sort of trademark for her role. And the chicken—after three straight days—began to gag everybody around.

Anne showed up the last morning, flipped up her petticoat, stared at the eternal fowl, yelped, "What—chicken again? and hauled out an endless stream of weenies which she handed around. The laughs pleased her so much she repeated the gag that afternoon with a motheaten stuffed squirrel somebody dug up for her in the prop department.

There is really only one thing that ever brings out the red in her hair very seriously. That's when somebody takes a cruel and groundless crack at her marriage. Not very long ago a misguided press agent at her own studio found himself in deep dutch from an unlucky yarn he dreamed up for publicity's sake. Anne was on location in Colorado with nothing much happening to stop the presses so the agent made up a squib: Anne Baxter, he wrote, went panning for gold in a mountain stream—but instead of striking it rich, she only lost her wedding ring!

It was innocuous enough, but by the time Hollywood had worked that one over, it came out like this: Anne Baxter alone on location and lonely, was so mad at John Hodiak for chasing around in Hollywood in her absence that she had hysterically tossed her wedding ring into the creek! Well—when Annie heard that she made more than a pop with her prop pistols. She practically blew off the roof of 20th Century-Fox. Some hasty explanations convinced her it was one of those things and nobody got scalped or even lost a good job. But it's a cinch it won't ever happen again.

Anne Baxter plays her marriage straight and for keeps and that's no joking matter with her. Right now the girl who has never tended any sacred cows knows one thing at least that is sacred to her—her home with John Hodiak and Katrina.

When Katrina came to her house last July, Annie's grand old progenitor, Frank Lloyd Wright, sent her a snappy telegram. "KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK," he wired. So the other day, Anne thought it was time grandpapa, who has mighty good critical taste, deserved a look.

Bundling up baby Katrina, John and Anne carried their custom-designed project over to "Taliesen," the famed Arizona desert home of the dean of American architecture.

The white-haired expert sat in the sun for the first look at his great grandchild. "Well," he tapped his cane impatiently, "let's see him!"

"It's not a him—it's a her," explained Anne, opening the blanket.

Her grandpapa studied the object thoughtfully. "High head," he pronounced, "—brains. Let's see her legs." Anne uncoiled the wrapper to oblige. "Very good supports," grumped the man who should know. "Very important."

At that point Katrina stuck out her tongue and pronounced a mild raspberry, as some babies are wont to do. Mr. Wright grinned. "I think she'll get along," he allowed.

He might say the same thing about his granddaughter, and maybe he has. If not, anyone who really knows Anne Baxter could oblige. A girl who has beauty, brains and a more than slightly sassy slant at the world will get along all right—in Hollywood or anywhere else. **END**



Cerebral Palsy Fund has many boosters like Glenn Ford, here with Jack Martin, John Ostling.

love is better than anything

(*Continued from page* 42) This is a major operation. Your wife should be told."

Gene shook his head. "There's no point in upsetting her," he said. "You perform the operation. I'll call her afterwards."

The operation was a success, and a day later Gene asked his nurse at La Clinique des Belles Feuilles to put in a transatlantic call to his wife in Beverly Hills.

Betsy said later that it was six A.M. when the phone rang. "Gene, was very sorry to wake us," she explained. "He just didn't want Kerry and me to worry in case we read anything in the paper. 'I had a little stomach ache,' he said, 'and they took out my appendix.' Then he asked when Kerry and I were coming over, and I told him we'd have to put all our things in storage and rent the house and take Kerry out of school, and then we'd sail on the Ile de France."

As you read this, Betsy, Gene, and their nine-year-old Kerry are all living in Europe—but the above incident will give you a small idea of how thoughtful the Kellys are about each other. Gene wouldn't think of worrying Betsy about a little thing like an emergency appendectomy. And Betsy, if Gene wanted her and their little girl in Europe, wouldn't think twice about all the trouble involved in closing down one home and finding another abroad.

BETSY says, "In my household, Gene and his career come first." And while Gene doesn't like to discuss it, he sincerely hopes that Betsy will become the top-flight actress she so wants to be.

Gene very probably could wangle a term contract for his wife at MGM. But Gene isn't that kind, and neither is Betsy.

"I want to get ahead on my own ability," she says, "not because Gene Kelly is my husband."

It's a well-known axiom in Hollywood that two careers in one family don't mix, especially when one is obviously more successful than the other. Either the wife or the husband becomes jealous and resentful, and this leads to trouble. Observers have been predicting such trouble in the Kelly setup for years, but it hasn't come to pass. Gene understands his wife's ambition, has faith in her talent and feels sure that with luck she'll make her mark in the acting world. Meanwhile, he not only encourages Betsy to be active in little theater work, but a few years ago, when Orson Welles cabled her an offer to play in *Othello* in Africa, Gene insisted that she go.

"But who'll look after Kerry?" Betsy asked.

"Don't worry," Gene said. "I will."

Betsy flew to Africa and then to Italy and did act opposite Welles, but he didn't have enough money to finish the picture, and eventually Betsy came back to Beverly Hills.

However, the point is that sacrifice is an integral part of the Kelly marriage. But the Kellys don't call it sacrifice. They consider it only an expression of love.

"More than anything else," Gene says. "I want Betsy to do whatever brings her the most happiness."

"Isn't that funny?" Betsy says. "That's exactly how I feel about him."

This mutual understanding is why Gene and Betsy have gotten along so well despite their background of differences. Take the question of religion. Gene is a practising Catholic. He very much wanted his daughter to be raised in that faith. He talked it over with Betsy, and she, knowing how much it meant to Gene, readily assented.

Every Sunday Gene and Kerry go to mass. A few weeks ago, before Gene flew to Scotland to scout locations for *Brigadoon,* he and Kerry attended services in a beautiful little cathedral in Switzerland. "One of the things I like best about Sundays," Kerry says, "is going to church with Daddy."

While Gene takes care of Kerry's religious education, Betsy takes care of her schooling. It was Betsy who insisted upon enrolling Kerry in a public school instead of a private one.

Whene Gene asked Betsy to come abroad, Betsy not only enrolled herself in the Berlitz School of Languages but also enrolled Kerry. ("Kerry's accent is better than mine," says her mother.)

IT is a tribute to Betsy Kelly that her daughter is unspoiled. Only recently, the headmistress at the Swiss school Kerry attends, told a reporter, "What a refreshing little girl Kerry is. We've had lots of experience teaching daughters of wealthy Americans. Most of them are terribly spoiled and pampered, but not this one. I think it is because her parents are such good people, really democratic. I remember a few months ago when Gene Kelly first arrived in Switzerland. It wasn't long before all the children in town were calling after him, 'Hello, Geno. Hello, Kelly.' Wherever he went a pack of children followed him. Just as they did in his picture, *American In Paris.* He is very popular, and so is his wife. Kerry is very lucky to have such parents."

When you're a star, it's a relatively difficult job to keep your child from being spoiled. The Kellys have succeeded, but not without cost.

Veteran actress Ethel Barrymore still commutes to and from her studio in an automobile of 1925 vintage.

From time to time, for example, Gene is usually voted one of the most uncooperative stars of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. The reason is he doesn't like to pose for home layouts.

"It's okay once in a while," he explains, but you let a young girl know that she's being treated as something special, and well, it's tough keeping her hat-size normal. That's what Betsy and I pretty much want to do—see that Kerry lives a normal childhood."

The Kellys plan to stay in Europe for at least another year. Gene finished *The Devil Makes Three* in Germany late in March. *Brigadoon* will be finished in Scotland, if all goes well, by the end of the summer. Then Gene wants to start a third film, *Invitation To The Dance,* in Paris.

Right now Gene and Betsy don't know whether to leave their nine-year-old in Switzerland for a year, and fly back to see her every other weekend, or whether to enroll her in different schools as they hop from country to country.

"I think we'll keep her in one school," Betsy says. "More normal that way."

With the Kellys, the accent is always on normality, being yourself, down-to-earth, never putting on any airs.

Betsy, for instance, is frank to admit that in her opinion she isn't Gene's intellectual equal. "He's older than I am," she explains. "He's had a better education and wider experience, and consequently, he knows more."

"Only about certain things," Gene adds facetiously, "Betsy has plenty on the ball. She's a fine dancer, a good actress, a wonderful mother, and an understanding wife. The thing I like most about her is her rate of growth. We were married when she was very young, hardly 18. She'd graduated from the New York Professional School and had danced in a few clubs but she wasn't very worldly. In the 11 years we've been married, she certainly has learned a lot. Betsy is at ease in front of anyone. She has a fine sense of values, too. She knows what's important and what isn't."

THE most important thing to Betsy is keeping her marriage on an even keel. She grew up in a happy home. Gene was the first man she ever fell in love with—she was 15 at the time—and her whole adult life has always revolved around him.

Gene was the dance director at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe who insisted upon hiring Betsy as a dancer. That was way back in 1938. Gene and Dick Dwenger, the pianist, used to take Betsy out to lunch, and the young girl from Cliffside, N. J., would hang on to Gene's every word. To her, whatever he said was the law.

"When Betsy first started going with Gene," her mother recalls, "she used to refer to him as Mr. Kelly. It was always 'Mr. Kelly said this.' or 'Mr. Kelly said that.' She looked up to him with great veneration."

Betsy still venerates Gene. "When he first came out to Hollywood," she says, "they thought he was just a hoofer. Gene has not only brought a new concept to the musical film but he's developed into a writer, director, and choreographer. I think he's done more to popularize the ballet than any other man in America. He's an exciting person to live with, because he's constantly breeding ideas. He generates a tremendous amount of energy and it's almost impossible to keep up with him. His skiing is a pretty good example of that. One week of lessons with his instructor in Switzerland, and he was racing down the steepest hills.

"Lots of people come up to me and say, 'I bet it's pretty tough living with a guy like Gene.' It isn't tough at all. He eats meat and potatoes practically all the time. He doesn't give a hang about clothes. He sleeps late when he isn't working, which is practically never. He doesn't quibble about little things. He's a basically kind man, and he likes people.

"I remember one evening when he was making *Singin' In The Rain.* He came home that night and said, 'Bets! You should see that Donald O'Connor. Boy! Can that kid dance! He's really out of this world.' He plugged Donald so much that after the picture was released, Donald was signed by two other studios. I honestly think Gene has helped more young players get started at MGM than anyone else, with a few exceptions like Billy Grady and Joe Pasternak.

"Gene not only helps people but he loves to entertain them. A week after he had his appendix removed in Paris, friends wrote me and said, 'Your husband is crazy. He is dancing for the American troops in Germany against the doctor's orders.' Gene's like that. Action keeps him happy. As a matter of fact, action and one other word are symbols of our marriage. The other word is love. We think that you can be happy anywhere if you're active and you're in love."

After 11 years of marriage, Gene says he's more in love with Betsy than ever. "We have our arguments," he admits. "But you should've seen me in Europe before Betsy and Kerry came over. People said I reminded them of a kid who had just lost his mother. Now that my family's with me, I feel like a kid who's eaten his candy and has it, too." END

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now there are six

(*Continued from page* 46) baby has dropped 600 feet into the Pacific Ocean. Jimmy eventually realized this, so he sold his house and moved into mine. Before we could start looking for a new one, 20th Century-Fox offered him a job in London in *No Highway In The Sky.* Jim said he'd take it providing the whole family could go along, so we all went to England."

While they were in England the Stewarts had no housing problem at all. The boys were enrolled in a British school. The studio took care of all the hotel bills. But one morning Gloria realized that as far as she was concerned, the European junket was over. What is known in show business as "an act of God," had happened. She was pregnant.

Understandably enough, she wanted to return to the U.S.A. and be under the care of her own doctor. Jimmy said of course. He saw Gloria and the boys off and then returned to his picture work in *No Highway.*

One morning at four A.M., the phone rang in his London hotel. Jimmy groped for it. "What's the idea of calling anyone at this hour?" he muttered.

"But the call is from Los Angeles, California," the operator said.

"I don't care where it's from," Jimmy mumbled. "I'm asleep."

"Here's your party, sir," the operator said.

Jimmy tried to carry on a coherent conversation, but he was too sleepy, so he just nodded as Gloria explained that she was in excellent condition, the doctor told her she could expect twins in May, and everything else was fine.

"Thanks for calling," Jim said. "Wonderful to hear your voice."

As he hung up the receiver, however, his eyes sprang open. Twins! Did Gloria say twins? Was he going to be the father of twins? Did she actually say it or was he dreaming?

He grabbed the phone. "Operator," he screamed. "Get me that party in Los Angeles again. . . ."

For the prospective father of twins there was no sleep that night.

Now, the requirements of a family with four children are vastly different from the simple requirements of newlyweds.

As soon as Jimmy returned from England, he abandoned all thoughts of a romantic cliffside house and began looking for a substantial home in a substantial family neighborhood.

One afternoon he and Gloria stopped their car before a solid-looking, two-story, ivy-covered brick structure in Beverly Hills.

"This place," said Gloria, "looks like a dormitory to me."

"Well, that's what we need," Jim answered, "isn't it?"

Gloria grinned, "I guess it is." And that settled it.

The Stewart "dormitory" contains the necessary number of bedrooms: five on the second floor. The front stairs leading up to them have a landing which the family aptly calls The Great Divide. The children's rooms are off to the left, the parents' to the right. Seven-year-old Ronald, who began going to Black Fox Military Academy last fall, always makes a point of turning a square corner at this dividing line.

"I used to think," Jim says, "that maybe our room was too far away from the kids, but when the four of them get up at six in the morning, I'm real glad that they're in one half of the house and Gloria and I are in the other."

Another house feature which makes Jim happy is the full basement. Most homes in Southern California have no cellars. His does, and Jim plans to re-model it into a sound-proof playroom. When the younger set gathers at the Stewart place, as they will in a few years, Papa Stewart says they'll be promptly ushered into the basement where they can raise hallelujah to their hearts' content.

Like all large Beverly Hills homes built before the war, this one includes a roomy kitchen, butler's pantry and breakfast room, as well as living and dining rooms, and a library. Gloria's favorite nook is the library.

She's the omnivorous reader in the clan who not only scans all the scripts sent to Jimmy, but frequently synopsizes them as well. She recommends stories to him, and sends rejected scripts back to his agent. She also cues Jim on his lines.

"In ten minutes," he says, "Gloria reads more pages than I do in an hour."

Princeton-reared Stewart reads about as rapidly as he talks.

In contrast to the typical Hollywood-home library, which has everything but books, the Stewart library is well-stocked with reading matter. It also contains Jimmy's collection of airplane models, a dozen family photographs, and the various gag gifts he and Gloria have picked up during their travels. The room is furnished informally, as is the rest of the house.

"The twins came so quickly after we moved into this place," Gloria explains, "that we didn't have time enough to make a production out of furnishing it. We pooled furniture from Jim's old house and mine, and then I hired Helen Conway, a decorator, to re-upholster a few of the pieces. She made us some new living room draperies and got us a couple of oversize tables. You know, just looked after the essentials."

Oddly enough, the Stewart house looks as settled as if they'd been living in it for years. The furnishings are basically traditional, and the color schemes are all subdued.

The living room, for example, is done in muted tones of beige and green. Two large sofas and a large coffee table in front of the fireplace dominate the room. A baby grand piano stands in one corner and a very fine French Provincial breakfront in the other. The furniture, however, plays second fiddle to the paintings in the room. These are really the attention-getters.

The Utrillo over the French commode was Gloria's Christmas gift to Jimmy the first year they dated each other. Her gay portrait beside the piano is provocative not only because it is well-done but because it was painted by Claudette Colbert who is developing into a portrait painter of the first rank. The canvas above the mantel is by Suzanne Eidendieck, and

easy money!

June will soon be bustin' out all over with greenery and you might as well collect a little long green for yourself. All you have to do is read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, because we're giving away (for free) one-dollar bill each to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Jon Kilbourn's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Hutton's Prince Charlie (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ The Love Secret Liz Never Told (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ Second Honeymoon (John Wayne)
- ☐ Rita Tells All (Rita Hayworth) . . . by Louella Parsons
- ☐ It's Not *All* Gravy (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ For Shelley—All Or Nothing (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ John Speaks For Himself (John Derek)
- ☐ If You Knew Annie! (Anne Baxter)
- ☐ Love Is Better Than Anything (Gene Kelly)
- ☐ Now There Are Six . . . (Jimmy Stewart)
- ☐ The June Allyson Story
- ☐ No Trespassing (Howard Keel)
- ☐ Merry Wives Of Hollywood (Oh, yeah!)
- ☐ Dreamboat's A-Comin' (Jeff Hunter)
- ☐ People Might Say She's In Love (Debbie Reynolds-Bob Wagner)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Joan Crawford

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

_____

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those on either side of the fireplace are Roualts. In addition to the work of famous artists, Jimmy has bought paintings by a couple of unknown disabled veterans. "I like 'em as well as the others," he says.

The Stewart dining room with its old-fashioned oval table is physically traditional. "But spiritually," Jimmy says, "this room is a nothing, largely because we never entertain. I don't know why we don't entertain, either. Seems like Gloria and I just like to be alone together."

"People do come to our house," Gloria hastens to explain, "but I'm sure they think we're odd. We go upstairs every night at about eight-thirty and watch television from our bed. I tell Jimmy our friends are going to think we're nuts, but he refuses to worry."

The master bedroom to which Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart retire is done in soft rose. Gloria's old bedroom furniture decorates it, so to keep it from appearing too feminine, Gloria added a desk, a table model television set, and Bello, her German shepherd who sleeps there more or less regularly. Gloria likes to sleep with the windows open. Jim does not. One night a few months ago, the master of the house complained that it was freezing in the room. Even Bello had walked out. "And look what *he's* wearing," Jim yelled. Next day, Gloria drove to town and bought an oversize electric blanket.

In the children's half of the Stewart dorm, each of the boys has his own room which he's expected to keep in order. This chore comes easily to Ronald. He inherited Jimmy's old furniture, and he's so proud of it that he actually enjoys polishing the pieces. He hero worships his step-dad and copies many of his ways.

Six-year-old Michael, however, is a bit lax when it comes to tidying up. He always has excuses, too. Gloria listens to all of them, then usually lets him off easily. Gloria is the relaxed type of mother who feels that since Mike will probably never have to make beds or clean house there's no sense making an issue of it. "Just wait until Mike gets into the Army," Jim warns her. "He'll never forgive you."

Right now the double feature attraction in the Stewart household are the infant girl twins, Kelly and Judy. Jim insists that these two will be taught how to cook and do housework. Gloria isn't much of a cook, and Jim never stops razzing her about her few dismal attempts at preparing canned soup. "The twins," he vows, "will make up for their old lady."

At this moment, however, the two little girls spend most of their time sleeping. They share a suite of two rooms with their nurse, and these rooms bulge with cribs, clothes chests, and baby-tenders.

In the evening when he returns from the studio, Stewart heads straight for the nursery. He picks up the twins, places one in the V of each elbow, and watches both of his daughters perform. He views each new childish development with the surprised awe of the typical new father.

A few nights ago he came home and was told that Kelly and Judy couldn't be put into the same playpen since they insisted upon fighting, and that there wasn't enough room in the nursery for two playpens. Next day Jim phoned an aircraft factory and had them send out a sheet of plexiglass. He cut the plastic and ran it from one side of the playpen to the other dividing it in two. Kelly and Judy now see each other but can't get at one another.

"I always knew," Jimmy Stewart says, "that my four years in the Air Force weren't wasted." **END**

(*Jimmy Stewart's latest picture is Universal's* Bend Of The River.—Ed.)



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a childhood memory . . .

(*Continued from page* 48) stand on her head with an amazing display of energy. June's grandfather was a small man with a huge moustache who had brought his wife over from France, and had learned too late that America's streets weren't paved with gold. He had a stern look, and June never quite had the courage to show her affection for him. She knew, though, that he loved her.

School brought an aching sense of loneliness, for June was acutely shy and found it difficult to make friends. She buried herself in her schoolwork, loving her studies but afraid of her teachers and her carefree schoolmates.

Twice her father sent a message that he had a gift for her, naming a place to meet him. After school was out, June would go to the appointed street corner and wait. Her father never came. She recalls being swept with a terrible fear during these times. She'd go home and tell her grandmother, who'd rock June back and forth in her arms, comforting her.

JUNE remembers clearly the events of the day the accident happened. Clara had taken her to Coney Island as a special treat, and on the way home June said she wanted to ride her bicycle.

"You'll have to take off your Sunday dress," said her mother, but June didn't stop to change her clothes. She got on her bike and soon was playing cops and robbers with the boy next door. She had just made a sprint down the block, with her dog Teddy running by her side, when the boy jumped out from behind a bush. "Stop!" he yelled, and put up his hand. It was the last thing she remembered. The great dead tree had dropped one of its huge branches, and June and her bicycle and her dog lay twisted beneath its mass.

When she came to, she was stretched out on the drainboard of the kitchen sink. Her grandfather was supporting her with one hand and with the other was tenderly bathing her head. Her mother and grandmother and aunts were standing huddled by the door, and they were all crying.

"My head," said June. "It feels funny." She put her hand to it and immediately blacked out once more. Consciousness returned just after the ambulance arrived.

"The doctor is going to stitch your head where it's been hurt," they told her, "and if you don't cry, we'll give you a quarter."

Who could keep from crying? June was terrified when she saw the ambulance and refused to allow them to carry her to it.

The interne shook his head. "She's much too upset to force her," he said. "Is there anybody in the neighborhood whose car we could use?" The people next door offered theirs, and June rode to the hospital on the interne's lap.

At the hospital, they told Clara her daughter had a fractured skull and serious spinal injuries. "You must be brave," they said. "She won't live through the night."

But when Clara was admitted to the room the next morning June had not died. She was swathed in bandages and the only thing visible was her left eye. Her eye and one white, swollen hand. Clara sank to her knees beside the bed and wept.

IMAGINE THAT!

Joan Bennett (a grandmother) measures the same around the waist as she did when she arrived in Hollywood 20 years ago—21 inches.

Dorothy Kilgallen in The Journal-American

Rose Marie Reid

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The months spent in the hospital melted into a haze of confusion for June. Her mother was there every day and so were her grandparents, but one day faded into the next, remembered only for the blood transfusions and the kindly red-headed doctor, and finally she was taken home.

There was a brace on her back, a steel and muslin contraption that she was to wear for many years to come. She lay for more months, listening to the sound of the children at play outside in the streets, and dreaming horrible dreams at night because her cousin Helen had told her, "You'll go crazy, you know. Everybody who's had a skull fracture goes crazy." They told her, too, now that she was home, that the accident had killed her dog. They did not tell her that the doctors said she would never walk again.

She began with faltering steps and the family watched with happiness. Soon she was running around the house and waiting hand and foot on her grandmother, who was now almost always confined to a chair. June didn't understand why until Mrs. Provost was taken away to the hospital. Grandmother was very sick, they told her, and she must be very quiet when they brought her home. Mrs. Provost never came home. June was walking home from school one day, alone as always because of the added shyness given her by the wearing of the brace. Her cousin met her in front of the house, and with the cruelty of children, blurted out the news. "I guess you won't be so happy to know," she said, "that Grandmother died today."

Marriage is a wonderful thing if you don't find a reporter hiding in your bedroom.

Audie Murphy

June stared at her cousin in disbelief, then pushed past her and into the house. When she saw her mother crying in the hall, she knew it was true. All that night they tried to coax June out of the bedroom where she had locked herself. But Mr. Provost pleaded, "Leave her alone. Leave the child alone."

When her grandmother died it was as if all the love had gone out of June's life. Mrs. Provost's last words had been whispered to Clara, "Take good care of the little one. Make sure she's happy. Please."

Not long after, Clara married again. Her new husband's name was Arthur Peters. They moved into a walkup apartment, no different from the rest of the walkups June had known, except that now, for the first time, she had a bedroom of her own. It was small but cheerful, with twin beds, which June thought the height of elegance. For the first time, too, Clara was home during the day. She quit her job at the printing plant and June began to know her mother.

One night she was awakened by Peters. "We're going to take your mother to the hospital. Hurry and get dressed."

Even the fact that her mother was about to have a baby was overshadowed by the thrill of June's first ride in a taxi. The phone was ringing in the apartment as they climbed the stairs on the return trip, and Peters was told that Clara had given birth to a baby boy. He hurried June downstairs again into the night and back to the hospital, and June was so enchanted by the cab that she thought no one could ever have been as happy as she.

The baby Arthur was a joy to June. She helped feed and diaper him and sometimes, when she'd see him sleeping in his crib, she was seized by the fear that he was no longer alive and would prick him with a pin just to make sure. He had grown to the highchair stage the night June felt for a certainty that she was not part of the family. Clara and her husband were talking together at dinner and cooing at the baby, and June suddenly felt as if she weren't there, as though she were invisible.

This began what was perhaps the unhappiest period in June's life. There was nothing tangible in her feeling of being unwanted, it was a slow building up through the years of childhood lived without a family like the other kids, lived without assurance like the other children, and now, with the brace strapping her back, without the ability to play like the others. There seemed to be no warmth anywhere—at school, at home, or with her playmates. She had always felt inferior to everyone, even before the accident, and was always trying to prove to her small friends that she was worthy of them.

Now, at 14, she decided to accept a dare. The muscles in her back had been strengthened by her swimming at school under the direction of swimming coach Marie Spinosa, a girl who was largely responsible for June's ability to pick up the last bit of courage that remained in her. Marie had taken June with her to all the schools where she taught, and eventually her pupil was winning ribbons for her ability.

June had seen a number of Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies, some of them many times over, and still trying to prove herself to her classmates, had boasted that she could dance as well as the famous stars. Other kids didn't like June. She never spoke unless they spoke first, and of course couldn't join their games because of the brace. But she was always hanging around and so they made her the scapegoat for their practical jokes. Now she was telling everybody she could dance.

"So go dance," they said. "Who cares?" But one of them showed June a newspaper advertisement. Chorus girls were wanted for *Sing Out The News.*

June thought about it all that day. And the next day she played hookey for the first time.

She went to the theater and left her name with the man at the door, then wandered uncertainly through the dingy rear of the theater, a pitiful little figure in skirt, blouse, flat shoes and bobby socks. Arrived at the scene of action, she was momentarily blinded by the bright lights, and then she saw the other girls who had come to audition. They were tall and willowy, and June thought they were beautiful. She stood for a moment taking in the display of pulchritude that any Broadway theater draws for chorus auditions, then made up her mind to bolt and run. But at that moment someone called out her name.

"You're next," bellowed a man in a bow tie and short sleeved shirt. "Whaddya do?"

"I—uh—dance," June squeaked.

"Sing?" said the man.

"Uh-huh."

"Where's your music?"

"Music? I haven't any."

The man spoke to a piano player in the pit, who began to pound out a rhythmical tune. June took a deep breath and did a series of the time steps she'd learned in two dancing lessons and then practiced at home. When she felt she'd done enough of them, she broke the monotony with a twirl or two.

"Hmpph," said the man in the bow tie. "Let's hear you sing."

June's voice then was as barnacled as it is now, and she managed to get out about four bars before the man held up his hand to stop her. "You're hired," he said, and June almost fainted from the shock. To

this day she doesn't know why she got the job, and insists it must have been for laughs.

For laughs or not, she got through the show, and went on to work in *Very Warm For May* and *Higher And Higher*. In *Panama Hattie* she had one speaking line, and in *Best Foot Forward* she was teamed with a trio who sang and danced.

A new life for June had begun. Clara didn't understand show business, had never seen a play, but she did advise June to return to school. June went back after a few months and when she finally got her working papers she moved into the Women's Club, severing her life from that of her family. It was a split that came without hard feelings, but hers was now a life apart from theirs and she began to make friends. There was Miriam Franklin; June was maid of honor at her wedding to Gene Nelson. There were Jane Ball and Penny Porter, kids in show business. These people were the first to accept June, to make any effort to know and love her, and June has never forgotten them.

Her room at the Women's Club cost about $12 a week, her earnings were about $45 a week, so she could budget. Things weren't always bright. There were times between shows that shook to pieces her careful savings. When things were rough she tried other ways of earning a living. She entered amateur contests at the local theaters, and she never won, but she kept on smiling. Once she entered a radio contest, planning to sing "The Lady in Red." She started off on the wrong key, and after a few bars was cut off the air. "What went on?" Clara asked her afterward. "You started to sing and then something went wrong with the radio. An organ started playing."

She tried modeling, too. They frizzed her hair and glued on false eyelashes and tried to make her look what she wasn't. Even for 'junior clothes' June just didn't make the grade. Her last modeling job was a bathing suit pose, for which they took her to a waterfall and sat her on a rock. June promptly fell off the rock and into the water, and that ended that. There was a brief stint at the Copacabana where, even though short girls were in season that year, June was the runt of the chorus.

Although her income was erratic she managed to support herself, and once in a while would wonder, as she stood in the wings of a theater, why she was there and how she'd ever got there. With her work in *Best Foot Forward* her salary shot to $125 a week, and she moved to Tudor City to live in the Windsor Towers, an apartment house as elegant as its name. At this point she had been helped to gain her footing not only by the girls in show business, but by one boy in particular. Tommy was the second person outside June's family to give her understanding. Tommy came from a well-to-do family, had been paddling around in show business for a few years, and knew the ropes. At this time June was impressionable and naive. She felt it was lucky that a boy like Tommy should have come along. He took her to fine restaurants, introduced her to exotic menus, encouraged her to read the classics, and saw to it that she ate regular meals and got enough rest.

June spent three years in New York show business, and was so bewildered by it all that it seemed to fly by and then fuse into a muddle of faces and frightening moments and fleeting bits of happiness.

Then came the offer from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The studio wanted to film *Best Foot Forward,* and they offered a package deal to certain people in the show. June was included. She was happy, naturally, for by this time she was ambitious, but it was ironic that now, when she'd found a few things that were dear and familiar to her, she had to abandon them for a city whose very name frightened her. She packed her clothes and her brace into a suitcase, said goodbye to her mother and brother and to Tommy, and boarded the train with Penny Porter, who sang in the chorus.

Penny was excited and frightened. June was just frightened. She had never been farther from home than Boston and Philadelphia, and at those times she had been with a whole gang who knew what to do. Now, on this great train that sped across 3,000 miles, June didn't even know whether she should tip the porter, or if so, how much. She sat staring out the window, often dabbing the tears from her eyes, and on the second day out of Chicago a kindly, middle-aged woman who had heard June crying asked what was the matter. June told her about her new job and how frightened she was and the woman melted in sympathy. "I'm sure you'll be a big movie star some day," she said. "May I have your autograph?" June smiled at that, it was so preposterous, and obliged with her signature.

She had thought that a welcoming committee would be on hand at Los Angeles. But there was no one. The two girls climbed into a cab and June said the name of the only hotel she'd heard of—the Beverly Wilshire. They rolled up before its polished doors almost an hour later and from their double room, June phoned the studio. She was bounced around from one person to another until she finally talked with someone who knew who she was, and this person informed her that she had just gone on a six-week layoff.

After three days the bill at the Beverly

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Wilshire was astronomical. June's knees shook when she informed the manager that she was broke but he looked at the pale and earnest face and told her she could pay later when her finances were straightened out. In desperation June went to MGM, where they agreed to advance her three weeks' salary, and she moved into the Town and Country Apartments on Wilshire Boulevard.

The night she came home from her first work before the cameras she opened her suitcase and took out the brace. For the last few years she had been wearing it only periodically, when her back was tired. She stood looking at it for a long moment, then took it downstairs and into the backyard, where she put it in the incinerator.

It was the final severance from the old days, the last reminder, and with its departure came a new June Allyson. She was still afraid of the 'important people' in Hollywood, yet she covered up with a gaiety that became synonymous with her name. But alone in her apartment, she sat and pictured the Peeping Tom outside, the burglar who might be listening at her door. Often she went across the hall to the apartment of Hyatt Downing and his wife and slept on the couch in their living room. The Downings insisted that she get a housekeeper-companion and introduced her to Bess VanDyke, a motherly woman who gave June the sense of belonging that she needed.

They moved to another apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, and it was while living here that June's career soared to the top. She worked in *Meet The People*, and in *Two Girls And A Sailor*. With the release of the latter film she became a star; not in actuality, but in the minds of the movie goers. Magazines and newspapers flooded the studio with requests for interviews and the studio was delighted. They liked this merry little character, never knowing that she was quaking inside, and they were pleased to see that she was on her way up. To June herself, it was unbelievable, the eighth wonder of the world. She would look in the mirror that hung over the couch in her living room, and make a face. "Some movie star," she would say to herself. And to Bess, "I'm not beautiful to look at, and I haven't a beautiful voice. But I *am* a beautiful swimmer." Still trying to prove herself.

To the men in Hollywood, June was a paradox. The bachelors gathered like bees around honey but they went away puzzled. She wore little makeup and her clothes were tailored. She was far from a glamor girl. She didn't like nightclubs and was afraid to take a drink. She knew so little about cocktails that she once astounded a writer who was interviewing her at home. "Would you like a drink?" June called from the kitchen. And when the writer accepted, June asked how to concoct it. "Why, it's simple," shouted the writer. "Just put three fingers of liquor in a glass and add ice and water."

A few minutes later June appeared with a glass filled with a purplish liquid.

"What," said the writer, "is *that?*"

"Your drink," crinkled June. She had put three fingers of port wine into a glass and added water.

Her complete naturalness made up her appeal, and it took studio makeup men many months to learn that June Allyson did not look like herself when her makeup was too heavy, her eyelashes too long. June never wore anything but street makeup for still photography, and after battling with her for a long time, photographers learned she was right.

When June had been in Hollywood a couple of years she was discovered by Dick Powell, who was refreshed rather than confused by her type of appeal, and soon found himself thinking of marriage. June couldn't believe that he was serious, but they were wed in August, 1945, and their marriage and house and children have all been the subject of thousands of stories.

June's mother has been shaken by pride and astonishment at her daughter's phenomenal success. Clara has come to California several times to visit June and Dick, and has met the great names of Hollywood quietly and shyly. Clara married again recently, to a man named William Brenner, who has finally given her the happiness she has sought.

From her home in New York, Clara keeps in touch with June through letters, and proudly writes of her son Arthur who is taking a premedical course at Columbia University. He has grown into a lean and handsome young man, quiet in his pride of his sister. When June first became famous she received scores of requests from Arthur for her photograph.

For June, life is a lot smoother than it ever was, but there are new wrinkles. Because she is in the spotlight she is a target for criticism, as are all celebrities. The same people at the studio who once worked overtime to help June now say she is difficult and temperamental. Faced with the gossip, June sighs, "Of course it bothers me," she says, "but I've found it impossible to please everybody. I tried at first. I bent over backwards. And after a while I heard rumors that I wasn't what I should be or that I was what I shouldn't be. So I said to myself, 'All right, let's try it another way'. And I began doing as I pleased. The rumors still go around, but no more than before.

"Hollywood is like the Court of St.

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James," she says, "and I'm no diplomat. If a writer asks me if I like his script and I don't, I tell him so. If a designer asks me if I like a dress and I don't, I say so. I figure if they didn't want my opinion they wouldn't ask me, so why lie? Besides, I can't. I don't want to hurt people's feelings, but I can't see any sense in buttering them up if I have to lie about something. Even Richard says to me sometimes, 'Sweetheart, when somebody asks your opinion about something you don't like, can't you find something *nice* to say about it? Just to take the edge off.'

"All I can say is, I'd be no good as an ambassador."

But as a mother, she does fine. With the arrival of Pamela, June realized that she had what she had always wanted, and her attitude toward her career began to change. For the first time it was no longer important to her. When Ricky was born the feeling was strengthened and the studio, instead of being second only to her family, began to fade away in her thoughts. June wants, more with each day, to do nothing but stay home and play with her children and be with her husband. Fame never appealed to her and still doesn't, because at heart she is as shy as the little girl who could never make friends. She sought a career only to earn her own living and to find her place in the sun. She wanted a career for security, and she has that security now in her family. **END**

dreamboat's a-comin'

(*Continued from page 57*) at UCLA studiously chasing his master's degree in radio programming and technique. He didn't know a soul in a Hollywood studio, he'd never looked at a camera in his life or vice versa, and "Jeffrey Hunter" was a tag he'd never considered answering to. But by now at 25, with eight solid pictures to his credit, he's a star whom his boss, Darryl Zanuck, calls "the most talented young actor on the lot." Moreover, from Seattle to South Key, you could pinpoint the fair set's reactions to Hunter with the title of his newest picture, *Dreamboat*. Dreamboat —that's him all over.

Brunette or not, Jeff is Hollywood's newest fair-haired boy—a six-foot-one-inch symphony of sex appeal, talent and personality.

And in the past 24 months events have rocketed off for him in swift enough succession to make a jet pilot dizzy.

Take that May Day in 1950 when he scribbled his name below the blocks of fine print that were to change his life. In the morning Hank had gone to classes as usual, his thoughts concentrated completely on the one more day necessary to wind up his studies. He'd already pushed out of his mind the campus drama job he'd done in *All My Sons*, and the unrealistic aftermath—a screen test at Paramount where the answer was a fast "No."

But when he dropped by the Phi Delt house that afternoon there was a note, "Call your agent." So Hank called. "We've got a contract," said Paul Kohner. "Come over to Fox."

"Fox?" puzzled Hank. He'd never been there. He had no idea, of course, that screen tests, turkeys or not, make the rounds in Hollywood like prom-trotters, and that a man named Sol Siegel had spied his, said, "I've got a part for that boy —get him!"—just like that.

The ink was still wet when Hank ventured, still a little dazed, "I'll be back day after tomorrow."

"Day after tomorrow," they corrected



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him tersely, "you'll be in New York City."

"But—" sputtered Hank, "I've just got 30 minutes more class work—then I'm through."

"Thirty minutes is too much," they said. "You're hopping off by plane at dawn. You're in a picture—*Fourteen Hours*. It's shooting in Manhattan. Goodbye now."

Well, at dawn Hank was winging East, all right, his first ride on a plane, his first trip to New York since he'd gone there in rompers, his first job in a movie—and behind him was a collegiate goal he'd steered for since his high school days, missed by 30 short minutes!

And when he came back, he'd hardly unstrapped his bags when the telephone rang. "We don't like your name, Hank," said a voice. "Nothing personal—but think up a new one, will you? And make it snappy. Got just an hour to get the ads and publicity going on your picture."

Hank sat down at his handy portable and pecked out all the names he could think of—front and back—on index cards. Up in the office of Harry Brand, the publicity chief, he dealt himself "Jeffrey" with one cold hand and "Hunter" with the other. They paired up. "How about Jeffrey Hunter?" he asked as the deadline passed.

"Hi, Jeff!" grinned that genial executive.

Now, a resilient laddie who can switch both his life's plans and his name that fast without psychic upheavals is obviously quick on the uptake and able to field a fast bounce. But by now Jeff Hunter knows that anything can happen so you'd better keep yourself ready to jump. All along it's been that way with him.

WHEN Producer Julian Blaustein called him in for his first big movie break in *Take Care Of My Little Girl*, for instance, he asked a few questions: Was Jeff by any chance a Greek letter man?

Jeff said he certainly was. He was a Phi Delta Theta at Illinois Alpha chapter, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. What's more, he had been chapter president, and the tong meant a lot to him.

"UM-hmmm," purred Mr. Blaustein happily. "That's fine—just perfect. Well, I suggest you resign at once."

"Resign?"

"Why, yes—before you get kicked out."

Blaustein explained: He was all set to rip collegiate Greek letter fraternities and sororities into quivering shreds with the movie expose *Take Care Of My Little Girl* —and Jeff was to be the main ripper. "After *Chad Carnes* hits the screen, Jeff," he assured him, "you will not only be kicked out by your lodge but possibly tarred and feathered."

So there went another prop from Jeff's security, another Hollywood clipping of the cord with his past—or so he thought. But he did such an acting job that he was swamped with letters from all the brothers saying "Bravo!" the national publication, *The Scroll*, wrote him up in glowing terms and instead of a heel he turned into a Phi Delta hero.

Actually, of course, none of these twists and turns have been unwelcome to Jeff Hunter. In fact, results have been swell. Maybe the habit of changing his course fast is why he proposed to pretty Barbara Rush, now his wife, on their second date, and a hurry up outlook could be why they're expecting a family addition so soon. At any rate, right now Jeff is supremely happy with the hand fate has dealt him in Hollywood, and thankful too, which is only fitting and proper. Because Jeff was born on Thanksgiving Day, 1926, right after his mom had shoved the cranberry sauce in the icebox to set and started on the walnut stuffing.

"But nobody at our house got any turkey that day," Jeff grins, beating you to the punch. "The turkey was me."

That event took place on Hepser Street in New Orleans where the first H. H. McKinnies and his bride, Edith Burgess McKinnies, had migrated from Arkansas. So there's Rebel blood in Jeff's veins. But if you listen for any "you alls" to fall from his lips today, you'll be disappointed. In fact, making *Cry Of The Swamp* down in Waycross, Georgia, not long ago Jeff had to keep a tape recorder turning to catch the native patter so he could copy it for his Cracker character. That's because, almost before he could get used to his grits and gumbo, the depression made Yankees of his folks and switched Jeff into the first quick change in his life. His dad, a refrigeration engineer, moved North to get a job in Milwaukee, and that's where Hank grew up, right by nippy Lake Michigan in the Whitefish Bay part of town.

JEFF'S inclinations toward the drama were just so-so for a long time until he got his more gnawing athletic ambitions smashed along with his nose, several ribs, collar bones and assorted parts of his chassis. He was only a normally show-off kid who liked to fool around with puppets and collect pennies from backyard magic shows. Sometimes, too, especially when it involved little girls he liked, he romeo-ed in kiddie plays at school.

see the first
pictures of
rita hayworth
and her children
at home
in hollywood
in the **july**
issue of
modern screen
on sale
june 6 with an
exclusive cover
of rita

Once, in eighth grade a doll named Sally, who was his real life passion, teamed up with him in "The Birds' Christmas Carol" but it was very rough putting out artistic emotion with the whole football team, who knew how things stood, yelling cat-calls in his flaming ears. He didn't run across anything quite so mortifying as that until he hit Hollywood and had to smooch heavily with Jeanne Crain right after they'd been introduced.

But mostly what made Jeff tingle as a boy was sports. Football, basketball, baseball, track, skiing, swimming—whatever was in season, but football was his big charge. When he was only 11 he copped an All-Wisconsin junior gridiron contest for punting, passing, and dropkicking, and from seventh grade on he fullbacked and usually skippered a championship squad.

"At that point, I had only one ambition in life," Jeff admits, "college football." So, of course, that's what he didn't get.

He bruised too easily. It became a discouraging family routine setting Jeff's bones and sewing his rips and tears. After the last play of a championship game in his high school freshman year when Jeff's tackle reaped a face full of cleats, blood and a prolonged trip to dreamland, his mom laid down the law.

"I know you'll play football," she said, "so go ahead. But don't expect me to watch you. I can't take it." And she never saw another game, although Jeff kept on playing until a splintered arch sent that varsity hero dream glimmering for keeps. But by that time he had plenty of other interests.

Jeff had been exposed to piano lessons and they took (today he pats a keyboard beautifully, plays the organ, too). He was channelled to dancing school, and he got family applause for every bit of personality expression from the Tom Mix makeup kit on up to class plays. Result was that by the time he'd graduated from Whitefish Bay High School, there wasn't much he had missed in spreading his talents around. Jeff was class president, student body head, and—most important to him—a big operator in local radio programs, notably "The Children's Theatre of the Air" and "Those Who Serve." These brought him his first paycheck ($12.50) a tuxedo, and a radio course scholarship to Northwestern University. Only, before he could use it, Jeff was in the Navy.

At Great Lakes he struck for a radar technician's rating, but he soon discovered they had too many "sparks" already so he went back to primary training hoping to get to Japan. He wound up in sick bay with measles, complications and a medical discharge.

Then came Northwestern where Jeff called his shots for three years. He majored in speech and radio, minored in psychology and English, acted in the University plays, the NWU Radio workshop and guild. Summers he collected credits at the NBC Radio Institute in Chicago, and played summer stock in Pennsylvania. Along the way he found time for campus hi-jinks, parties and escapades—and in the date department—if Jeff didn't have a new girl pinned every semester he thought he was slipping.

After collecting his sheepskin, Jeff headed for Hollywood in a new car his dad gave him for graduation. Jeff knew, as anyone does, that the big league of radio is right in Hollywood. That he got switched soon to the other Hollywood big league was purely by accident, not design.

"All I knew about the movies," Jeff will assure you, "was what I learned on a family trip when I was 13. Nothing."

When his next studio visit rolled around —for that Paramount test—nine years had passed, but the sight Jeff saw this time was definitely more enchanting and significant in his swift changing young life. Specifically, he saw pretty, doe-eyed Barbara Rush, a Pasadena Playhouse alumna from Santa Barbara, who was one of those Paramount "Golden Circle" starlets. And when Jeff saw her he wanted to see her again, so he did. Neither Jeff nor Barbara, however, will pretend they had any idea of making a team at first. In fact, their first date was a very incompatible affair.

THE way Barbara tells it, Hunter first trapped her foolish heart by promising a day at the beach. Picturing a lazy idyll on golden sands lapped by soothing surf under an azure sky, "I went all out *Vogue*," Barbara remembers. "New tailored slacks, gay blouse, floppy hat and cute gold sandals. I even bought a stylish picnic hamper and had my hair set."

Well, Jeff stopped his car on the dizzy brink of bleak Point Dume. He lifted up the back end of the car and hauled out a

rubber boat, spears and fins. How she descended the face of that precipitous Gibraltar Barbara will never know, but at the base there were jagged rocks, crashing waves and carnivorous seals who chased her—she swears—with slavering jaws. She spent the day bobbing about in the rubber craft, holding on for dear life while Jeff disappeared happily in the maelstrom, coming up now and then to drop a wriggling, impaled and bloody fish in her lap.

"I must have loved him," sighs Barbara, "or else I suppose I'd have murdered the man." Instead she agreed to a second excursion, which was more her style for romance. They went to the Santa Ynez Inn for dinner and after that walked to a promontory of the Pacific Palisades to look at the sea.

"Nice spot," observed Jeff. "Someday I'd like to build a house here—that is, if you'll marry me." Barbara had run into that kind of fast work before, but Jeff seemed to mean it so she said she'd think it over.

She thought it over while Jeff made two more pictures and then he thought she'd thought long enough. So even if she did yearn wistfully to be a June bride, last December, after finishing *Take Care Of My Little Girl*, Jeff drove to Sedona, Arizona, where Barbara was on location, and got pretty masterful about it. They hookeyed off to Nevada and were married December first at St. Christopher's in Boulder City, had a two-day honeymoon at Las Vegas and then Jeff was yanked back from bliss and exiled for two long months to the Virgin Islands to make *The Frogmen*. And that "hello-goodbye" kind of married life is what the Hunters have been up against ever since.

In the 16 months that they've been Mr. and Mrs., Jeff and Barbara have been together exactly eight. Unfortunately, both of them seem to draw distant locations—when the only location they dream about is a certain apartment high on a sunny hill in Westwood Village.

For a long time after they set up housekeeping there, the Hunters parked on the floor and slept on a mattress right on the rug. By some frantic shopping they finally assembled a bed, a stove, refrigerator and a couple of chairs. Now their home's cozily furnished in Early American things, and boasts a piano and electric organ. But it took over a year. No wonder they don't want to desert it, even for Hollywood's most brilliant affairs. After leaving one the other night where the hostess eyed them blankly and said, "How do you do? Who are you?" Jeff told Barbara, "Honey, I guess we're both just too homegrown to make the glamor grade."

Maybe they are. The old empty-headed giggle girls and whoopee boys who used to paint Hollywood red seven nights a week are few and far between these days. Most of them—like the Hunters set of best friends—Dale and Jackie Robertson, Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner, John and Pati Derek, Nancy Gates and Bill Hayes, Peter Hansen and Betty, Mitzi Gaynor, to name a few, are young people with resources and interests for themselves beyond the schools for scandal.

With that gang, quite often Jeff and Barbara roll up to a mountain cabin at Big Bear for a week-end of sports—skiing in the winter, hiking and sailing in the summer. Or they dance at the Palladium, roll down to a beach beauty spot for a picnic.

Neither Jeff nor Barbara smoke. Jeff takes a drink when he wants it, Barbara doesn't even do that. They like food and the fun of cooking it (they almost set the kitchen on fire the other night with one of those flaming dishes a picture magazine plugged). They like music—Cole Porter, Jerome Kern and the modern classics. They both play the piano, still study it too. They like books; Jeff's a worm who haunts the UCLA library up the street. They like sports—swimming, spear diving, touch football, handball for Jeff and swimming and hiking for Barbara. They like the arts; they have serious hobbies—photography, painting. They trade ideas and are purposeful about improving themselves in the business they're in. At home Jeff and Barbara keep their tape recorder winding constantly, checking their speech; they try out their parts on each other. "I could have stepped into Jean Peter's job any time she got sick," grins Babs, "I knew it by heart." There's a group going every Monday night skippered by Estelle Harman, Jeff's former drama teacher at UCLA, where young professionals from radio, TV, the movies—budding actors, song writers, script writers, even a night club singer join in to kick new ideas and notions around. "To tell the truth," says Jeff, a little guiltily, as if it's against the Hollywood rules, "We find it's fun to work and improve. I don't see why just because you're an actor, you have to be a screwball, too."

Jeff's got the straight thinking good sense to realize that the easy gravy days are over for his generation. He knows he'll have to work and prove himself—and often change himself—and so far that's just what he's done. He gives the mossy old Cinderella success story a flip with the back of his hand and about time too. In fact, Jeff Hunter has a favorite line for that: "Luck," he'll tell you, "is just when preparedness meets opportunity."

That's the way it's happened to him—and that's a good line to paste in your hat and keep there, as Jeffrey Hunter has, whether you're chasing success in Hollywood or anywhere else. **END**

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The first and only non-smear lipstick that endows your lips with a youthful, creamy sheen . . . keeps them dewy-fresh looking even when you eat, smoke, bite your lips . . . or kiss! And the reason for this cosmetic miracle . . . Tangee's amazing new scientifically balanced PERMACHROME formula.

The new Tangee lipstick applies with an amazing smoothness—no hard "pull" . . . never looks caked, dull or lifeless. Tangee is extra rich in lanolin. So lips are kept moist, inviting—protected against cracking or chapping.

Tangee's exclusive PERMACHROME formula contains only natural ingredients—nothing that may burn or dry your lips. Try Tangee and see!

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LANA TURNER, starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"THE MERRY WIDOW"—Color by Technicolor



LANA TURNER . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

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Yes, Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Lana Turner, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

winners all for surf and sun

stars' choice: one-piece swim suits

At Santa Monica's Sand and Sea Club, the *Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board* chose and posed in the outstanding swim suits of the season.

A. BARBARA RUICK, of MGM's *Scaramouche,* wears Cole of California's "Take-off". Corded Lastex with hairline stripe—shirred front panel, front zipper, button bra closing.* About $20. Tartan Suntan Lotion, Grantly sunglasses in foreground.

B. JOANNE DRU in Sea Nymph's front zipper suit. (Photo and description, Page 78.) Grantly sunglasses, Eastman Kodak in foreground.

C. SALLY FORREST in Jantzen's "Whistle Bait." (Photo and description, Page 76.)

D. JOYCE MACKENZIE, currently in 20th's *Deadline U.S.A.,* wears Catalina's "Hibiscus Sarong"—a draped suit of dull satin Lastex trimmed with cut-out Hibiscus California Hand Print flowers.* About $17.

E. DOROTHY HART, of Lippert's *Loan Shark,* wears a Form Control swim suit by Surf Togs. Satin Lastex, it has a new built-in "Phan-Tum" girdle, ruffled trim on bra and pocket.* About $13. Rainbelle umbrella for rain and shine. Casual shoes by Joyce of California.

**For colors and sizes on A, D, E—see Page 80.*

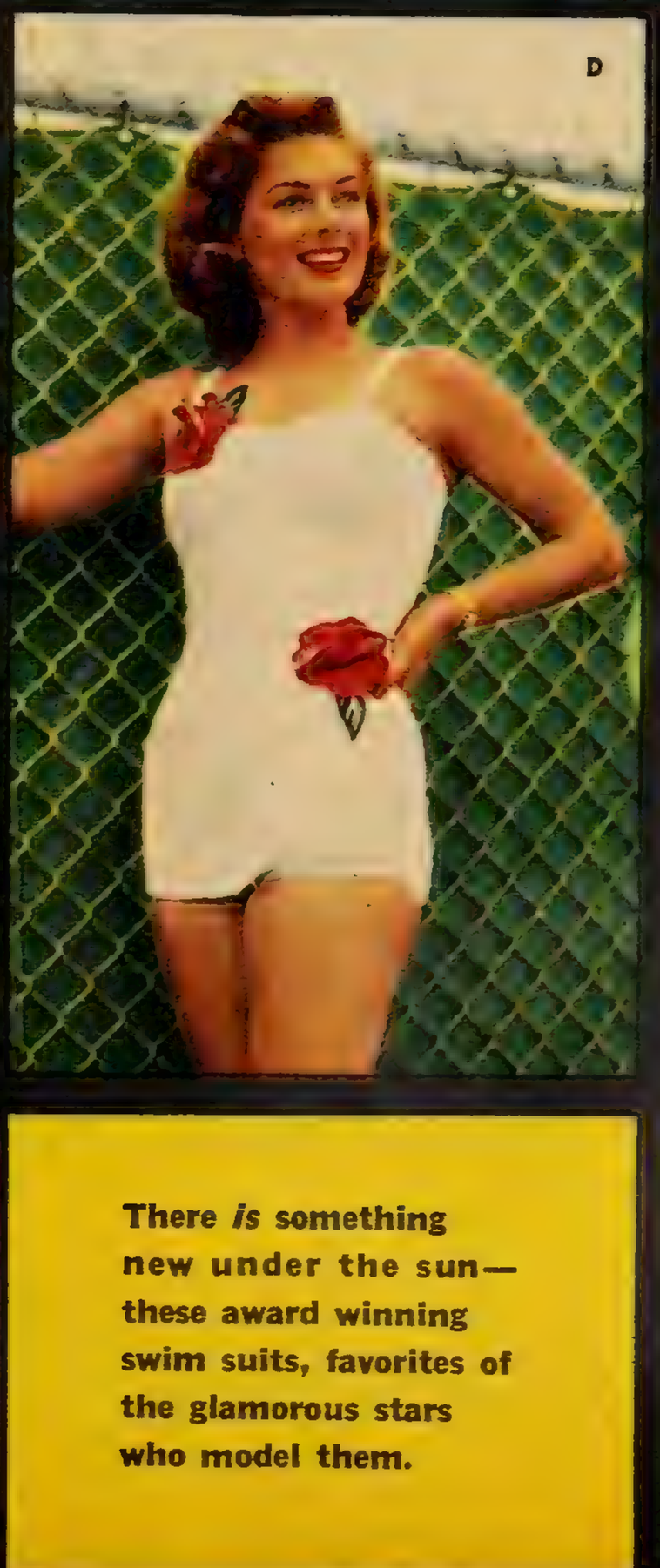
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modern screen's

hollywood approved fashions





There *is* something new under the sun— these award winning swim suits, favorites of the glamorous stars who model them.



1.

hollywood approved fashions

winners all: for surf



2.

Dazzling summer magic—
Sally Forrest, MGM star, chooses a glamor suit of Lastex faille with contrast trim for the bra lining, halter-tie and side lattice work. Sizes 32-40. Red with white trim, white with black trim, lime with black trim, royal with white trim or black with lime trim. About $15. "Whistle Bait" by Jantzen.

Important news in swim suits—
cotton print. Joan Taylor, appearing in Paramount's *War Bonnet*, wears a one-piece boy short suit with pockets and a pully-cord neckline (you can tie the cord halter-style). Sizes 10-18. Available only in "Sitting Duck" pattern—
green with ivory print. About $15. By Carolyn Schnurer.



3.



4.



5.



6.



Models (*at left and on page 79*) paraded groups of swim suits before the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board: 1. Caltex 2. Carolyn Schnurer 3. Surf Togs 4. Catalina 5. Jantzen 6. Cole. The stars on our Board posed in the Award Winning swim suits of their choice (*on these and the other fashion pages*).

and sun



Jan Sterling (below) Paramount star currently appearing in Universal-International's *Flesh And Fury,* poses in a one-piece dream suit of Twill Weave Orlon Lastique that glamorizes every curve—note the new button motif and the unusual bra cuff. Sizes 32-38. Lime, berry, Play green, charcoal or electric blue. About $18. "Silver Streak" by Caltex of California.



Figure flattery, indeed.
Marion Marshall (above) currently appearing
in Paramount's *The Stooge,*
sleek and trim in an acetate and nylon doeskin Lastex suit—the
front is softly shirred and button trimmed,
the bra ruffle-edged—can be worn with or without straps.
Sizes 32-38. Black, Kelly green, aqua,
Alice blue or coral rose. About $9.
By Surf Togs. Eastman Kodak Brownie
8 mm. movie camera. About $44.

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Casual Shoes by Joyce of California



Wonderful for swimming and sunning! Jordan's zipper-front suit worn by Joanne Dru of 20th's *The Pride of St. Louis.* Of acetate Lastex Chenille (horizontal stripe pattern), it has a halter-neck and side pockets. Sizes 32-38. Ice blue, chartreuse, white or mauve. About $9. Sea Nymph by Jordan. *In the foreground,* Grantly sunglasses by Foster Grant—protection for eye beauty.



Gantner's suit, "Lovely Liar," assures a high bustline, tiny waist and slim hips! Worn by Vanessa Brown, this suit of nylon Lastex features a new petal-like bra top that opens to reveal a contrast flash of white. Sizes 32-38. Black with white or Liberty blue with white. About $13. By Gantner of California. Vanessa is in U.A.'s *The Fighter.*



Strictly glamor—Marilyn Monroe and—Rose Marie Reid's sculptured swim suit! The metallic-like fabric is elasticized satin woven with non-tarnish Lurex thread; the double-scallop detail has button trim. Sizes 10-16. Gold, green or pink. About $35. See a full color photo of Marilyn in this swim suit in a future issue. Marilyn is next in 20th's *We're Not Married.*

winners all: for surf and sun



7

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Adele Mara, appearing in Republic's *Sea Hornet,* poses in a suit of Nyralon Lastique trimmed with an ultra-feminine draped-and-tied cuff of filmy nylon tricot. Sizes 32-38. Butterscotch with burnt straw, pink with cherry, purple with lilac, turquoise with turquoise or mint with dark green. About $13. SeaMolds by Flexees (SeaMold swim suits are "figure-typed" for individualized, perfect fit.) Tartan Suntan Lotion for golden perfection, head-to-toe.

Below—cont'd from page 76, more groups of swim suits before the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board: 7. Gantner of California 8. Sea Nymph by Jordan 9. Rose Marie Reid of California 10. Form Control by Surf Togs 11. Sea-Molds by Flexees. Board Members: Marilyn Monroe, Jan Sterling, Marion Marshall, Sally Forrest, Joanne Dru, Vanessa Brown, Joyce MacKenzie, Joan Taylor, Barbara Ruick, Dorothy Hart and Adele Mara.



8



9



10



11



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second honeymoon

(*Continued from page* 31) arrived in California the next day and did everything he could think of to get in touch with his wife, but by this time lawyers were involved, 'loyal' friends had moved to Chata's side and it had been decided for her that it would be best if she didn't see Duke anymore—at least not until after the divorce. John Wayne slept that night in a twin bed, with an actor pal snoring in the other. But before he went to sleep that night he said something to himself that he had said many times before. "I'll be waiting."

A few weeks later, loafing about in search of something to keep his mind occupied while waiting, John Wayne was in Monterey, California, visiting some friends he hadn't seen for a long time. They were all sitting around chinning late in the evening and Duke decided to take a walk outside. He hauled himself out of his chair and started for the door. A rug flew from under his feet and he fell heavily to the ground and slid along a fieldstone hearthstone almost into the fireplace.

His friends rushed to his side and helped him up and it was then they discovered that his right ear had almost been torn off in his skid on the stones. A doctor was called and Wayne was promptly put to bed where surgery was performed on the ear. Someone present decided Wayne's wife should be told of the accident, so a wire was sent—and everyone went to bed.

The next morning a florist truck stopped in front of the house and a huge, tasseled box was delivered, addressed to John Wayne. Wayne looked at the box with an expression resembling horror when it was brought into his room.

"What the devil is that?" he demanded.

"Looks like flowers," said his host, grinning. "Imagine a big fellow like you getting flowers."

"Get them out of here," roared Wayne.

"Aren't you even going to open them up?" asked his host. "They might be pretty."

"Get them out of this room!" Wayne howled.

"I'll tell you what," said the host, "I'll just put them here by your bed—and if you want to you can have them put in a vase later. 'Bye, dear."

He ran before Wayne could throw a lamp at him.

After looking at the box for a few minutes, Wayne pulled at one of the tassles and a ribbon came off. He peeked beneath the lid and then quickly tore it off and stared into the box. On a bed of ferns lay a bundle of tall-stemmed red roses. Wayne flipped through them looking for a card, but he couldn't find one. Then he dumped the roses out on his bed and one by one counted them. He counted them twice to make sure. There were 17. He didn't need a card.

With a howl of pleasure that must have been heard a mile away, Duke Wayne leaped from the bed and began dashing about looking for his clothes. The other members of the household came running into the room.

"What's the matter?" someone asked.

"Nothing's the matter," said Wayne. "I just want to get my clothes—I'm getting out of here."

"But you can't," said his host. "The doctor said. . . ."

"I don't care what the doctor said," cried Wayne. "I've got to get home. There are 17 roses in that box. Don't you know what that means?"

The host shook his head.

"Of course you don't," said Wayne pulling on his pants. "The trouble with you

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is you haven't got any sentiment. Out of my way."

And in ten minutes John Wayne was tearing down the highway headed for Hollywood.

That was the most important incident in The Romance of the Seventeen Roses —the love story of John and Chata Wayne. It was the cue for the reconciliation, after a misunderstanding that had threatened to break them up. And it had a background that you shall hear about later.

ACCORDING to John Wayne's mother, "Duke only had three girl friends in his life—and he married two of them."

The first Mrs. John Wayne was his high school and college sweetheart, a fine girl and mother of his four children. They'd have been married to this day, his friends feel, if it hadn't been for two things. One, the first Mrs. Wayne was a devoutly religious Catholic, steeped in church work, and John is a Presbyterian. He couldn't and didn't join her in this work. The second reason was that Mrs. Wayne was highly social and Duke Wayne hates society folks with a passion. They had no common ground after they had matured.

It seemed, for a long time after Duke Wayne was separated from his first wife, that he would never again have any interest in a woman. He was a solitary man who refused to date a girl for any reason, no matter how silly it looked for him to stag it. But one day, in Mexico City, he accepted an invitation to lunch at the Reforma Hotel—and seated across from him he saw a tall, dark-haired girl with a smile that cracked the ice around his heart in 30 seconds. He was polite and pretty formal and when the luncheon was over he left with a casual handshake and a "nice to have met you."

But later on that afternoon a messenger appeared at the girl's door.

"Flowers," he said, "for Miss Esperanza Baur. Sign here."

Miss Baur, then a motion picture actress in Mexican films, opened the box and saw 17 red roses and a card which read: "Today's the seventeenth of November. Seventeen will always be my lucky number. . . . John Wayne."

The next day they drove to the floating gardens of Xochimilco, a fabulously beautiful place near Mexico City where lovers can rent gondolas and be poled through acres of exotic species of flowers while troubadors follow in another boat singing romantic ballads. There John Wayne bought Esperanza 17 blooms again—and, because she had a pug nose, called her the Spanish translation, Chata. That's what he's called her ever since.

Six months later, on the 17th of January, 1946, Duke Wayne and Chata were married in the same chapel in Long Beach where his mother had been married. And as they left the church, John handed her another bunch of roses—17 in number—and he said: "Remember? I told you 17 was my lucky number."

Until late in 1951 there was never a breath of gossip about the John Waynes. Their home life was idyllic. It was, of course, no wishy-washy marriage. They had their quarrels and their minor differences of opinion, but there was never anything to amount to a hill of beans.

Early in the marriage there was the incident of the bed. Six-foot-four Duke Wayne just didn't fit in the bed he shared with his wife. He is a restless sleeper anyway, and after a few tosses and turns the covers always came out of the bottom of the bed and John's feet would stick out. When they got cold, he woke up—mad. And by that time Chata was getting sore because of the squirming and muttering and pretty soon they'd grow really furious with each other. That first bed might have amounted to something big if Duke hadn't gone out one day and bought a huge couch, six by seven feet, which they still occupy.

There have been times during the marriage of Duke and Chata Wayne when his yen for manly pastimes has been an issue. Maybe he'd stay out too late, held by a poker game that just wouldn't end. But Chata, as she grew to know him better, made concessions for Duke's restless spirit. She did the smartest thing possible. She found a big barn of a house that had enough room for all of Duke's friends —and moved the family into it before Duke knew what was happening. The house has all the comforts a man dreams of. Horses in a fine stable, a riding ring, a pool, a gun room and a working bar where a fellow can put his feet on a rail and swap stories with a pal.

The differences of opinion that brought about the Wayne separation of a few months ago have never been made public. It is judged that they came about on what had been planned as a vacation trip to South America. Duke had just finished a couple of pictures for RKO and Howard Hughes, as a gesture of gratitude had offered him the use of a fancy airplane and a couple of pilots for a tour of the Latin American countries. Duke, Chata and a few close friends set out in fine style, but before long it seemed that everything was going wrong. They had plane trouble. They had weather trouble. The whole thing grew pretty tiresome.

One night Duke found himself a short distance from a remote Marine base and, being a staunch supporter of that branch

Mike Curtiz, my favorite character, asked, "What's a big word for colossal?"

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

of the service, he made a solo side trip to say hello to a small group of GI's stuck in the bush right next door to nowhere. The party he gave them, they say, went on for a couple of days and when Wayne got back to his friends Chata was pretty mad. Then, just when the trip began to look as though it might develop into fun after all, Duke got a rush call from John Ford to fly to Ireland to start a long-time Ford project, *The Quiet Man.*

Intimates of the pair say that Chata didn't like that either and even though she joined her husband in Ireland for a short stay, the whole business rankled her. At any rate, she came home alone—and when Duke got back they had that conversation and he took off for Mexico to think things over.

ANYBODY who saw John Wayne during that period of bachelorhood can tell you that he was a miserable man. Maybe, though, if you didn't know him you couldn't have told it, because he pretended in public to be having the time of his life. But he'd sit in the sun and remember Chata and the song, "J'attendrai" and what it meant in English. And when he'd decided that he had had enough of waiting and went home to do something about it and couldn't get to talk to his wife, he was sure that Chata was lost to him forever. Then he really suffered. And his journey to Monterey was a melancholy one.

The day Duke Wayne got the 17 roses without a card was the shortest he ever remembers. Driving to Los Angeles was like floating along in a dream, and that night when he got into town he didn't pause to wash up, he just drove home and into his driveway and parked and walked to the front door of his house. He rang the bell and Chata answered the door. Duke stood there with his hat in his hand and that shy grin on his face—and Chata let out a small cry when she saw the massive bandage on his ear.

"Are you all right now?" she asked.

"Sure—I'm fine now," said Duke, and his wife opened the door so that he could come in and she could take care of him.

Later that night, with Chata in his arms, Duke was happy again.

"Remember our honeymoon?" he asked.

"Sure I do," Chata said. "We went to Honolulu and it rained all the time we were there."

"They tell me," said Duke, "that the weather in Honolulu is great right now. They don't expect rain for months maybe."

"You want to go to Honolulu?" Chata asked.

"How'd you like to try that honeymoon again?" Duke asked.

Chata wanted to.

It was raining the day the *Lurline* sailed. Los Angeles was in the grip of the worst storm in years. Everything was at a standstill. The huge dock that is generally crowded with people on sailing day was almost deserted. Only a small crowd of hardy residents of the area were there to see friends and family off and they were gathered in a tight knot, huddled together against the wind and the rain in a dripping shed near the gangway.

A long black limousine pulled to a skidding stop on the flooded macadam fronting the dock and Duke and Chata and a party of their friends got out. With his coat held protectively about Chata, Duke ran her to the gangplank and, after a hasty showing of tickets, skipped her up the slanting loading ramp into the warm belly of the ship. Their friends followed them—all in a jolly mood.

In their suite, the party toasted the voyage and the second honeymoon. The sailing was delayed because of the fog conditions in the harbor, so Duke and his guests sat in the room and made happy talk until the throaty whistle on the smoke stack announced that the trip was to begin. Then they shook hands all around and Duke and Chata were alone.

They stood in the lanai that was part of their suite and watched the berth slip away and then the other ships in the harbor disappear astern. Then they passed the breakwater and ahead of them was the broad expanse of the Pacific that, this day, was chopping and rolling in the storm.

"It's sunny out there," Duke said. "Maybe tomorrow we'll see it—and then Honolulu."

Chata didn't say anything, she just looked as happy as she was.

After a while there was a knock on the door. Duke opened it and admitted a steward with a big white box.

"Come in and put them in a vase," he said.

The man opened the box and, after putting water in a vase, inserted, one by one, 17 long-stemmed red roses. And Chata just looked at them without saying anything, sure that if she spoke she'd cry.

When the man was gone, Duke put his arm about his wife and turned her around so that she faced him.

"You know what day this is?" he asked.

"No," said Chata, "should I?"

"It's St. Patrick's Day," Duke said. "The 17th of March." And he looked over her shoulder at the roses. "'I told you that 17 was my lucky number."

"I never forgot," said Chata.

And the steamer ploughed through the murk and the fog and it never carried a happier pair of honeymooners to Hawaii—or anyplace else for that matter. **END**

(*Continued from page* 24) a change in her own lonely life.

Hollywood is still chuckling over the five-day engagement last year of Betty and writer Norman Krasna. It is, according to the cynical comics of the town, still one of the funniest bits they've run across. Imagine a girl meeting a fellow, getting engaged to him in a few days—and then, after a week or so, calling the whole thing off without reason. Well, it isn't funny at all.

The engagement of Betty and Norman was a dead serious matter to her—and the breaking of it was more serious. It was a flash affair that had all the elements of a lonely boy and girl elopement—with both depending on time to bring them love. It is very unlikely that Betty was any more in love with Krasna than he was with her. And the ardor they both professed was much more likely the expression of a wish than the statement of a reality.

Betty Hutton is by nature a person who can not stand being alone. She has to have someone around to laugh or cry with, someone to tell her troubles to. She plays hoydens on the screen, but in private life she is as sentimental as a pixie and as emotional as a small child. And after a couple of years of having no one, almost any man who came along and read her a sad poem or played a prank with her could have had a big portion of her heart.

Norman Krasna was a man who did both—and to top it off he showered the unhappy Betty with the attentions a prince would tender a princess. He was kidding himself, it turned out, but he felt such a passion for the lovely Betty that he sent her an expensive piece of jewelry as a present every day. And Betty swooned under such treatment and told the press and everyone who would listen that at last she had found love—and a man of her own.

The reason for the breaking of the engagement has never been divulged, but those in the know say that it was just that they both realized one night that they were kidding themselves and that it wouldn't work. Like sensible people they broke it off fast.

A friend who talked to Betty Hutton a day or so after the press got the news of the split says he has never spoken to anyone more despondent. And she wasn't weeping because she had lost Krasna, but because a dream had been shattered, a pretty picture of a full life with her *own* man was in ashes. She took it very hard.

You may recall that you never heard Betty quoted as speaking of marriage to her current boy friend after that. She was the constant date of a musician named Pete Rugolo for months, but whenever a reporter asked her if it might develop into a wedding, Betty would give some version of the expression, "Are you kidding?"

Even when she met and began dating the handsome O'Curran it was the same thing. Sure they looked like people in love. They held hands in public and they danced cheek to cheek, but they didn't expect it to mean anything.

EVEN though she didn't realize it at the time, the meeting of Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran was different. A hint that it was different might have been taken from the picture they were both assigned to work on—the story of the long marriage of Benny Field and Blossom Seeley, called *Somebody Loves Me*. O'Curran, a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, had been signed by Paramount as the dance director of the show. Betty was introduced to him in the studio rehearsal hall,



but as far as she was concerned, he was just another dance director—and they generally had a different one on each of her pictures.

If there is ever a setting in which a couple of movie people can get to know one another well, it is in the rehearsal hall, for the principals of the picture must spend as much as eight hours a day learning and practicing routines. During this time the star either grows to hate the slave driver who tells her she is not doing it quite right yet—or she develops a rapport with him, admires his talent and grows to like him personally. The latter is the way it was between Betty and Charlie.

All during the rehearsals for *Somebody Loves Me* and during the shooting, the relationship between Betty and Charlie was a business-like one. On the set they had a lot of laughs, but when the six o'clock whistle blew they went their separate ways. That's how it was for about three months until the picture was ended, and they had to say goodbye for good.

If you've ever gone away to a summer resort and met a nice fellow or a girl and had a lot of fun you know the feeling of saying goodbye. Suddenly, for the first time maybe, you feel a lump in your throat and you are surprised to find out that you don't *want* it to end right there. That's just about what happened to Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran. It was at the quiet little party the stars and producer threw for the cast and crew of the movie on the last day of shooting. Everybody was telling everybody else what fun it had been working together. People were shaking hands all around and saying, "Hope we work together again sometime."

Betty Hutton took Charlie O'Curran's hand and they both murmured something like: "It was swell. Maybe we'll see each other around the lot." And then they both knew that they didn't want it that way at all. And Charlie said something like: "It was wonderful, but now it's over. Why can't I call you and we can have lunch . . . or something?" And Betty couldn't help herself and said something like: "Gee—I wish you would. Is tomorrow too soon?"

NOBODY in Hollywood paid too much attention when Betty began dating Charlie. Everyone knew, or thought they knew, that she was on the rebound from Norman Krasna—and that any guy she went out with was just a shoulder to weep on. That, of course, is because Hollywood is not able to detect the subtle signs of a growing affection. Betty is very demonstrative, so Hollywood paid no attention when she held Charlie's hand. Hutton always did that.

Fate soon took a hand in the relationship between Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran. Betty had decided that, having a few weeks off, she was going to make the journey to Korea to entertain the soldiers there. And, knowing that the boys might not see a real bang-up show for a long time, she decided to give them an entertainment something like they'd be able to see on Broadway. She asked Charlie to help her with the dances and they went to work back in the Paramount rehearsal hall for another 20 days. Now they were working together every day and dating every night.

Before she left for Korea, Betty got an offer to play the New York Palace Theatre—and she accepted it. That meant that once again she'd have to have Charlie's help in the routining.

Then one cold winter morning, she took off from the Los Angeles Municipal Airport in a huge airliner for the hazardous flight across the Pacific to Japan. She sat in a window seat, surrounded by the other members of the troupe and looked out at the crowd seeing them off. When the powerful motors began to whine and then roar into action, she suddenly felt a pang of unhappiness. She searched the crowd outside and finally saw Charlie standing off by himself watching the plane with a glum expression on his Irish face. She wept—and she never took her eyes from him until the ship lumbered down the runway to the take-off point and the knot of friends and Charlie was far in the distance. But she knew then that he was what she wanted to come back to. He was a dear friend—and maybe she was in love with him.

No movie star ever worked harder, or experienced more hardships than Betty Hutton did on that tour of Korea. Several times a day she got into the costumes of the show and sang and clowned about the make-shift stages for those endless stretches of lonely faces. She was never without a joke or a loud, raucous laugh for the GI's. But she couldn't forget that she was looking at misery and want at every performance. She did her best to help the soldiers, but she couldn't seem to help herself, or wipe out the picture of sadness that was always before her.

She was singing a ballad, a love ballad, when she knew what she wanted. All of a sudden she knew she wanted Charlie, not as a dear friend, but as a husband and a father for her two children. It was then that she knew her cynicism was not good, and that she had to forget the disappointments and heartaches of the past and give love a real chance with Charlie.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis habitually whoop it up in the Paramount Studio commissary every lunch hour and, as a gag, studio head Y. Frank Freeman generally walks over and offers them a couple of bucks to keep quiet. The last time he tried to silence the boys, Jerry Lewis screamed: "Don't try to put on airs with us, Freeman. We knew you when your name was Mona!"

Mickey Novak

BETTY HUTTON proposed to Charlie O'Curran. She had been home almost a week and although there had been a warm reception for her when she got off the plane, she and Charlie had drifted back into the old rehearsing in the daytime and dating at night routine. On St. Patrick's Day Betty and Charlie worked on the dances for the Palace engagement. When they finished, shortly after six o'clock in the evening, they drifted across the street from the studio to a restaurant for a bite of dinner. They were accompanied by Betty's secretary, Betsy Dalton, Charlie's assistant, Bea Allen and Buddy Fraker, a Paramount studio photographer. They had dinner and were sitting around with coffee and cigarettes. Suddenly Betty leaned toward Charlie.

"Okay," she said, "do you want to or not?"

"Want to what?" asked Charlie.

"Get married," said Betty.

Charlie nearly leaped across the table. "Do I *want* to?" he cried. "That's all I'm able to think about!"

"When do you want to do it?" asked Betty.

"Right this minute," stammered Charlie. "Right now. It's St. Patrick's day."

Betty almost leaped across the table this time, but somehow order managed to creep into the situation. Charlie was too nervous, so Betty's secretary got on the phone and called the Paul Mantz Air Charter Service and had them warm up a plane. Then the five of them piled into a car and without stopping for even a tooth brush, dashed to the airport. Within half an hour they were on their way, but they were not sure whether they could have the ceremony that night. It seems that the only person in Las Vegas that Betsy Dalton could get to listen to her, because she had made the arrangements in her name, was a bell boy at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn.

When the plane landed at Las Vegas it was close to midnight. The bell boy was there, the only local greeter. When he learned who was really to get married he went into high gear. He arranged for a license clerk to meet the party at the courthouse and issue the certificate. Then he got Judge Frank MacNamee out of bed and headed for the wedding chapel. The group assembled there and in a few minutes, after a quiet ceremony, well studded with tears all around, Betty Hutton became Mrs. Charles O'Curran. And the hugs and kisses the bride and groom shared when it was over were warm and sincere, for now they never had to be alone again.

Still guided by their friend the bell boy, the O'Currans repaired to the Desert Inn where they were given the bridal suite and everyone sat down to weeping and laughing and drinking champagne until the small hours of the morning.

The news of the elopement came as a surprise to Hollywood, but it was happy news. The couple came back the next day and held a small reception and press conference for their friends and reporters. Photographers took their pictures, but had a hard time getting Charlie and Betty to stop looking at each other and into the camera. When the party was over, the newlyweds went right back to Paramount and the rehearsal hall where the work at hand went on as usual. Except that now when Charlie addressed Betty, he called her Mrs. O'Curran.

It was there that George Fisher, the CBS man, interviewed them again. When the tape machine was set up, he advanced with his microphone and asked Betty to explain what had happened in the short time since she'd told him, on the same program, that she had no liking or use for marriage.

With Charlie holding tightly to her hand she thought it out very carefully—and then she said what we told you before.

"Loneliness is a terrible thing," she said. "Nobody knows how lonely a movie star can be. Everyone thinks that because a girl is in pictures she can have all of the men and the love and affection she wants. I know different. I know I was feeling sorry for myself when I used to say I'd never marry again. It was just that maybe I'd lost faith. I'm glad I found that faith. I found it in Korea in the faces of the men I sang and danced for. I guess when I looked at all those men and realized that not one of them was really mine, I decided I wanted to be married."

Betty Hutton's two children, Lindsay and Candice, have known Charlie O'Curran for a long time, but there had to be a formal declaration of his new status. Betty, as soon as she got home from Las Vegas, told them both that there was now going to be a new head man around the house. The children like Charlie very much, and Candy took the announcement with evident delight. Lindsay, who is bound to come around one day, took a philosophical view of the whole thing, but she had a single reservation.

She looked Charlie over carefully, decided to accept the situation, but had to add a comment. "Shucks," she said, "I wish it had been Roy Rogers!" **END**

the girl in white

(*Continued from page 51*) near perfection in every way would have been required, as well as patience and humility to meet opposition. I talked to Dr. Jones about it—she's the woman doctor who's head of the hospital on the MGM lot, and she gave me an even greater interest in my role. She began 50 years ago when Dr. Emily did, and had the same difficulties. Once she walked into the hospital room of a little boy who was a mastoid case, and he looked at her in horror.

"Go 'way," he said. "I want a doctor, not a nurse!"

"But I *am* your doctor," she told him.

"Huh," he sniffed. "You sure look like a lady to me!"

After my talk with Dr. Jones I grew so interested that I invited even more than the usual crew of doctors to dinner at our house. It's a lucky thing Richard enjoys them, too, for our table has been visited by allergists and psychiatrists, pediatricians, obstetricians and diagnosticians. The whole works. I learned a long time ago not to start talking medicine when you're socially involved with a doctor, but our friends in the profession always get around to it sooner or later, maybe because they know how interested I am. I sit there and forget to eat, and Richard says it's the only time I stop talking.

The picture was fun all around—the challenge of the role and the days on the set. Richard came down one day and took a lot of crazy pictures, as is my husband's wont. And another day, when Pamela had the sniffles, she told Richard that she wanted to go to the studio.

"But why?" he said.

"Mommy's a doctor today and she can make me well."

So Richard gave in to her, as he always does unless I'm around, and brought her down. They put her in an ambulance driver's uniform—a miniature copy of mine, and by the time she was decked out in that, she'd forgotten all about her cold.

Gary Merrill is a lovable madman, and wore his Bermuda plaid shorts around the lot (he always looks as though he's going to take off on a safari). Once Bette Davis came to visit him on the set and walked around all day in her stockinged feet. That made me feel pretty good, because it's my own favorite way of walking. It was the eating-est set I've ever been on, which was a good thing for me, because I'd had a rough case of the flu before the picture began and had lost a lot of weight. There were whole days of eating scenes—dinner with the men and tea with Mildred Dunnock—and I began to gain a few pounds. As if those scenes weren't enough, Gary always kept a bag of popcorn hanging on the side of the camera.

Funny thing about the picture. Usually when I begin a film I work so hard at first that in two weeks or so I begin dragging around the set. But in my role as Dr. Emily, I felt responsible in an odd sort of way. I knew *she* wouldn't have given up, so I just plain forgot to grow tired.

WEARING the doctor's white coat was a real thrill, and so was the time I saved children from a burning building, and the time I mended the shoulder of a man who'd been injured. Then there were the guinea pigs for a laboratory scene—when one got loose and went scurring around the set all the women were climbing walls. Me—I wanted to take one home for the children. But I was most excited about the scene where I watch Arthur Kennedy experiment with radium.



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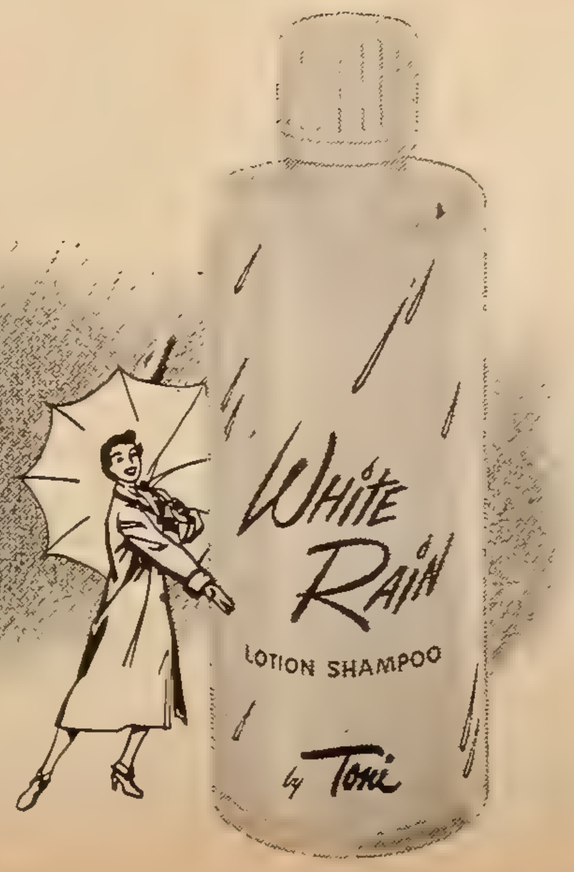


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(In the picture, he wants to go to France and work with a woman whose name is just beginning to make news—Madame Curie—and he works with radium in his spare time.) I stand beside him and watch as the jar lights up. I really lost myself in that scene. It was as if I were witnessing a real radium experiment, and of course that captivated me, because science was always my best subject in school.

I was so wrapped up in the picture that I wrote about it to my brother Arthur, who is studying medicine at Columbia. He didn't seem too impressed, so I suppose he's going to be prejudiced against "hen medics" just the way all the men in the movie are. Well, even if Arthur wasn't impressed, I'm still immensely proud of him. It was one of the greatest thrills of my life when, during his sophomore year at Culver Military Academy, I asked him what he wanted to do in the future. He just looked at me in that quiet way of his and said, "I want to be a doctor." He stuck with his decision, too, even when at graduation time Richard tried to talk him into attending Annapolis.

"I want to be a doctor," said Arthur.

"But with the world situation," said my husband, "you might be better off to think about—"

Arthur just smiled. "Maybe brain surgery," he said, then looked at me and winked. I've never been able to figure out whether he was enlisting my help against Richard's advice, or deciding I might need help some day myself.

He's working awfully hard now. The other day he sent me a letter he'd received from the University, commending him on his grades. There were none below B plus. I got funny and told him there was nothing wrong with straight A's, but then I was sorry when I got a letter from my mother. She reports that he does nothing but study, and when she suggests that he relax a little, he says, "I can't. I promised June I'd do my best. And this is it."

I'm proud of him all right, because he's making the grade even if I didn't. I hope that after he sees *The Girl In White,* he'll think twice before refusing to sympathize with some beleagured female doctor. As a matter of fact, I hope the picture helps, even in some small way, the women doctors of this world. I enjoyed it, and I hope you will. **END**

it's not *all* gravy

(*Continued from page* 35) "Now I know," he says, "that success is a snare and a delusion. It means work and worry, responsibility and duty. It's a treadmill. Once you get on, you can't just get off. You've got contracts and obligations. The expectancy of success is a good deal more than the actuality."

By nature, Mario is a plain, generous, easy-going man. He likes to relax, loaf, travel, talk all night with his friends.

Ever since success came to him, he's been able to do none of these things.

A few weeks ago, when Al Hall, the director of Mario's latest picture, *Because You're Mine,* was hit by the flu, the film shooting came to a halt. Mario had a week off.

"I feel sorry for Al," he told Betty that night, "but just think of it! I've got seven days off. Where would you like to go?"

Betty thought for a moment. "Why don't we go to Las Vegas?" she suggested. "Andy opens there next week." Andy is Andy Russell, the crooner who is one of Mario's closest friends.

So the Lanzas flew to Las Vegas. On the night of their arrival Mario and Betty sat down at a table in the hotel dining room. Within three minutes at least a dozen guests had recognized Lanza. They crowded around his table asking him to sign autographs. Mario smiled and scribbled his signature across the menus. Then two girls came over and uninvited, pulled up some chairs. "We're from Philadelphia, Mario," they said. "Do you mind if we join you?"

Mario grinned wanly.

"But we're expecting other guests," Betty said.

"That's okay," the girls said. "We'll leave when they get here."

The Lanzas tried to order some dinner, and eventually they did—but they never got to eat it. Word spread throughout the hotel that Mario Lanza was in the dining room, and an estimated 80 people flocked in for autographs.

From that point on the Lanzas had to take all their meals in their room. They couldn't eat in restaurants, clubs, or hotels. Everywhere he went, Mario was mobbed.

One morning, Mario received a long distance call from Los Angeles. "Don't forget," his secretary warned. "You have to fly in by noon today. You've got your radio show to do."

So Mario flew back to Hollywood and sang his heart out. Then he caught the midnight plane back to Las Vegas. When he arrived he was dead tired, and went to sleep almost immediately.

They woke him at eight the next morning. The sun was very bright, and the photographer from the studio publicity department wanted to get some good color stuff.

It was a great seven-day vacation. Mario did absolutely none of the things he wanted to do.

"Now that I have a few bucks," Mario says, "I don't even have the time to spend it. I get $25 a week spending money from my business manager. The other day I put my hand in my watch pocket and I found three weeks' allowances."

"That's nothing," his wife says. "Tell about the time we went to Honolulu. We thought we would have a wonderful vacation. After all, Hawaii is such a beautiful resort spot. Well, Mario was talked into doing one concert for Freddie Matsuo, a great guy. Only the one concert turned into four, and Mario didn't even set foot on Waikiki Beach. He came back home more tired than when he left."

Every now and then, Mario entertains the idea of quitting motion pictures, and restricting his activities to making a few records and perhaps one concert tour a year.

When Laurence Olivier portrayed Nelson after he has lost an eye, Olivier had to wear a false lid of his own. Shrugged Vivien Leigh when asked what she thought of her husband's disguise, "What does it matter? Larry can do more with one eye than most men can do with two!"

But this is an impossibility, because Mario's career gives employment to at least 100 people, and he's the kind of man who thinks of others before considering himself.

IF MARIO misses one recording date, 65 musicians receive no salary that week. If he gives up one radio show, another 20 musicians go without pay.

No one knows exactly how many people Mario Lanza is supporting out of his own income. When you ask him, he says modestly, "Who cares? I believe money should be spent. The man with money is the man with headaches."

Mario not only supports his wife, two children, three in help and two secretaries, but also his parents.

When Mario first signed at MGM, he was earning $750 a week. He sent for his parents at once and rented a home for them on South Crescent Drive. He then ordered his business manager to see that they got almost half of his monthly movie salary.

While at Metro, Mario met a man in the research department named Felix Wayne. When Metro let Felix out, Mario put him on his personal payroll as an executive.

When Coca-Cola began to dicker with Mario for a radio show, he was willing to listen. "Fine," said the men from the advertising agency. "Your musical conductor will be Percy Faith."

"No," Mario said. "My musical conductor will be Ray Sinatra."

"Who ever heard of Ray Sinatra?" the agency boys asked. "Percy Faith is a conductor of stature, an orchestra leader of renown. We have him all signed up."

"That's great," said Mario. "But you don't have Lanza."

The agency boys went around to see Betty. "Why is your husband so insistent about having Ray Sinatra?" they asked.

Betty smiled. "I guess," she explained, "Mario thinks he can use the work."

A year or so ago, a Hungarian composer named Nicky Brodsky, was stranded in New York. Brodsky, who had composed some of the finest operetta music in the Balkans, wanted desperately to come to Hollywood. But no one in Hollywood had a spot for him. Mario not only brought Nick Brodsky out to Hollywood but paid his expenses, and soon Brodsky got into Metro where he composed "Be My Love" for his young sponsor.

Mario also sends his mother-in-law a weekly allowance. Practically no other motion picture star can make this claim. Betty's mother works as an interior decorator in Marshall Fields Department Store in Chicago. She is 56 years old and has three daughters to support, and Mario thinks it only fair that she have a little extra spending money.

Only recently, Mario lent his name to his uncle Arnold for use on a brand of supplies to be known as Lanza Groceries. Any profits from this business will go to the Lanza relatives.

During his Oregon workout last year, a workout in which he cut his weight from 240 lbs. to 180, Mario met Dale Goodman, an ex-GI who had parted with a lung on Iwo Jima. Mario learned that Dale had always dreamed of owning a chicken ranch. Mario purchased such a ranch and went into partnership with Dale.

One evening last October, Dale phoned Mario. "I hate to bother you with this, Mario," Dale said, "but our new baby is suffering brain hemorrhages. The doctors around here don't know what to do. Is there anything you can suggest?"

"Try not to worry," Mario pleaded. Mario got on the phone, and in a couple of hours, two top Chicago specialists were flying to Rogue River.

Ask Mario how much that little bill came to, and he grins, "Two ninety-eight," he says.

A month before this incident, Betty's aunt May from McKeesport, Pa., sent the Lanzas some newspaper clippings. The clippings told the story of a one-day-old infant who had been abandoned in an apartment house vestibule. The baby had

been sent to the Pittsburgh Hospital where, because of his lusty cries, the nurses had nicknamed him, Mario Lanza.

Mario was proud as a peacock to think that strong, lusty volume was almost synonymous with his name. That night he said to Betty, "Is it okay with you if I send that little baby in Pittsburgh $500?"

Betty answered with a kiss.

When no one claimed the foundling at the Pittsburgh Hospital, he and his $500 were sent to the Roselia Foundling Home where he was named Mario Lanza II. As soon as this item hit the press, the Mother Seton Sisters of Charity who run the Home, were swamped with adoption offers. Hundreds of couples wanted little Mario for their very own.

By the time you read this article that blond little blue-eyed baby will be living comfortably with his new parents in a healthy decent home. What counts, too, is the fact that the Mario Lanza Fund is now established at Roselia, and Mario will add to it each year.

One more illustration of where the Lanza money goes and why Mario can't quit. Remember 11-year-old Raphaela Fasano, the little girl from Newark who lapsed into a coma last September because of the supposedly incurable Hodgkins Disease?

Well, Raphaela has improved so much that she is now attending fifth grade at the Dayton Street public school. She attributes her miraculous recuperation to Mario Lanza. It was he who not only sang to her on the phone from California but paid all her expenses to Hollywood. He supplied her with the best medical care and imbued her with the will to improve. Mario still phones Raphaela whenever he gets a chance.

"I DON'T mind the responsibility that comes with success," Mario explains, "because after all that's a man's role in the world—the acceptance of responsibility. The thing that gets me about success is the way you become a target for every Tom, Dick, and Harry. As soon as you're in the public eye, people begin taking potshots at you. You ask for a little favor, and all of a sudden they accuse you of being temperamental. You don't hear what one guy is saying, and right away you're a snob. You have 103 temperature and the doctor orders you to bed, and right away they say you're a baby, and 'My, doesn't he take care of himself.' You make an innocent statement like 'I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Kathryn Grayson because she was in my first two pictures,' and overnight the newspapers are building up a big Grayson-Lanza feud.

"When you're married to someone like my Betty, feuds are impossible, anyway. As soon as someone gets angry with me, Betty rings him up. She believes in clearing the air at once. She tells everyone how I'm really such an angel and how hard I work. They don't fall for that angel routine, but they realize that I work pretty hard and that constant work will keep anyone pretty tense."

What can Mario Lanza do about his work schedule? Friends predict that eventually it will cost him his health and his voice. "He cannot make pictures," one voice coach recently pointed out, "and also do radio shows, recordings, concert tours, and study opera. Not even Caruso would dare tax his voice that much."

Mario's answer is, "I can't help it. I'm a man who likes to sing. I sing for pleasure not for money. Money has given me a lot of headaches and fame has taken some of the fun out of life. But when I sing a song and people's eyes light up, that's worth all the bother, all the responsibility, all the headaches. As to how long I can go on singing—that's in God's hands." **END**

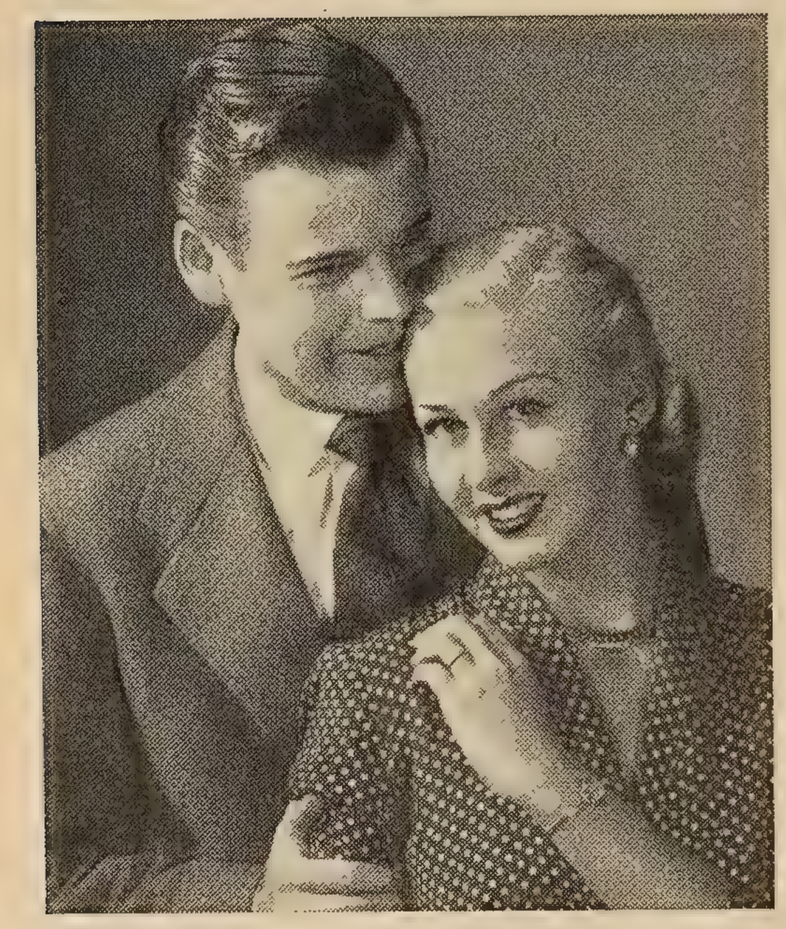


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by JOAN CRAWFORD; star columnist for June



Harmony—Crawford-style



Telephone-itis



In the swim



One-house woman

WHEN IT COMES TO PERFUMES, why do I have to go crazy about one like *Tuvaché Zezan,* which nobody can afford to give me? . . . and which I haven't got. Otherwise I like simple things. I like mountains better than deserts, trails better than roads, grass better than asphalt. And maybe a simple, black mist mink. The other night I had a dream. I was an international perfume thief. I jimmied my way into the perfumery, poured some *Tuvaché Zezan* all over myself, got home and squeezed a fortune of it out of my clothes into a handy little container. Naturally it was a silly dream. Any woman wafting out a scent like that would never reach home. She'd have to call the police to help beat the men off her! Oh, well, I do have some negligees by Tula of New York to lighten my life. Which is a roundabout way of getting to an idea that has been in my mind for some time: that the real test for any article of clothing is whether you still like it long after you have bought it. By this test, you'll be surprised to note, price tags don't mean a thing sometimes and Ohrbach's (just sometimes) can beat out Magnin's. Anyone who doesn't think of clothes in terms of long wear these days is either crazy or has fallen into a Texas hole in the ground and come up all covered with oil.

DON'T YOU GET TIRED of movie stars who complain about taxes? Well, lie back and relax . . . here's more of it. To live the way I have to live if I am going to continue to earn a livelihood in this business for my brood and myself is practically a rat race. It's not just a question of not being able to entertain, or keep up a wardrobe, or maintain myself in a style to which I wish I hadn't become accustomed now. I have to have someone to do the cooking when I am working so I have to have a cook. I must have someone to look after the children while the cook is watching her pots and I'm away at the studio, so I have to have a nurse. Letters *must* be answered if you are in public life, aside from the fact that I love to answer them anyway, and that means someone to help handle the correspondence. But how? You work and get a lot of money at the paymaster's window and then you must walk over and hand it to the man at the treasury department wicket. He counts it and gives you a look that says: "I don't know. I kind of expected more. What did you do with the rest?" My only answer could be, "Brother, I just lived. That's all. Just lived. I'm not a dime ahead and a hundred headaches behind!"

THE ABOVE WILL BE my only discussion on politics. I know that last month Jan Sterling said she



thought a movie star is as entitled to say what she thinks about the Republicans or the Democrats as any ordinary citizen. Jan is right. But an ordinary citizen doesn't command the attention or criticism a movie star does . . . and who is there to prove that the latter knows any more abou it? When it comes to making faces at the camera maybe I can show you a trick or two. But when it comes to the art of government, well, I have four children I'm supposed to govern around my house and I'm still learning about *that.* What I think I have learned in that department is that you have to give a child a line to follow. You must show that you love him as you make him follow it . . . but follow it he must. This is in connection with the living you do together, the art of becoming a harmonious member of the family group. You do not attempt to take possession of their souls or their future. That belongs to them, to be decided by them . . . with your help, if called on, but not your influence. I insisted that the kids learn to swim (actually I didn't have to insist) but after they knew it was up to them whether they wanted to go swimming or not.

GETTING BACK TO TAXES for just a split second, even if I promised not to—I just remembered that once in my early heyday I threw a party for 722 people. Just imagine! I get sick thinking of it. I could feed the whole family and staff a hundred meals now on what that shindig cost, probably more. But . . . that was Crawford. Before that party there were times when I scrubbed floors. I might as well be honest—there are days now when I am back at it. You are walking through the house, everybody is busy, and there is a dirty floor. I don't know what dirty floors do to other women but they just STARE at me! I can remember women in my family saying they were old-fashioned—they liked to cook on coal stoves. I'm old-fashioned too, I like to cook with gas. When I get near an electric range I feel like the warden about to turn on the juice and execute the poor condemned. I guess that's why I like real logs in a real fireplace. I just can't imagine anything inspiring or romantic about one of those electric fireplaces that look like someone's Christmas tree fell over in it.

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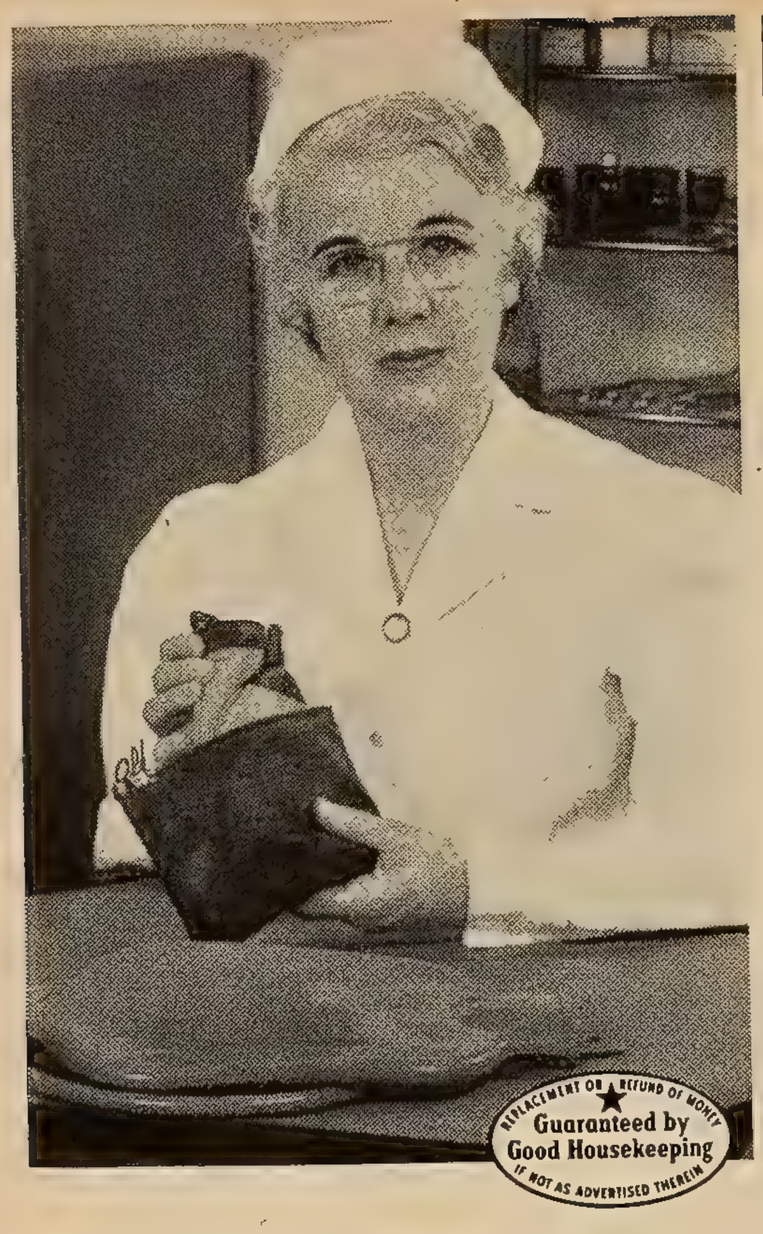
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continued

a poodle dog. I put Cliquot, my poodle, on my head and studied the effect in the mirror. I'll take my poodle with four legs. I'll also take Sheila O'Brien as my clothes designer, and, for that matter, I am fashion and design consultant for Peter Pan foundations myself. I'll also take the train when it comes to traveling. Give me the Chief and Super-Chief and 20th Century Limited. You can jet. I won't fly. I'm frightened period. I hate fast driving. To make sure there is no fast driving *I* do the driving sometimes even when I'm out on a date. I learned on a Ford, now have and love my Cadillac. I think the greatest drivers in the world are New York cab drivers *but not when they insist on talking to you.* They're always leaning back with their face turned towards you while the car is shooting like a bullet in the other direction. Their talk's all right, but I'd rather keep quiet—and live.

A FAN ASKED ME the other day what kind of men I like. I thought about it and the answer was just men. I'd rather he not be handsome (also he shouldn't look like a grizzly) but the main requirements begin and end with his being a man. I think that more than his looks would be a character trait or two—for instance honesty. . . . The older I get, the more I've been around, the hungrier I am for the honest word. I'd rather hear something disagreeable from someone who means it than the greatest compliment in the world from someone who will say anything to please you. With the first you are at least not wasting your time. With the second, anything said, good or bad, is an insult. I can forgive such a person, but I'd much rather—and do—forget him!

WHEN DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL invented the telephone he practically helped create a part of Joan Crawford. I'm on it from open eye to shut eye. I'm supposed to be the only player in Hollywood who can make up while speaking over the phone; that's the best part of having square shoulders—you can cradle on either side. I've talked over the phone while getting my hair touched up (you know I've always lightened it to get the proper highlight effect for the camera). I can knit, read the comics and smoke a cigarette all while on the telephone. I've even done a one-handed Lux job on some underthings and carried on with a long-distance call.

MY LIPSTICK IS MADE especially for me by Henri Bendel of New York and I carry it and the rest of my make-up in a Hopalong Cassidy pencil box for kids. Handiest thing I have. If you would like another contrast I am crazy about imported black caviar and find it almost as good as hot dogs at a beach picnic with the kids. And even if I do like Tula negligees (as I've said before) there is nothing like a long-sleeved, fingertip nightgown to sleep in. For some reason this reminds me that I once lost my shirt investing in a beach club. From now on when it comes to the beach I'll put my money in nothing more expensive than a beach umbrella. And any time I get an urge to buy anything I know just what to do—head for the five and ten!

EARLY THIS SPRING I asked a friend what was good for dishpan hands and she said, "Lunch at Romanoff's." I suppose dinner at La Rue's wouldn't hurt either. Another friend advised Ethyl gas. "To wash in?" I asked. "No, to get away from the kitchen," she replied.

ALL MY LIFE green has been my lucky color. The other day I found out that among racing drivers it is the hoodoo color. You'll never see a racing car painted green. Shall I do over my ultra-marine and white bathroom or let it go for another 500 laps the way it is?

IT'S BEEN YEARS since I haven't had to plot my day even as I awake in the morning. It's been years since I haven't listened to the radio on a Sunday. It's been years since I've worn slacks on the street, if I ever, which I didn't. It's been years since I had a real estate problem—20 years nearly since I bought the first house I ever owned, the one I'm still living in, the one I will never leave for another. It's been years since I decided that chewing gum is all right if that's the way you feel about it, just like jiggling your left foot when nervous in the presence of strangers. It's been years since I've had water to drink except between meals and then lots, since I could sit and do nothing, since I could sleep late, since I gave any thought to diet.

I THINK anyone who has thoughts of success must prepare themselves for it. I'm not sorry that I took French, music, singing, opera and studied Shakespeare with no chance to use any of it in my work. I'll take that back. In the picture I am now making, *Sudden Fear,* there is some Shakespeare. Yes, Crawford takes off on the old Bard for passages from Romeo and Juliet and Mid-Summer's Night Dream. Now there is TV ahead and I am going to get into it. I'm prepared in every way except the ability to get up in front of the mike. That's still a bugaboo, so my TV will be on film. But so will most of planned TV entertainment, I'm certain. I suppose I'll have to get up just as early, work just as hard . . . and keep just as little. But I wasn't going to talk about *that* any more!

THE WORLD DOES CHANGE, people think more about what's going on than ever before, yet so much is afoot that they know less. Psychiatrists are having their day and girls whose phones don't ring often enough to suit them are convinced it must be because they secretly hated their Aunt Mollie. Kids think anything you want of them is a gag and there is nothing serious until they don't get what *they* want, at which time it turns tragedy! Through all this I walk around the house carrying a bunch of keys that would weigh down a jailer. What have I got under lock and key? Nothing in particular, come to think of it. There is only one key that counts, no matter how the world changes, and that one opens up our lives for love. It is the key to the heart. I think I'll throw the others away.

Yours sincerely,

Joan Crawford

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Joan Crawford personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

john speaks for himself

(*Continued from page 38*) have to say."

The publicist drew his hand slowly over his face in a slow burn. John couldn't be perfect, of course, he told himself. Here he was, handsome, talented, well-liked by everybody. He'd been given the Golden Apple by the Press Club last year in appreciation of his cooperation. But there was one trouble with John; he simply refused to tell anything but the truth, the whole truth, regardless of the glamorless impression it made.

John feels there is no reason for him to embroider his true qualities. When people ask him a straightforward question they get the same type of answer. Once, he was asked the approximate cost of producing a movie, and by the time he finished replying the reporter had the entire budget in his lap, down to the electricity bill and the cost of coffee on the set.

John is innately honest and never gives the quality a second thought. It isn't that he never lied. When he was a kid he sometimes ditched his homework and played hookey and alibied his way out of punishment. He used to crawl under the house to smoke and come out hours later, confident that the odor of tobacco had left him. His father, overwhelmed by the stench that had clung to John's clothing, would wait until after dinner to say casually to his son, "You don't smoke, do you?"

"No, sir."

"You ought to try it some time. Maybe you'd like it."

"I'm just not interested," John would fib.

But his honesty increased with age. In school he had a science teacher who, in John's estimation, was a double droop, not only lacking general intelligence but also knowledge about the subject he taught. John didn't like school and he didn't like teachers, and one day in science class the teacher began needling him. John stood it as long as he could, then announced in clarion tones, "You don't know any more about science than any one of the kids in this class." He was promptly expelled, but he'd spoken his mind—and maybe it was the truth.

JOHN is not timid. If he has a gripe he says so. When he was a private in the army, he was the natural victim of many a bully. He didn't object to an order to pick up a piece of paper, but if a sergeant began bellowing that Pvt. Derek was not picking up the piece of paper to his satisfaction, John would straighten up and look the man in the eye. "*Why* am I doing it wrong?" he wanted to know. "What improvement can you suggest?" Naturally, he spent a lot of time doing extra detail, and some of it was because officers, noncommissioned or otherwise, had been foolish enough to ask John's opinion on some matter. Even when it was a question that required a diplomatic answer, John wasn't diplomatic. He said he thought the policy was all wrong or that Ordinance was completely snafu, or the Lieutenant's belfry was full of bats.

John doesn't like to hurt people's feelings and avoids it whenever possible. If he meets a woman acquaintance whose new hat, in John's opinion, is for the birds, he refrains from any mention of it. But if she asks him how he likes it, she invariably wishes she hadn't.

In the same vein, he assiduously avoids asking people their opinion of his pictures or performances. If one or the other or both happened to be bad, John knows it only too well and doesn't want to force anyone into a tactful lie. One of the reasons

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he shuns Hollywood cocktail parties is because they're always filled with people anxious to gush over each other, and to lavish praise on any actor's latest picture. "Half the time they haven't even *seen* the picture," John says, "and you know it by the way they gurgle a compliment and then change the subject, afraid you'll ask them about some particular scene. It just seems to be standard practice to tell an actor you enjoyed his performance.

"Hollywood's a funny business, anyway," he continues. "There's a sort of double talk that goes on all the time."

John's conversation stays out of the slot reserved for movie stars, where a typical question-and-answer session would sound like this:

Question: Are you flabbergasted by the success of your career?

Actor: Oh, my word, yes! Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and have to pinch myself. There I am, lying between silken sheets in a room papered with Picassos, and it seems that only yesterday I was sleeping in freight cars!

John Derek's answer to the same question: "Gosh, no. I just wonder what's taking it so long to get better."

John knows, deep down, that his first break came only because of his looks. The majority of movie actors are signed to a contract on this basis, and studio bigwigs then offer up prayers that these actors will also have talent. The average actor assumes, once he is signed up, that he oozes with talent, or he wouldn't have been given a job. But John looks at it differently. He knows he's been given a chance at movies because of his face. He has no control over his looks, but he can gain control over his ability to act, so he pours all of his energies into the ambition.

He feels a strong urge to prove himself, and when making *Saturday's Hero* insisted on doing all the football scenes himself. The studio had hired Mickey McCardle, alumnus of the USC team to work as John's double, but John had other plans. Before the picture's start he spent just short of a month working out every day, and the men he worked with were professionals who didn't pull their punches. Before the actual picture was finished John had sustained a slight concussion and his face had been ripped open. Mickey McCardle had appeared in two shots, both of them long shots. Despite John's justifiable pride in having gone in as a rookie and suffered the bone-crushing scenes, he was completely truthful when strangers asked if a double had been used for him. "Yes," he said, and then told them about Mickey McCardle.

Recently he was asked if this had been wise, and it was pointed out to him that people hearing about McCardle would then take it for granted that the USC halfback had done every single one of the action scenes. "No," said John. "The way I look at it, they didn't believe I did the work before they asked me. And if I'd said no—I didn't have a double—they wouldn't have believed that, either."

JOHN has a sincere feeling that truth is recognized and appreciated by people. He feels this particularly when appearing on the stage during personal appearance tours. At first he was scared to death, and having little faith in the speech prepared for him, chucked the whole thing and began to talk with the audience. This went along great until he found himself all tangled up in one sentence that had already gone on for two whole minutes. He was genuinely confused and the audience knew it and went along with him. Months later, out on a second tour, he recalled the good reaction and thought he'd try the confused act this time. The audience met it with a deathlike silence, and suddenly John realized they knew he was bluffing. He never again tried to fool an audience.

Once he was told at the last minute that he was to speak to the Junior Chamber of Commerce in a small Pennsylvania town. In less than ten minutes he was plunked at the speakers' table in a great, cold room, and scores of men were sitting there, just looking at him. John stood for a long moment, wondering what on earth he should talk about. Then he threw up his hands in a helpless gesture. "Look," he said. "Individually you're probably nice guys, but as a group you scare me to death. I don't know anything about a Chamber of Commerce. I've never been a business man. What do you *want* me to talk about?" And the ice was broken.

Another time he was pushed onto the stage of a theater in St. Paul where a Red Feather drive was in progress. Many celebrities had already spoken, and all of them had been billed to appear at the benefit. John was thrown in at the last minute and felt it wasn't his audience. They hadn't come to see him.

"You know what?" he began. "You didn't expect to see me up here and I didn't expect to be here. I feel pretty silly. I'm staying at a hotel across the river in Minneapolis, and that's where I belong right now." He added a few words about the charity and bolted from the stage. He got as big a hand as anybody else, and he feels it was because he spoke the truth. "This is what I felt, and I knew I could say it."

He has gone even farther with audiences. More than once he's stood before a group of people who have been noisy and rude, and he has proceeded to tell them so. His frankness wouldn't have been appreciated by an individual, but collective audiences liked it. They knew they'd been rude and vulgar, and they admired a man who had the courage to tell them so.

He doesn't mind admitting when he's wrong, or when he is ignorant of a subject. John will follow a conversation to any point until he is stumped by a twisted meaning or an unfamiliar word, and then interrupts to ask for clarification.

His frankness has often lost him friendships even before they are made. He will tell people the truth for a reason he figures to be to their advantage, but some misunderstand his motives and back away. When a newly arrived actor is walking on air because he's certain of getting a role that John knows has already been decided for someone else, John will pat him on the back and say, "Don't build up your hopes. I don't think you're going to get the part." Or when a starlet's ambitions are bolstered by the fact that the director seems to think she has talent, John will inform her that the director's mind is not on her work.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was leaving a Glendale theater after a premiere, when the lady in front of me put her hand back and grabbed mine. As she turned around, I noticed it was Barbara Stanwyck. She had reached for Mary Livingstone's hand, and had gotten mine by mistake.

Mrs. Gordon Cheesman
San Diego, California

He doesn't attempt to put up a front. He is on a strict budget, he drives a medium-priced car, and although his home is his only extravagance, the house itself is a small and unpretentious affair in comparison with the mansions bought by most movie stars.

John's entire wardrobe is restricted to one suit and a few pairs of slacks and he feels no necessity for building up a reputation of sartorial splendor. As a matter of fact, he has a small horror of interviews because he knows he's a Hollywood movie star and as such is expected to live up to it by adding gingerbread to the facts and inflating the truth. He can't bring himself to do it, and feels he continually disappoints the people who would prefer to have him a more fabulous character.

John needn't worry. He says he doesn't read much so it's probable that he's never seen the words of a wise philosopher who once wrote, "Truth is the secret of eloquence and virtue . . . it is the highest summit of art and of life." **END**

(John Derek will soon be seen in Columbia's The Prince Of Pirates.—Ed.)

rita tells all!

(*Continued from page 33*) ex-Princess.

"I'm seven minutes late," she called cheerfully, "but I got stuck at the studio. I'm so sorry."

She swept little Yasmine up in her arms, kissed her, tickled her in the ribs and as the little girl squealed with laughter, took her out of the room and deposited her with a nurse.

When she returned she explained that Rebecca (her eight-year-old daughter by Orson Welles), who normally would have welcomed me, was down with chicken-pox so she hadn't been able to do the "honors."

Rita sat down beside me on the divan. "It's good, Louella, so good to see you again."

Our hands clasped in that understanding which goes beyond words. And all the misunderstandings that had stood between us since her return to Hollywood cleared away in that quiet renewal of our friendship.

For the next two hours we talked. The fading light of day turned into darkness; and still we sat on the divan side by side, not even bothering to turn on the lamps. And the things she told me made me realize that once again I had Rita's confidence, and that she trusted me to tell her story.

RITA has been a miserably unhappy woman since she left Aly Khan, so unhappy that she has wanted to hide away, even from her friends. Although she had "sat out" the necessary six weeks in Nevada, preparatory step to a divorce, she could not bring herself to file suit then and there from this man she has loved so deeply. Perhaps she will always love him. But she cannot live with him.

I asked, "Rita, are you still in love with Aly?"

Without hesitation she replied, "The hurt is very deep way down inside me. I can't deny that. I had loved Aly so very much that leaving him was almost unbearable—but it is a step I knew I had to take."

"If you loved Aly so much why did you leave him so abruptly in Africa to fly back to Paris, pick up the children and then go to Reno for a divorce?" I asked.

Rita ran her fingers through her glamorous long hair. "It may have seemed like a sudden thing, Louella, but believe me

your daughter

must be

`up to date´

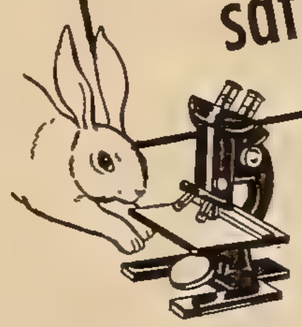
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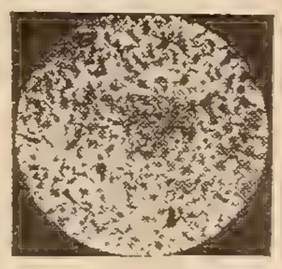
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it was *not*. A strain had been building up between us for six months based on the big and little things that made up the difference in our outlooks on life.

"Aly is a European brought up in that way of life. More than that—he is a Prince, brought up to rule millions of people, both as a head of state and a religious leader. He cannot be judged by the same standards of—say—an American husband. And yet, Aly is a very sweet person, completely charming—as you know. It was easy to love him. It is very hard to get him out of my heart."

One thing is for sure: Princes of India do not have the same code of marital conduct as American husbands. Their wives are set apart as bearing the dignity of their names and as being the mother of their children. But it does not keep them from enjoying the company of many other ladies—and no one is supposed to think anything of this. It is an "arrangement" which has been acceptable abroad for centuries—particularly in the upper social and cafe society sets.

Rita and Aly had been married only a few months when there were reports of his being seen here and there with various charmers—particularly a dancer of international notoriety. There was even a story that Aly had sent for the dancer while he and Rita were vacationing in Africa and that had been the straw that broke Rita's back.

In Aly's code it is possible to love one's wife and still be amused by the company of other women.

The gossip about any women in Aly's life—Rita refuses to discuss. She does say, "Perhaps I did not realize how completely American I am until I was brought face to face with the differences in our ways of life in almost *everything*.

"One big difference was, we did not like the same people. I would often say to Aly, 'Why do you have these hangers-on around you? They are not your real friends. They come just to drink and eat your food.' He would always laugh and say, 'They are not so bad. Just unfortunate.' Unfortunately, I did not share his tolerance."

I think what Rita was trying to say was, "These people are not my people, nor their ways my ways," to paraphrase the quotation.

"It is wrong for anyone to say or think that Aly was cruel to me. The temperament of his people is to be stoic and never show too much emotion. He never lost his temper with me even when my Spanish-Irish-English disposition flared up. Aly always treated me with consideration—after his fashion. He has a happy, carefree temperament."

I listened to detect the slightest hint of regret that she had left him in her voice.

"Is there any chance of a reconciliation, Rita, even though you have obtained a Nevada divorce?" I asked.

"That is not possible," she said definitely. "Not now."

"But Aly keeps telephoning you from all over the world, doesn't he?" I prodded, "and when his stepmother, the Princess Andree Aga Khan was here, didn't you talk with her about returning to Aly?"

"No," she shook her head. "The Princess Andree and I are very good friends. Remember, at the wedding in Cannes I told you how fond I am of her. Naturally, I saw her while she was visiting in Hollywood. But she was not an 'emissary' from the Aga or Aly to try to influence me against a divorce.

"Aly *has* called me many times on the telephone. He knows my decision is final. When we talk, it is usually about Yasmine and how she is growing and adjusting herself to her new life in America.

"And, also, I have called Aly several times since the serious illness of his father. I am very fond of the Aga and was distressed to read of his critical condition. I am still friendly with Aly and his family. It is better that way.

"I want Yasmine to always feel that her father loves her. I don't want her to feel neglected as Rebecca often has." (Rita told me that Orson Welles has never sent Rebecca even a Christmas card.)

"I feel I have so much to live for in my two little girls. I'm going to keep working hard to take care of them and give them the advantages they should have."

I then asked her the question that everyone has been gossiping about. "You say you are going to work hard to give them advantages, Rita. Is it true that during your marriage to Aly you spent all the money you had made as a movie star?"

"That's another subject difficult to explain," she said. "Aly was always extremely generous with me. He bought me beautiful, expensive clothes and gave me jewels. But, in his own right, he is not wealthy. He is dependent on what is given him by his father, the Aga Khan, and his allowance does not always cover his tastes.

"But it is absolutely untrue that he ever asked me to spend my own money. I don't know how such stories start.

"When I filed for divorce in Nevada I asked for no money from Aly for myself. I did ask for the support that Yasmine is entitled to. So far, he has contributed nothing to her care, so perhaps that is what they mean when they say I assumed all the financial obligations of our marriage."

"Rita," I asked, "what about religion? Haven't you promised to bring up Yasmine in the Moslem faith? And didn't you, yourself, become a Moslem when you married?"

SHE measured her words carefully before she replied, "Where Yasmine is concerned, I can see the point of view of the Aga Khan and Aly. After all, Aga is the head of the Moslem religion. It would be a bitter blow to him if his granddaughter were not brought up in his faith. But I want Yasmine to know of the Christian religion—and when she is older, she can decide for herself.

"As for me," Rita sighed, "religion is not just something with a *name*. It is something inside you that you carry all your life, no matter what outside influences come along. I have never forgotten my vows as a Catholic. The important thing about religion is not what the world may label you—but what you feel in your heart. I want to feel that I am right within my heart—and then no further explanation is needed.

"Many times within the past six months I have drawn deeply on my faith," she said with sincerity and dignity. "It has not been easy to take the bitter criticism directed against me.

"It has helped not to read some of the worst of it. I don't want to feel too hurt. I'm not even upset at the writer who printed some of the worst articles. I know that she has long been Aly's friend and the Aga's, too. I, personally, never read what she wrote; but people have told me some of the things she said. Well, I suppose she has to make a living."

This was certainly a switch. Most actresses usually bitterly lament anything uncomplimentary to themselves in print.

Suddenly, Rita laughed. "I didn't mind when you called me temperamental when I first started my picture *Affair In Trinidad* and had trouble. I wasn't trying to be difficult.

"I realized how terribly important it was to have a good picture as my comeback. When we reported to work and I found that the script was not even completed—I refused to continue. So I was put on suspension. The minute the screenplay *was* finished, and it was good, I went back to work.

"There never was any trouble between my director, Vincent Sherman, and myself. He is kind, patient and understanding—and I want very much to live up to what he expects of me.

"The trouble is," Rita laughed, "I'm not an actress! No, don't say anything just to be polite. I've never fooled myself that I became a movie star because my talents rival Bette Davis'. I'm a dancer and I'll always be a dancer and—that's *it!*"

"Oh, come now—" I protested. "Your next picture is *Salome* and you'll have to act as well as dance in this role. You're wrong, Rita, about your acting. Perhaps you aren't a Duse, but you are a good actress."

She smiled. "Thanks. But I'll always think of myself as a dancer who has had a lot of luck. I mean, luck in my career. Whether or not I'm lucky in my private life is open to argument.

"Three times I have failed in personal happiness. Three times I have been divorced. I can't help but think that some of this must be my fault. In some way I have failed—not only others, but myself.

"I'm in a stage now of trying to work out my future, sensibly and without romantics. I hope some time that I may know the joys of a real and happy marriage. But anything like that is very far in the future. I have to readjust myself to *myself* and to make a new life for Rita Hayworth—and her children."

Suddenly, she said, "Do you think the fans will be glad to have me back, Louella?"

Without hesitation I replied, "Yes, Rita. I think they will be glad to have you back as soon as they begin to know that you are the same sweet, unaffected person you were before you left to be a Princess. And I'm proud to be the one to tell them that our own Rita Hayworth is back with us again."

"Thank you, Louella. That makes me feel very happy. I want the fans to be glad I'm back because I know now that I really love my work and how much I have really missed it.

"What makes me very happy is that my two little girls are happy here in my town—and that they seem to know, as young as they are, that we three are closer than we've ever been.

"I want to tell you something kind of sweet: Last night I went in to say goodnight to Rebecca who has been so miserable with chickenpox and all that stuff on her little body to keep her from scratching. She took a look at me and said, 'Mama, you have magic eyes.' Then she said, 'Yasmine has magic eyes, too. They smile. Sometimes I have magic eyes, too—but not the way you and Yasmine do.'

"I just grabbed her up, goop and everything, and hugged her. I love her so much."

It was time to say goodbye—and it was my old friend Rita who walked with me to the door and put me in my car.

"When you write your story, Louella," she said in parting, "please do not hurt anyone I have discussed. I'm not angry and I am not bitter. I have made mistakes, but I hope I profit by them."

And I believe her. What mistakes Rita Hayworth has made in the past will not be repeated in the future. For the reckless glamor girl of yesterday has become a mature and philosophical woman who knows what she is doing and where she is going. END

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love secret liz never told

(*Continued from page 29*) in the first place. It is why, the moment Michael Wilding went back to England, sudden and tremendous pressures were exerted to destroy their dream of happiness.

Of course, all is fair in love and war, and the several men who hoped that distance would not lend enchantment in Mr. Wilding's case, could hardly be blamed for their erratic behavior when a possible conquest of Liz' heart might be the prize. At first, Elizabeth was unaware of the plotting that went on, so secure was she in her new-found love. Telephone calls and flowers she happily ignored. And when they became too annoying, she simply took herself off to a quiet California resort, chaperoned by properly married and highly respectable friends. Here she felt safe and remote from adventuresome males.

This behind the scenes campaign to change Elizabeth's heart and mind would never have come to light at all, save for the fact that a very powerful business man wildly over-shot his mark. (You won't learn his name from me, for believe it or not journalists can be gallant, too.)

What happened was this: The man who hoped to make Elizabeth forget about Mike, through a cleverly planned and extravagant coup, appeared suddenly and casually on the scene of her little hideaway one day. Perhaps he had been fooled by the things he had read in the gossip columns, hinting that the Wilding romance was a mere flirtation. Perhaps, as well, he believed Liz' own and now famous misquotation about herself that she had "a child's mind in a woman's body."

At any rate, this legendary Beau Brummel completely under-estimated the honesty and loyal heart of the bride-to-be. When he charged into her life to press his suit, he did not know that Elizabeth was immediately alarmed. He did not know that she retired at once to her rooms to pack her bags in preparation for the now famous flight to London and her "dear Mike." Not that she was afraid that she might change her mind; she simply would not risk the creation of jet-propelled gossip which might sully the dignity of her love.

If this man had known about her telephone call to Mike Wilding at his Bruxton flat he might not have climaxed his unwelcome attentions as he did, knowing that Liz had arranged not to wait for Mike's return to Hollywood.

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Instead, in a matter of hours, this mysterious man laid his very secret proposal at Elizabeth's feet. And this proposal was accompanied by a lapful of beautiful jewelry, the estimated value of which was more than 100,000 dollars! Now, almost any glamor girl might have promptly swooned, quickly recovered, and perhaps postponed her marriage in order to play the delicate game out.

Not Elizabeth Taylor! She was greatly distressed, for she respected the man, and despite his tactics did not doubt his sincerity. All she knew was that she must escape immediately to the charming, kind, elegant and relaxed Michael Wilding. Liz wasn't lured by fabulous diamonds. True, she has a small collection of jewels which she wears with almost bored abandon. True, she has a fairy tale mind that yearns for bright lights, dinner jackets and savoir-faire, but definitely *not* for explosive, complicated shenanigans.

Hollywood, and the Don Juans in it, have long under-estimated the intelligence and character of Elizabeth. And the story of the man who failed in his startling attempt to change Hollywood's love history, can now be happily forgotten.

I have told all this because people should know that Elizabeth's flight into marriage was not simply the whim of a girl who really didn't know her own mind.

While we are at it, the time has come to correct other false impressions, too, gossipy stories which spread rapidly following that simple ceremony at the Caxton Hall registry. The public circus which surrounded Elizabeth Wilding's wedding service was notable, not for the near riot by British fans, but for the complete lack of turmoil on the bride's part.

There were reports that Elizabeth and her husband were not entirely gracious with fans. However, it is impossible to be gracious to people who are displaying their own bad manners. The truth is that the honeymooning Wildings did not behave at all like a pair of important movie stars. After flying to France, they drove into Paris in an airline bus. They did not stay at the Hotel George V, scene of Liz' last unhappy honeymoon, but at the Plaza Athene in Avenue Montaigne, which is much nicer anyway, if not as elegant.

The restaurant there is one of the best any hotel in the world offers. Friday night after their arrival, they took a taxi, instead of renting a Cadillac as Liz had done on her last trip to Paris. They went to the Tour d'Argent which overlooks Notre Dame, and to which all celebrities must go. For dinner they had pressed duck, and theirs was number 227,181. (La Tour



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d'Argent, according to long standing tradition, gives each guest a card with the number of the dinner duck, and this has been cherished by brides for years.)

From there they took a taxi to the Chez Carrere, and ran into the trouble which caused the sort of gossip intelligent people must ignore. There were so many fans and photographers, that it was almost impossible to get inside. Fuming at the bad manners of those who would not let them alone, the bride and groom beat a hasty retreat back to their hotel where they were registered as Mr. and Mrs. Grubert of Bristol, England.

When they told their story to a friend, he laughed and said, "You didn't miss a thing. I think the show at Carrere's now is the worst in its history. But the customers at Carrere's missed plenty, Mrs. Wilding, because you are divinely beautiful."

And she was. She wore a ballet length full-skirted gown in black, with a plunging neckline, the bottom of which was fabulously jeweled, and in her white mink stole she looked almost angelic.

THEN, on Saturday morning the Wildings took a train—no special automobile or plane, just an old rickety train—and went off to Grenoble, about 350 miles from Paris. They were met by the proprieter of the Grand Hotel at L'Alpe d'Huez and driven another 36 miles to their honeymoon hostelry. Here they forgot all the hectic problems of the past few hours in a celebration which lasted until almost four A.M., after which they retired and did not re-appear until about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when they went for a walk along the snow laden roads.

At last they were alone, and although the curtain must drop briefly on their more intimate moments, I can tell you perhaps better than most, at this point, why Liz found Michael Wilding so much more attractive than the many men who sought to woo her. Liz was never mentally constructed to handle the heavy-handed Hollywood wolves, but she found great delight in this slim six-footer with his light blue eyes and brown hair. (Of which, incidentally, there is a lot more than gossips would have you believe.)

It was while both were house-guesting at the Stewart Grangers' that Liz' enchantment for the Britisher grew by leaps and bounds. It was Mike who slopped around the Bel-Air estate in casual English tweeds and loafers, and after late-until-morning gatherings in the Granger den, awoke at noon with ready quips and feeble attempts to mess up the kitchen for an imaginative breakfast. Afternoons, Mike planned casual drives along California's rugged coastline, alone with Liz, or bought tickets to the circus. Evenings there were all kinds of music, from the sublime to be-bop, interspersed with clever conversation and a lot of teasing between Mike and his best friend, Jimmy (Stewart) Granger. Liz enjoyed herself immensely, and fell head over heels in love.

There are those who've tried to classify Mike as a fortune hunter, which is not true. When questioned by an American friend as to whether he had saved any money in England, Mike cast a horrified glance towards the ceiling and admitted ruefully that he hadn't a bean. His London flat, elegant and compact, is run by an efficient secretary who has had to ride herd constantly to get all the bills paid. Mr. Wilding happily admits to a casual attitude toward high finance. This carefree attitude appeals to Liz. It equally enchants her to be squired in the Mayfair set of select London by Mike who looks the epitome of suave white-tie elegance as he commands the maitre d's with an air that most American glamor boys never quite achieve.

Elizabeth Taylor has many attributes, one of which is a lack of reverence for money. She cast a fortune aside, along with her first marriage, and the prospect of marrying into huge money again was something she refused to contemplate in exchange for the uncomplicated fun she'd be having as Mrs. Michael Wilding.

Besides, almost any minute now may come the news that MGM has renewed her contract, and stepped Liz's salary up from $2,500 to $5,000 a week!

And now that we know this honeymoon couple better, let's get back to them in Switzerland. Every morning their shutters opened about 10:30 and they had breakfast in their room—usually bacon and eggs. Then they sun-bathed on their balcony. After dressing, they strolled to the skating rink. They lunched about three, sometimes in the hotel, sometimes on their terrace. Mostly they dined alone in their room at night, sometimes they went down to dance. They opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate Liz's twentieth birthday.

Liz wanted to go skiing, but she is not permitted to learn by the terms of her contract, which can't use a star with a broken leg. Nor can Mike ski, either. His insurance company forbids it. So, as a substitute thrill they tackled the cable car railway to the mountain top, even though they couldn't ski down.

L'Alpe d'Huez is a very quiet and family-like place. People do not dress up in the evenings, which is proof of the fact that Liz did not have a "pajama and evening gown wardrobe with nothing much between," as some said. Being over 6,000 feet in the air, drenched in sun, it's possible to get a mid-winter sunburn in a hurry, and Liz certainly suffered one, momentarily ruining her bride's complexion.

Hereafter, I've made a vow not to pay much attention to what Liz is quoted as saying in the newspapers. One report from a British paper had Liz saying, "I thought we would have more privacy, and unless we get it, we are going to go somewhere where we can find it." This is ridiculous, because they were enjoying themselves at one of the world's most private places. To be any more private, they'd have had to go to the St. Bernard monastery, nearby, where the inhabitants are snowed in all winter.

The truth was that they were hardly bothered at all when they reached their honeymoon destination, here. They were asked to pose for pictures only once by two photographers. Liz talked willingly to them through an interpretor and made a big hit by her gracious behavior. No one spied on them at all, even when they spent an entire afternoon pulling each other around on a little sled, swooshing like mad over the bumps and inclines near the hotel.

As one French reporter said, "This is a honeymoon in which they scrupulously respect principle and tradition and remain quite to themselves." So you see, Liz' honeymoon, both here and in London, was very different from her first. Michael took her places the tourists never see. And Mrs. Michael enjoyed the whole, uncomplicated business, as she kept on pretending that she really wasn't grown up at all, but was a fairy princess being whisked through pink clouds.

As for Mr. Mike. He is very much all right, and on his honeymoon certainly indicated who wears the pants in his family. **END**

P.S. *London, England:* Liz and Mike were not due back in London until Tuesday, March fourth, but on Sunday, their

good friends the Wilcoxes (who stood up with them at the wedding) got a wire from Elizabeth, asking when Michael had to be back.

Wilcox answered that they needn't rush, since he would shoot around Mike for the first few days of the movie *Trent's Last Case* in which he is starring. However, in spite of this reassurance, Liz and Mike suddenly turned up on the Wilcox set Monday, the third, with no warning.

Michael was unshaven, but he and Liz were extremely tan. She had put on quite a bit of weight and her poodle cut needed trimming. Both looked very healthy and happy and Liz said, "I'm not worried about the extra weight as I have plenty of time to knock it off before returning to my own work."

Mike went right to work and left Liz with the days on her hands. It became her practice to sleep quite late and then join him at the studio for lunch (which wasn't much after she began to diet). In the afternoon she shopped for herself and Mike. He elected to stay conservative, however, and wouldn't wear any of the gay things she bought him.

Evenings they went out to dinner and to night clubs, usually ending up at the Ambassador where she liked to stay and stay. They effected a compromise about late hours, for Mike had to be up early to work and he bluntly admitted that he needed rest to be as fresh as possible every morning.

Liz' youth and vibrant energy was a welcome relief on the set of Mike's picture. Austerity-ridden England seemed a gayer place. And though the Wildings' honeymoon-acquired tans faded quickly, no one can say the same of their honeymoon devotion. **END**

for shelley—all or nothing

(*Continued from page* 36) down the other aisle. A man who was sitting behind me said, 'That's a girl who wants to come down both aisles at once.'"

"Exactly!" the first character said. "She *does* want to come down both aisles at once. She wants to be a great actress, and she wants to be a wife and mother. She wants everybody to love her. She wants everything—and you just can't have everything."

Somewhere in all this lies the truth about Shelley Winters. By the time you read this Shelley will be married to Italian actor Vittorio Gassman, unless something fantastically unexpected happens. She's so much in love it's popping out of her pores. "I love him more than anybody in the world," she says. "I love him more than I have ever loved anybody. He's a remarkable human being. He's so intelligent, and he has a sense of humor. When he was in New York, a reporter asked him, 'When you get married, who's going to be boss in the family?' And Vittorio answered, 'Such a question would never occur to an Italian.'"

But more about Shelley and Vittorio later. Now let's go way back in Shelley's past and find out what makes her tick.

Of her very earliest memory, she says, "It was awful." She was about two years old she thinks, and her family was moving from one house to another in St. Louis where she was born. The moving men had already taken the big furniture and Shelley's father had piled the rest in their old flivver. "He wanted me to get in the car," Shelley says, "to take me to the new house. I think that's how it was. It's all hazy. But he wanted me to get in the car with all the things. I refused. The



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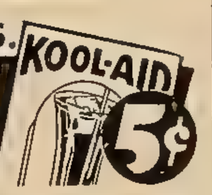
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family was in a hurry; you know what it's like on moving day. And I suppose he wanted to teach me a lesson about obedience. Anyhow he drove away. Only a couple of blocks. He didn't mean to leave me, but I didn't know that. He drove away with our things, and I was standing there alone . . . . Well, that's all I remember. They came back of course. I was in hysterics, but I don't remember that. My mother told me about that. I just remember him driving away with our things."

Her first memory was of rejection, a terrible rejection for a small child, although her father was unaware of it. Interestingly enough since her first memory was connected with possessions she is delighted to tell you now, "Vittorio doesn't believe in having too many possessions. He says you have to take care of them."

SHELLEY always longed to be accepted. She wanted the other kids to like her. "But they didn't," she recalls, "or at least I thought they didn't. And that's just as bad. You see, I wasn't pretty and I didn't conform. I wanted to be accepted but I didn't know how to be."

It was during her senior year in junior high in Brooklyn that she went out for a part in a school play. This was staged by the honor society who voted on the kids to include. In order to get in you had to have high grades. "I got good marks all right," Shelley says, "but I guess I was too aggresive. Anyhow, the kids voted against me for the play. I said I didn't care, but I cried for two whole days and I felt as if everybody was trying to do me in. So I swore revenge."

She formed her own dramatic society with the help of her mother and a couple of sympathetic teachers, and she wrote a musical, produced and acted in it at the school. Afterwards, the kids who had voted against her congratulated her and told her they were sorry about the other show. They explained that there were 30 nominations for the honor society and only ten could be chosen, so they had to vote against *somebody*. Now she says, "I guess that was right. But, you see, I took it personal."

Shelley always takes it personal.

When, after her success in pictures, she was lambasted by the press for being too boisterous, too argumentative, and for going around town in old beat-up slacks, she "fretted and carried on." Nowadays, criticism doesn't bother her so much. "I finally decided," she explains, "that I can't be honest with myself and true to everybody else, too. When you have definite opinions the way I do you're sure going to offend somebody. It used to be that I couldn't bear it if people didn't like me. But I just *have* to get used to the fact that not everybody will like me."

When Shelley signed her first contract with Columbia, everybody told her she'd have to make herself over. She made herself over, and nothing happened. In her own words, "I stank."

She is extremely nervous but she believes, "This nervousness is one of my assets. I have a great deal of energy, and interference drives me nuts." That's why some directors are annoyed by her. If she thinks a scene is wrong she says so at the top of her voice. But give her a director she trusts—someone like George Stevens or George Cukor—and, as she says, "I'll stand on my head and make faces with my feet!"

On Broadway Shelley fought and scratched for jobs. She was idle much more than she worked. A friend who knew her then says, "Shelley had to listen to everybody else talk for so long that when she finally got in the position where she could talk she decided not to stop."

Although she wants desperately to be a fine actress, she becomes annoyed with being a movie star because: "You can't eat, you're always watching your diet, and you're supposed to be dressed up all the time."

Shelley feels she has a bigger obligation to herself than is expressed by fancy clothes. For example, when Albenezi and Tagliavini were singing *La Boheme* in Los Angeles for one night only Shelley was working. She finished just in time to make it to the auditorium. So she rubbed off her screen makeup, threw on the old slacks in which she'd arrived at the studio that morning. All the other opera lovers had diamonds in their hair and Shelley was blasted by the columnists. "But," she says, "*La Boheme* was wonderful."

Vittorio, however, won't let her wear slacks. And when she left the house the other day without lipstick he asked why. She said, "I've got a million things to do so why should I waste time putting on lipstick?"

But Vittorio had her come back into the house and pretty up.

ONE of Shelley's endearing qualities is that she "sells" everyone she likes. Because she was so eager for people to like her, she wants everyone to like the people she likes. But sometimes she oversells until you want to say, "Oh, come off it, Shelley. No one can be *that* good."

Now, of course, there's only Vittorio. Shelley can't do enough for him. She'll corner a friend and ask, "Will you come hear him do a recital at The Players Ring? He reads Italian poems, and his voice is wonderful. He's a great artist. He speaks the lines, but it's like singing. And I wish you would do a story about him, not about me, just about Vittorio. The way he studies! Every day he takes an English lesson and he speaks it fine now. When I say the few Italian words I know he answers in English. He's working in a picture for United Artists now. It's a good picture. It's called *The Glass Wall*."

If you don't stop her, she'll tell you the plot.

"I'm going to work at our marriage night and day," she says. "Make it the most important thing in my life. I married young and it didn't work out. Vittorio married at 19, and it was over before I met him. So we know about that. We know that marriage isn't that romantic, never-never land that so many people think it is. It's really taking care of each other and protecting each other. It's having a person to lean on.

"He won't take me out to some glamorous place every night. I'll be lucky if he takes me out once a week. And TV fascinates him. He thinks even the commercials are screams. For such an artistic

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was a hot day as I watched Esther Williams shooting a scene down at Haena Beach. Only after did I discover that I had left my white slippers down at the Beach. A friend of mine finally found the slippers . . . Esther Williams had been wearing them, mistaking them for her own.

Eleanor Castelo
T. H.

man isn't that funny? They don't have TV in Italy."

In Italy, according to Shelley, "Having dinner is the big thing. You eat slowly, not rushed like here. And you sit and talk and talk and listen to music. Or you go to the theater. Vittorio can't get used to how fast everything moves here. Rush, rush, rush. But you know what? I *can* get used to how nice and slow everything moves in Italy."

You can understand why a girl like Shelley, who has pushed so hard, who, "wants to come down two aisles at once," should find Italy her spiritual home. She had to sit around Walgreen's—which is Broadway's Schwab's—listening to the other kids talk about their jobs. She was wretchedly poor. She was told that she was neither pretty nor glamorous. When she finally got a job she was Ado Annie in the umteenth road company of *Oklahoma!* It is not distinguished to be the last of the Ado Annies. Then came walk-ons and bits in movies, and Shelley felt that time was running out for her. She was afraid she wouldn't have the big screen career, that she'd be a failure.

Now, she is intensely loyal to old friends, and does wonderful things for people she likes. She's always good for a touch, remembering, as she does, the days when she wasn't eating so well herself. Sometimes she fights so hard for her friends she defeats herself. There was the young actor she thought was talented. She had no romantic interest in him whatsoever, but he was a good actor, and he needed a job. So Shelley beat on the doors of the mighty so hard that one man said, "What's with Shelley and this guy? Is he paying her an agent's commission or something?"

She is the original heart-of-gold kid. She hears a couple of makeup girls discussing a play they would like to see, and the next day Shelley gives them the tickets for it. A man in an obscure little shop makes a lamp for her. To the next ten people she meets she says, "You've got to go to my little man for a lamp."

Since she was so eager to play *Born Yesterday,* and since she and Judy Holliday do the same kind of work you'd think she'd be jealous of Judy. But Shelley loves her. "Judy Holliday is terrific. Such polish. Such finish," she says.

Shelley is not a phony; there is nothing devious about her. She doesn't know how to be devious. If she's mad you know it. If she's glad—oh, boy, you know it! And if she's in love . . . she lights up the sky.

How are she and Vittorio going to work out their living arrangements? She says, "Vittorio hated New York. It was too hectic for him. But he loves California because it's quiet and peaceful, and he loves the people. So we will have my apartment here and one in Rome. We haven't any set plans like six months here, six months there. Vittorio has commitments in Italy. It's so funny; they don't understand that here. When he's talking to a producer and explains this they think he's just trying to get more money. And he's so funny when he's talking about a deal and they offer him a certain amount of money. He's got to work it out in lira counting under the desk on his fingers. Anyhow we'll spend part of our time in Italy and part in California."

Yes, Shelley wants everything. To be a wife, to be a mother, to be an artist.

When she first saw *A Place In The Sun* she thought she was terrible. "All I could see was how beautiful Elizabeth Taylor was." But after she had seen it several times Shelley made the famous remark about the performance getting better. She did like herself in *Phone Call From A Stranger.* It's hard for her to discuss

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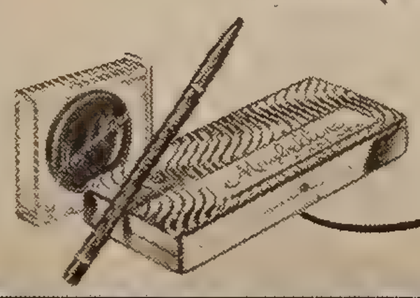
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Behave Yourself. "I was confused," she says. "I'd look at the rushes and think they were fine, and then I saw the picture and it didn't come off, and neither did I. But I thought Farley gave a very good performance."

Shelley is confused because so much gratuitous advice has been given to her. Suspicious by nature, she accepts advice only if she feels you are for her. When she first came to Universal the publicity woman assigned to her had the feeling that Shelley was on guard. Every time Shelley was told to pose a certain way or wear a certain dress, she'd ask, "Why?" The publicity woman would explain. After a series of what is known in the trade as "seductive art," the press agent suggested that they do a couple of shots of Shelley in a simple white blouse with a black bow at the neck. "Why," asked Shelley. "Because," it was explained, "this is sometimes the way you are."

Shelley thought that over and strung along with it. "After I'd answered her 'whys' enough times," says the press agent, "she realized I had her best interests at heart, and from then on she always trusted me."

Once, while lunching with a friend in New York, Shelley was reading a letter she'd just received from Vittorio. She looked up to see a reporter who had been razzing her in his column. He had accused her of falling in and out of love too often. "I'll show him this letter," she said. "I'll show him what Vittorio thinks about love. Then he'll know why I'm in love." Her friend tried to stop her, but trying to stop Shelley is like trying to hold back the sea. She quoted from the letter to the reporter. Maybe this was right to do, maybe it was wrong, but it was Shelley. You either admire this kind of forthrightness, or you condemn it.

For all her seeming bohemianism, Shelley has a strangely conventional streak in her nature. When she and Farley went to Europe together she insisted that a married couple go with them, not only as traveling companions but as chaperones. And when, shortly after she met Vittorio, a reporter asked if they were engaged she demanded indignantly, "How can we be? He's not even divorced yet." Having established herself as a brash kid it is interesting that she should fall back on the security of convention.

And so we have Shelley complete as of this moment. Ask the girl herself what she's really like, and she'll tell you honestly, "I think I'm a nice girl. Because I'm natural."

She says it with childish naiveté, because in a way, she is like a child, with young enthusiasms and young insecurities, with dreams of having the world, and fears of getting nothing. That's Shelley. That's why she's sensational! **END**

(*See Shelley Winters now in Universal's* Untamed.—*Ed.*)

the merry wives of hollywood (oh, yeah?)

(*Continued from page 55*) happens? At parties he, the star, is taken away from her and lionized (she is recognized as an afterthought). At public affairs he is surrounded by admirers and she finds herself to one side. By the time it is all over and they are home it is not *his* ego that needs feeding, it is *hers* that is anemic from neglect. If you had to name the most critical moment in the day to day relationships of Hollywood marriages, this would probably be it.

One night not long ago, Bill and Rena Lundigan walked out of the Mocambo in wonderful spirits. They'd had a swell evening together celebrating the completion of his last picture. Some fans saw Bill and crowded in. Others joined them and the mob got thicker. Suddenly Rena realized that she was having to fight to keep her place next to him. Eventually, she found herself pushed up against the building with Bill some distance away amidst a mob of kids. Rena has had this happen before, but just the same it is hard to get used to.

SUPPOSE you are Betty Lanza. You glory in your husband's popularity. Even when you go to the premieres of his pictures, particularly one like *The Great Caruso,* and the girls outside all scream, "Oh, Mario! Be my love!" you take it in stride. They want him but *you've* got him. Yet, it wouldn't be normal if you didn't feel just a little uneasy about the emotional storm he can create in feminine hearts.

Sometimes the threat is not so indefinite. Take the time another Betty, Macdonald Carey's Betty, bore the brunt of it. The two were walking along Sunset Boulevard after he had returned from location in New Mexico for *Cave Of Outlaws,* when a young redheaded thing, a little too exposed, waltzed up and began talking to him endearingly.

"Mac, darling!" she cried. "Why haven't you phoned me? Remember all the fun we had while we were both on location?"

As a family unit the Careys are as solid as a rock and Betty, wise to the ways of Hollywood, was quick to recognize a preposterous attempt on the young girl's part to gain publicity by prying herself into a scandal. So Betty stood by while Mac talked to the girl politely, and then they went on without even discussing the incident. But you can count on your fingers the number of other Hollywood couples who could sail through that without ugly suspicion being aroused.

There are other critical aspects of her position to keep a star's wife alert. She must guard against accepting privileges when she trades. Privileges have strings attached, and it is her husband who will fall the victim. The least that happens is that a star's wife gets special treatment when she shops—and finds that she has to pay for it up to double the ordinary price.

At all times she has to withstand close scrutiny herself. Even though her husband is in the limelight she is going to be stared at—sometimes impudently. She will meet woman after woman who will speak warm words but tear her down bit by bit with derogatory looks. And to meet such charmers, she will find, is part of her social obligations. She may think that the wife of the man who is going to direct her husband's next picture is a horrible bore but she dare not indicate it.

One star's wife, who obviously cannot be named, classed this—the number of objectionable people she had to meet—as the greatest cross of her life. But there were other unpleasant features she was able to list. "You can't live casually, take a stroll or walk to the movies without being gaped at. And darn it, you're never quite sure how much the attention your husband gets is a nuisance to him and how much he actually covets it! After all, he is not a painter or a poet or a soldier—he is a *male* personality and that brings you to the dreaded word, sex! He's *supposed* to knock women off their pins when

they see him. Now—where do I come in, raising a fuss about it?"

While it is true that the hazards of marriage in Hollywood are cushioned by material comforts—rich property settlements, high alimony—a heartache in silk and a heartache in cotton are still plain heartache.

There is a dark-haired girl in Hollywood who probably often recalls how much she was envied by the nurses at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital when her third baby was born there. The nurses would coo to the infant out in the hall before they'd bring it in to her.

Then they'd compliment her. "You have the prettiest little girl ever born in the hospital. Your husband must be terribly proud of you both."

This was only a few years ago. The baby was named Christina. The mother's name was Nancy Sinatra.

It is little comfort to live in sumptuous halls when they echo coldly to your footsteps. And finding yourself apart from your husband for long stretches of time is practically the rule for the wife of a star.

A little more than a year ago a tall, attractive woman was talking dejectedly to a traveling companion aboard a plane bound for Mexico City from Caracas, Venezuela. She said she felt like someone badly fooled.

"If only he and I could have gone somewhere away from telephones or telegraphs—it would have been wonderful. Think of it, for four years he planned this vacation, our first chance to be alone, and then he left me right there in the middle of it!"

"He" was John Wayne. The woman was his wife, Esperanza, whom he affectionately calls Chata—when he is around to talk to her at all. He is around now, at this writing, because they have reconciled after a separation that followed the interrupted trip. John had no intention of breaking up the vacation. He had eagerly laid out the whole itinerary to match a similar Caribbean tour he had read about in an old copy of the National Geographic Magazine. He chartered a two-motored plane which had every facility in it including a galley and refrigerator.

It was the plane that failed them first. "It makes dandy ice cubes but it don't fly so good," John reported to his associates back in Hollywood. Then John failed. He spent more time talking business than he did vacationing. And before the trip was over he got a wire from John Ford and had to take off suddenly for Ireland and his next picture, *The Quiet Man.* Chat, "lucky" Chata, came home alone. And this is the story behind the story of why she left him some months later.

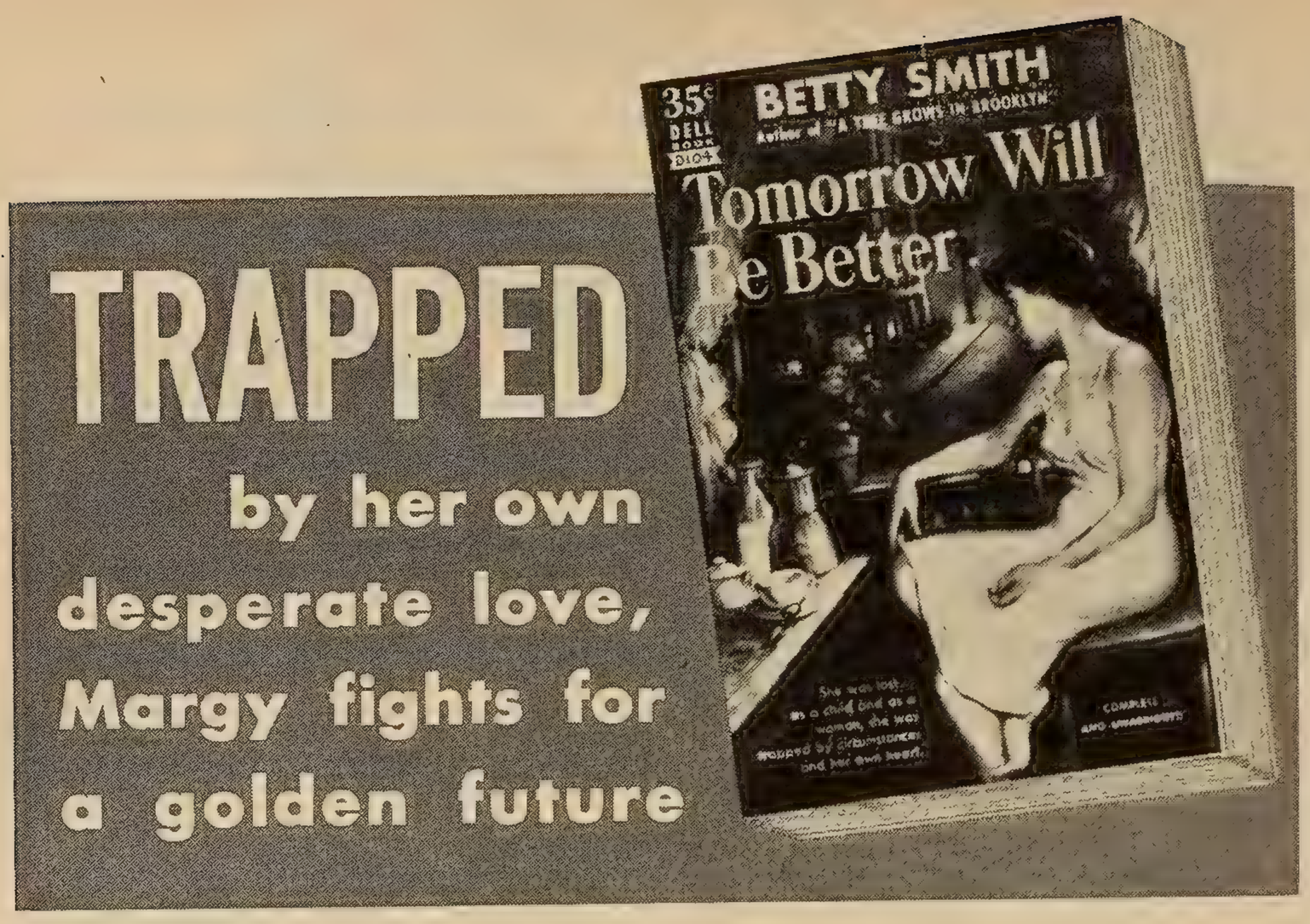
THE most sensational Hollywood success in the past few years is that of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, but there are days—too many days, when neither Jeanie Martin nor Patti Lewis feel like cheering about it. Dean and Jerry are naturally in great demand for personal appearances and nightclub engagements all over the country. Jeanie, with one-year-old Dean Paul, Jr., to take care of, and Patti with six-year-old Gary and two-year-old Ronnie, usually stay home.

One evening, with the boys off on tour, the girls went to a formal dinner party thrown by Alan and Sue Ladd. Their escort, the boys' agent, Henry Wilson. And Jeanie, not yet married three years, couldn't help but bemoan the constant separations.

"Actually, by the calendar," she complained, "Dean has been gone from me oftener than he has been with me.







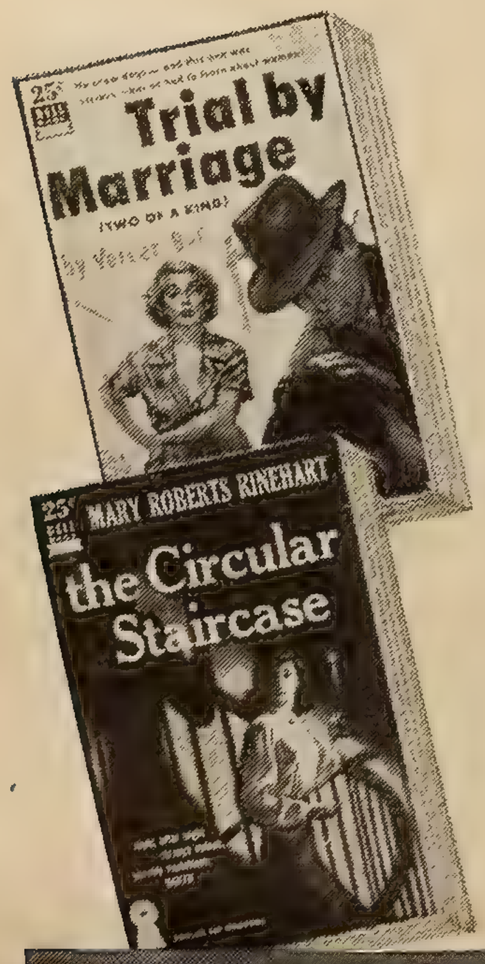
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by **Betty Smith,** author of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"

Margy Shannon was almost too eager to fall in love—too eager for the affection she'd never had at home. She married Frank Malone, dreaming of the wonderful home and happiness they'd share. Then came the shocking discovery that shattered all her dreams. Margy suddenly realized that Frank hated all display of affection —that he was actually repulsed by physical contact. Without the bond of love between them Margy knew their marriage would fail. Would Frank see this in time? Could she in some way make him give her the love and romance she needed so desperately? Here is a thrilling, unforgettable story that brings to life the heartache and struggle of two young people—one who loved too much, the other too little. . . . You can't afford to miss it!

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THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE by Mary Roberts Rinehart

What is there about the Armstrong mansion that invites murder? The first to die violently in the old house is the owner's son. Then murder strikes again. Though the murders seem unrelated at first, Detective Jamieson discovers that each of the victims knew a secret about the mansion—the whereabouts of a hidden fortune. To solve the murders Jamieson must find out who else knows about the treasure. Only when he has this information can he bait his trap for a killer who'll strike again and again until he can be caught.

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The comment of Patti was indirect but none the less poignant. "I always used to wonder what it would be like to be married to a sailor," she said. "Now I know."

Of course there is nothing to prevent a wife from accompanying her husband on personal appearance tours—nothing, that is, if she has no children or other obligations at home, and the studio doesn't frown on the idea, but most stars' wives soon learn they might just as well stay home. On tour their husbands are less private individuals than they are back in Hollywood.

The last time Jessica Ryan went along with her Robert was to the San Francisco premiere of *The Set-Up.* For three days he posed for pictures, gave out interviews and made personal appearances during which time Jessica had the choice of sitting alone in her room or taking a walk alone. There was one press luncheon which she attended, only to find that between her and Robert sat 14 other people.

Jessica never had ideas of marrying a sailor but she did give thought occasionally to what married life with a doctor would be like. She feared that he would always be out on visits. Now there are times when she plays around with the idea of getting Robert to switch to medicine. "At least he'd have to come home to fill the hypodermic needle once in a while," she points out.

THE wife Hollywood probably knows least about is Mrs. Howard Keel. Helen Keel is petite, blonde, and just now expecting her second child. When Howard was hitting big in *The Small Voice* and *Annie Get Your Gun,* his newly-acquired fans would have gotten the surprise of their lives had they seen Helen's unglamorous circumstances. She was the mistress of a tiny, prefabricated house, smaller, less pretentious than the average home of the ordinary craftsman in any American town. It stood next to a big, dusty lot in an unfashionable section of West Los Angeles, and was no more than a little compact box divided off into two bedrooms (one hardly more than a cubicle), a small living room, bath and kitchen. Every time a car went by outside the whole structure shook. Every time it rained the house was sure to get muddy because the only approach to it was a dirt path.

The Keels have since moved to a much nicer place, but Helen will never remember her introduction to Hollywood as an exciting one. And she likes to go out and enjoy life. The other night she went to a Bel-Air affair with Howard and with the aid of a clever costume, a silver lamé Mandarin coat over black silk trousers, was able to disguise the fact that she is shortly to be a mother again. Yet the tipoff to the kind of marriage Helen is going to lead as a star's wife has long been evident to those who know them. She will be part of his private life only—the public is to see and hear as little of her as they do of Greta Peck, Dolores Hope or Dixie Lee Crosby.

These last three prefer it that way, of course. Greta will never forget that an ordinary automobile accident suddenly became a front page calamity as soon as it was learned that she was the wife of Gregory Peck. A quiet woman with no desire to share the spotlight thrown on Gregory, she wants nothing more than to be able to live her life quietly in the rambling hilltop house he built for her and their three little boys.

Gregory Peck, John Wayne, Mario Lanza, Burt Lancaster, Bill Lundigan . . . all fine actors. But it is questionable whether they ever have roles as difficult as the ones their wives play . . . every day of their lives. END

no trespassing

(*Continued from page 52*) the kinks out of his long legs and climbed into a waiting studio car. During the previous three weeks he'd covered seven Latin American countries, traveled 20,000 miles, sung for 200,000 people. He'd been mauled, mobbed and "patted to death" by day, got along on four hours broken sleep each night, as *senoritas* tapped on his hotel door or cooed under his window grill. He'd dropped ten pounds. For the past 38 hours he'd rolled and bounced nonstop clear from Sao Paulo, Brazil, to make a Hollywood radio broadcast.

With the motors still roaring in his ears, Howard grabbed a quick sandwich, and without even time to go home and say hello to his wife, Helen, and little girl, Kaiya, he plunged into rehearsals, then sang the Lux Radio Theater version of *Showboat* with its arduous score.

After the program the producer tendered him an extravagant compliment. "Howard," he said, "you were great—never better in your life. Frankly, after the beating you took I don't see how the devil you did it."

Keel scowled uncomfortably. "I guess the Good Lord just takes care of drunks and broken down bassos," he said, escaping fast.

Of course, Howard Keel is no drunk and certainly not any broken down basso, as anyone who's been going to movies lately and isn't stone deaf will know. Moreover, with all due deference to Providence, Howard is well able to take care of himself. But the incident and the remark is typical of an independent, rugged individualist who asks no quarter and gives none, and who is acutely allergic to any kind of praise, or anything which faintly resembles what he grinningly brands "hokum."

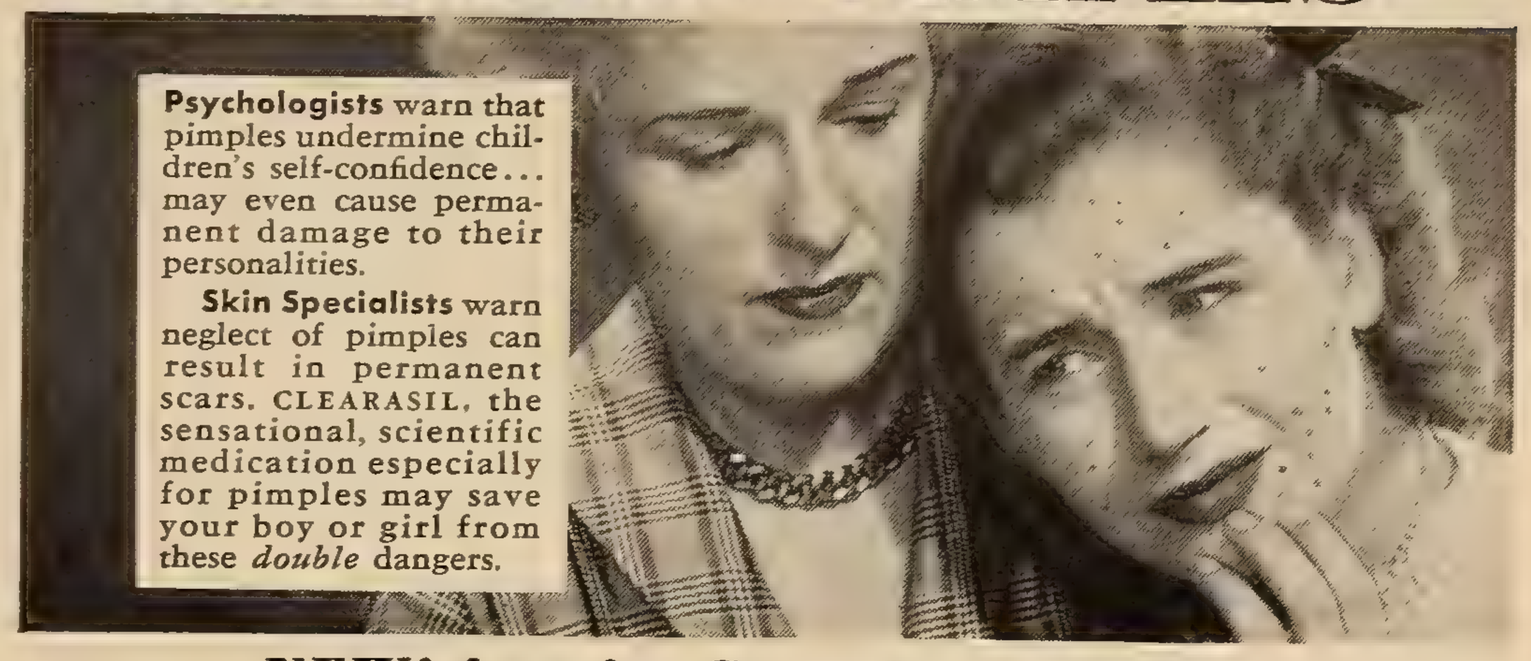
It wasn't very long ago that Howard was parked in the swank Beverly Hills Hotel at the galloping rate of $18 a day, which he could afford like nothing at all. In fact he was not too well-heeled and but for his relaxed attitude might have resembled any other undiscovered actor who hadn't hit the jackpot. In a way, this was all unnecessary because—except for a slight moral principle involved—he could have been staying there with all expenses paid and a nice, fat salary besides.

Howard was waiting for his contract to start at MGM. He could have had that contract a year earlier with the red carpet rolled out. Only then he'd have had to go back on his word, and that didn't set right with him. At that point he'd promised the English producer who gave him his first movie job to make two more pictures. He had no contract of any sort or anything in writing—only his promise. He knew he could breeze away to his big Hollywood break with no legal trouble whatever. Instead he said, "No—sorry, I'm tied up," and watched it go glimmering.

It was only when these two pictures were called off that he sailed back to New York, got in touch with MGM and told them frankly that he was out of a job and ready to sign if they were. They said they'd see. And when they finally saw Howard Keel for *Annie Get Your Gun*, they didn't see him for nothing. He got everything he wanted.

A holdout when you're hungry calls for plenty of moxie, but Howard Keel owns his share of that. His story is laced with guts all along. He had a rugged road to ramble before he ever clicked in this singing and acting business. He got his ears knocked down and while he worked hard, he made mistakes. He was cocky

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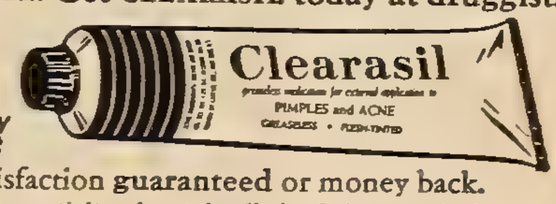
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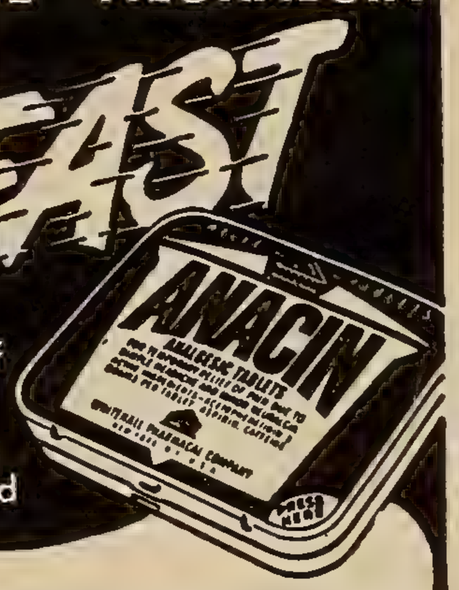
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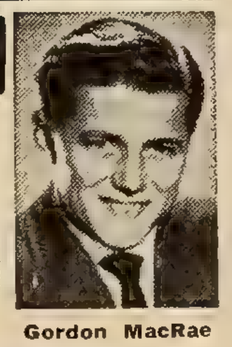
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sometimes, he let his temper get out of control when things didn't suit him. He learned. But also he didn't forget. He never forgot that he was a two-legged man, just as good as the next guy. Yet, it's when he's rated a superman that Howard snorts "hokum" most angrily. And of course by now that's what happens right along.

On his recent South American jaunt, for instance, Howard ran smack into the kind of swoon thing that Frank Sinatra used to get up here in the States. This wild worship tortured him no end but he rallied happily. One night, 25 senoritas stormed into his hotel. He gave them all autographs, but they didn't budge. He kissed each and every one, but that didn't satisfy either. Finally he asked the local official what he could do.

"*Senor* Keel" said that worthy. "They say they want to marry you!"

"Holy cow!" cried Howard. "All 25?"

That was the night Howard and Kathryn Grayson sang at a theater in Rio de Janiero where the stage was bandbox size, with no stage entrance or even wings. Between numbers they had to sit on a small settee right back of the mike. Every time Howard got up, the audience did. When he sat down the whole house sat down. When he smiled, they smiled back, when he bowed they bowed. There was no escape, and no let up to the devoted imitations. Finally he got really upset. "Isn't there some way we can get out of here?" he whispered to Kathryn. "I'm going nuts. Why, they're acting like we're royalty!"

This is no overgrown false modesty that pesters Howard Keel. It's simply that he levels down on himself as he does with the rest of the world. Nobody can tell him he's right when he thinks he's wrong, or vice versa. He's no sorehead, in fact normally there isn't a wider piano smile in Hollywood than Howard's. But it can turn grim in a wink when once he gets a notion that things aren't what they should be.

Most people, including his studio bosses, thought that Howard Keel did his best work in *Showboat*. Most people enjoyed it and his singing hugely. Anyone would say a man had a right to be proud of himself after singing the Gaylord Ravenal role in that. Was Howard proud—even pleased? He hated himself and the job he did. He still does. He won't go see it. Ridiculous? Maybe curious? The guy is simply honest with himself—a rare quality in Hollywood.

Naturally, he went to the premiere; MGM talked him into that. But unfortunately he had seen the picture at the studio before. So that gala night, in the dark of the Egyptian Theater, Howard Keel slid down in his seat, closed his eyes and when he thought no one was looking clamped his hands over his ears. "I tried to go to sleep," he confesses. "I didn't because I couldn't, but I tried." And why? "Because, I'd made some lousy mistakes in those recordings," he'll tell you. "I'd already heard 'em and I didn't like 'em and I didn't want to hear them again." Nobody else felt that way and perhaps even Howard couldn't tell you what was "lousy" about them. But to him they were—period.

"I learned long ago not to tell Howard he's good," sighs Kathryn Grayson, who has sung with him not only on tour, but in both *Showboat* and his latest *Lovely To Look At*. "He'd never believe me unless he thought so himself and I might just make him mad. But he *is* good, you know, whether he'll admit it or not."

Not long ago, during *Lovely To Look At* a publicity girl at Metro who's one of his best friends made the mistake of asking Howard how he was coming along. "Get lost, girl," barked Keel. "Don't mess with me. I'll bite your head off. I've just done the worst job in history with those songs. Go away. Beat it. Leave me alone."

Just the same she talked him into lunch with her, and although the conversation was pretty one-sided, she finally calmed him down to civility. Then the producer strolled by the table and fanned the embers again. "I hear the records you made are swell, Howard," he offered innocently. Keel blew up, stopped eating and prepared to dash out of the place when the man stopped him.

"We think they're swell, but if you don't like them," he said, "of course, all you have to do is make them over again." Howard almost choked.

"Well, I'll be . . ." he gasped, "I never dreamed the studio would stand the expense." So he did the recordings he thought were "lousy" over on his own time. He's that much of a perfectionist!

Some of the funniest moments Howard has endured since he came to Hollywood ganged up on him in a dance scene he was supposed to do in *Showboat*. Dancing is not Keel's forte. He thuds around on Number 12½-D gunboats, and most feminine partners reach about to his belt when he's dragged into the light fantastic. This was to be a merry waltz with Kathryn Grayson—and to put it mildly, the idea was disastrous.

Keel tried, heaven knows, for 35 "takes". All of one day and part of another. He could waltz, after a fashion, in one direction. But he couldn't turn around and go the other way. After Kathryn faced exhaustion trying to steer him they brought in a male dance instructor to teach him that simple maneuver. Dancing ignominiously with another man, Howard only got more confused and embarrassed. It was finally filmed, but Gene Kelly didn't lie awake nights with envy. In fact, after all of this hilarious monkey business, they cut the whole thing out.

Probably the personal low spot in Howard's career occurred when he opened with *Oklahoma* in England, back in 1948. He'd toured the States with that show as "Curley," and for months he'd doffed his hat after "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" to let his own naturally straight hair tumble out. Nobody in America seemed to mind this incongruity, but the British, his director assured him, were fussy about details like that. The only thing to do, he advised, was to get a permanent wave. It took a lot of stormy persuasion but finally Howard agreed to the transformation. "Okay," he grudged, "but

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6-7—Parry-Beerman, 8—Acme, 24—Parry-Beerman, 29—Rt. International News, Lt. MGM, 30-31—Parry-Beerman, 32—Rt. Wide World, Lt. International News, 33—International News, 34-35—Dave Lees, 36—Parry-Beerman, 37—Nick Muray, 38-39—Parry-Beerman, 41—Parry-Beerman, 44—Bob Beerman, 45-46—Bob Beerman & Marty Crale, 47—MGM, 48—Top Personal, Bot. MGM, 49—Top Lt., Top Cen. MGM, Top Rt. Richard Tucker, Bot. Lt. M.S. Staff, Bot. Cen. Graphic House, Bot. Lt. M.S. Staff, 50-51—Dick Powell, 53—Bert Parry, 54—Top Bert Parry, Bot. Bob Beerman, 55—Top Rt., Top Cen. Bert Parry, Top Lt. Irving Antler, Bot. Bob Beerman, 56—20th Century-Fox, 57—Bert Parry, 58—Bob Beerman, 59—Globe Photos, 75-77—Parry-Beerman, 78—Top Rt., Top Cen. Parry-Beerman, Top Lt. 20th's Frank Powolny, 79—Parry-Beerman.

I'll do it alone. If anybody comes to watch, I'll murder 'em!"

That afternoon he sneaked guiltily in the back door of a London beauty shop and in a few minutes, was wired up like the back of a TV set, the current cooking his lanky mop into an artistic arrangement of ringlets and curls. When he sneaked out again, scowling like a mugg from Limehouse, "I looked," Howard still growls to remember, "like a blankety-blank-blank poodle!" When he went on stage the next night in Manchester, Howard was a tonsorial treat, so much so that next morning the critics spent all their superlatives on his coiffure and none on his voice. *Oklahoma,* rhapsodized one, "certainly has the most beautiful hero!" That did it. From then on, Howard wouldn't even take off his hat in the show until the ringlets smoothed out again, and you won't find those review clippings in his scrapbook today. He ripped them to shreds the minute he read them.

Howard Keel has mellowed somewhat since those first clashes with the artificialities of show business. He's adapted—but not very much. The truth is, there is no native exhibitionism in Howard Keel's nature, nor his heritage. Basically, Howard is a living example of the old saying that "you can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy." To understand him you have to know the kind of people he sprang from and what he was before his suddenly discovered magnificent voice plunged him into a world of make-believe.

Howard Keel's folks were plain, salt-of-the-earth people, who worked with their hands. His grandmother traveled to the plains of Illinois in a wagon. His dad was a coal miner, but before that he sailed for four years aboard the flagship *Tennessee* in Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet.

Howard Keel himself stood on his own oversize feet for a good many years before he ever saw Hollywood fame. From the start he was the kind of a kid who could handle his own affairs, and preferred to.

Once, in his early teens, Howard bagged the family Lizzie for the first time to see a girl he had in Staunton, an Illinois town near Gillespie. Flushed with his first solo turn at the wheel, he raced her around town, cutting corners on two wheels. After he'd finally dropped his date off home, he continued the exuberant spree, unfortunately right down Main Street. When he heard a siren he cut out for home. But they caught him, of course, and said it would be eight dollars—or jail. The two bucks he had for the big evening were long gone and Harry was broke. "You'd better call your folks," the cops counselled. "Nossir," said Harry, "I'll go to jail," which is just where he went. The police called Gillespie anyway and sometime in the early morning his family came down and bailed him out. He thought he'd catch it for sure, but nobody said a word. Harry went to work and paid back the eight dollars.

THERE'S another little episode picked out of Howard's untold past that might give a slant on the way his straight shooting mind works, and what happens if you cross it up. It happened down in Fallbrook, California, where the Keels came from Illinois when Howard's father died. Howard was quite a fighter then. He went in big for amateur ring bouts at high school and the CCC camps. He'd won two matches in an elimination tournament when he was pitted against a close friend he chased around with. "Look," his pal approached him before the scrap, "you'll take me easy, so let's take it easy, huh?"

"Sure," Howard agreed. But at the bell



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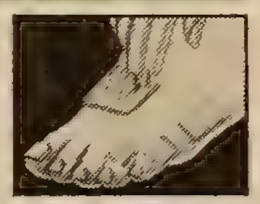
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his chum threw him a haymaker square in the mouth and he almost went down. He thought it must have been a wild swing—but soon he knew it wasn't. In a minute he was back on the ropes beneath a vicious attack that left little doubt as to what went on. His friend was tricking him into a knockout. Furious, Howard waded in and the referee stopped the fight. But the episode sickened and soured him. He never pulled on a glove after that. Maybe that's why he's a slow friend to make and standoffish today.

There's just one more—and maybe this one explains why today with Howard Keel "it's got to be good," why he's his own severest critic. He had a good job at North American Aircraft and one day he quit it. He'd found he could sing and in the first flush of that glorious discovery he grandly told everybody what he was going to do. "To hear me talk," he'll scowl wryly today, "I was going to be the sensation of the nation." Well, he wasn't. The first singing lessons he took didn't take, he found the road ahead was long and rough. He got some piddling song spots, singing waiters and such, and he quit them in disgust and in temper. Then he was broke and he had to have a real job again. But he wouldn't go back to the place he'd left where the job he needed was waiting. He'd popped off and he was ashamed. He went to another plant where he didn't know anybody. And he never popped off again. Not even when later on, he had a right to. Not even now.

By now, Howard Keel's formative days are over. He's in his thirties, a settled family man and not mad at anybody—as long as they don't tread on his toes—and he yields practically no opportunity for that. The new Brentwood house where Howard and his pretty blonde wife Helen live with Kaiya and their boxer pup, Mouka, is Keel's castle. Photographers have never been inside it and, Howard declares, never will.

This self-imposed isolation has made Howard somewhat of a mystery man in Hollywood, heightened by the fact that outside of Kathryn Grayson and Louis Calhern, the Keels have practically no close Hollywood friends. They never go night clubbing, and even when he shows up at a Hollywood *grande affaire* Howard has a maddening way of appearing and then suddenly disappearing into thin air—which for one of his substance and stature is a fairly neat feat.

Occasionally, Howard relaxes, if you can call it that, at golf, sometimes with a foursome including Vic Mature, Davy Wayne and Lex Barker. But while he's whittled his score down into the seventies, the process remains painful. Seeking perfection at that exacting sport sometimes mesmerizes Howard so that he forgets he's playing a game. "If he starts slicing," says Vic Mature, "he'll take every bloody ball in his bag and bang it out of bounds until he hits one straight. Sometimes, we just leave him there digging up the fairway, go on and catch him the next time around."

It's really at that carefully guarded home of his that Howard Keel lets down and lives. He sleeps in a specially built, over-long bed from which his toes still dangle. He eats anything that tastes good and personally barbecues "one devil of a steak." He collects his friends around him—his closest are three old buddies from the aircraft plant days—feeds and drinks them well (he can't drink himself, he's allergic to alcohol). Then they sit around until all hours chewing the fat, dreaming about a South Sea sailing trip, spinning Howard's endless collection of records. He has a little workshop out in back where he dawdles making this and that for the house because it relaxes him to work with his hands.

It's not an exciting home picture, but Howard Keel doesn't want it exciting. At home he just wants peace, comfort and his family. That group will be adding up to four about the time you read this, because two-year-old Kaiya's expecting a brother or sister any minute. If he can have at least two more children Howard Keel thinks he'd be happy, and if and when they arrive, he'll have at least five people in this world who can boss him around. Because currently a couple of blondes in Brentwood, California, are the only two who can tell Howard Keel just what to do and make it stick. One of them is his wife, the other is his daughter. **END**

people might say she's in love

(*Continued from page 59*) but it is revealing in a couple of respects. For one thing, around Hollywood people are saying that Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner are a red hot item. For another, those rumors are flying right over Debbie's unimpressed and unconcerned head.

Some of the people who hint that romance has come to Debbie at last don't know what they're talking about, of course, but others certainly should. The other night, for instance, out in Burbank where Debbie lives, her dad, Ray Reynolds, addressed a remark to his wife, Maxene.

"I don't know about Sis," he puzzled, "what do you think? Looks like she's got herself a steady boy friend."

Debbie kept right on eating as if she hadn't heard. Her mother said, "Now, Ray—" but that didn't stop him.

"Well, you know," he continued teasing, "Sis was never much for the fellows but now—uh—" and he gave her a look.

"Daddy," said Debbie, "do you think it'll rain?"

And at approximately the same time over on Stone Canyon Drive in Bel-Air another observing father was holding a similar discusssion with his wife. He said, "How do you figure R. J., Chet? Looks to me like the boy's gone, don't you think?"

"S-h-h-h, Dude," protested Mrs. Wagner, "you know that's not true—"

"I don't know," Mr. Wagner raised his voice, "he's never been this hog-tied before. Wonder what's cooking?" Then he heard the front door slam and chuckled. "There he goes now. Not going away mad, I hope," he added.

Bob wasn't mad, but he was in a hurry. It's a haul from Bel-Air to Burbank, and if there's one thing he knows Debbie hates its a date who's late. He got there on time that night, even ten minutes early, and they went to a show. That happens these days pretty regularly, at least two or three times a week, with lunches in between. Then there are dance dates at the Palladium and sometimes when Debbie feels like getting "all jazzed up in an outfit" they even take in Mocambo. On free afternoons she's teaching Bob to jitterbug or else meeting him at the Bel-Air club after golf for dinner. And sometimes on weekends there's a trip up to the mountains or down to the beach with their gang.

And you can bet all this hasn't gone unobserved in Hollywood, where merely one public appearance of two attractive unattached young stars is good for an engagement rumor, and two weeks of steady dating can have them practically

married and settled down. In fact, during the past few weeks, there's been so much Debbie Reynolds-Bob Wagner romantic smoke that it seemed high time to me to poke around to see if I could find a fire. And in a situation like that there is only one thing for a reporter to do with a straight talking girl like Debbie Reynolds: ask her. So I called her up.

"Is it true, Debbie," I said, "that you and Bob Wagner are the greatest romance since Romeo and Juliet, or is it not?"

"I could hit you in the head," replied Debbie. "You kill me." But she said she'd answer any reasonable questions with true talk and I knew she would. So I met her over at Bob's house that afternoon and we went into the matter.

"R. J." as Debbie calls him, is a big athletic six-footer as handsome as they come, and he cracks a grin that's absolutely devastating. You can't miss it when you see *With A Song In My Heart*. "R. J. simply just broke me right up with that grin," she sighed. "Why, when I first saw him I said, 'There's a crazy cat.'"

The way Debbie told it, she was over at Fox visiting her friend Camille Williams, who was dancing there, and they were just coming out of that huge rehearsal hall heading for casting, miles away, when this boy rolled up in his car and yelled, "Hey, can I give you a lift?" Well, it was better than walking in the hot sun and Camille said she knew the character, so they hopped in and the minute Bob opened his mouth, well, he just killed her. "I didn't get to say a thing," Debbie recalled. "I just laughed. Just shook my sides."

Sarong: A dish towel that made good. Dorothy Lamour as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.

That was about two years ago, when Debbie first came to Metro, and for three months absolutely nothing happened. But then one night the phone rang and it was this boy but she couldn't remember him until he talked on and on and then she did. But she was a little sore that it had taken that long so she gave him a real hard time. "Oh yes, I remember you," she said finally, "what do you want?" He said he had two tickets to *Little Boy Blue* and he wanted to take her.

"It sounds very nice," she told him coolly, "but I can't. I'm beat. My hair's straight and I haven't a thing to wear."

"That's perfect," she got back. "I'm practically at death's door myself and the moths have riddled my best suit. Tell you what, I'll go by Utter-McKinley's, pick up a hearse and be right over." So before she knew it she was laughing and saying okay and then slipping into her purple formal and brushing off the white cape.

WELL, what followed, as Debbie recalls, was "just one of those nights, one of those fabulous flights." At the show they ran into Rory and Lita Calhoun and Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew and a mess of kids. So they went on to Mocambo, the Kings, the Savoy and the Sphinx, talked on the air with the disc jockeys, wound up at Rory's singing and dancing, and in general had themselves a ball. And since then there have been big nights and little nights, but scattered over months and months. It hasn't been anything near a "gruesome twosome" with Bob and Debbie until very lately, and it's not strictly exclusive even now. Debbie has scads of beaux and always has—Craig Hill, Dick Anderson, Stumpy Brown, Bobby Van—not to mention the college boys who take her out now and then. As for Bob, he's no Johnny One-Note either, as Barbara Lawrence, Susan Zanuck, Barbara Darrow and Mary Marshall, to name a few, can testify.

"They call him the Beau of Bel-Air," kidded Debbie.

"She's the Belle of Burbank," Bob parried. But never has Debbie teamed up so often with one date, before. And neither has Bob.

Debbie and Bob really got solidly acquainted taking in Hollywood premieres together. But soon Debbie had to rocket off on those long personal appearance tours of hers and Bob traveled away on locations. Then last summer Debbie had a "christening" for her new swimming pool in the back yard, and invited all her new Hollywood friends, including R. J. Wagner.

"But I was the busy hostess," said Debbie, "and of course he got there late and wouldn't go in swimming. So we didn't say much more than 'hello'."

"I was coming down from Arrowhead, I'd been water-skiing all day and I didn't want to get wet again. Besides I was late for dinner at home," explained Bob.

Anyway, things really didn't pick up again until one weekend last winter when Debbie went to Lake Arrowhead for some picture layouts in the snow, along with Barbara Ruick, Dawn Adams, Dick Anderson and some other kids. She was strapped up on skis for the first time in her life, and was too terrified to even move, when this hearty character loomed up out of nowhere, yelled, "Hiyah Debbie" in her ear and gave her a playful shove.

"She fell for me that time," grinned Bob.

"You knocked me down, you mean," said Debbie, "right on my seat. So I had to get even."

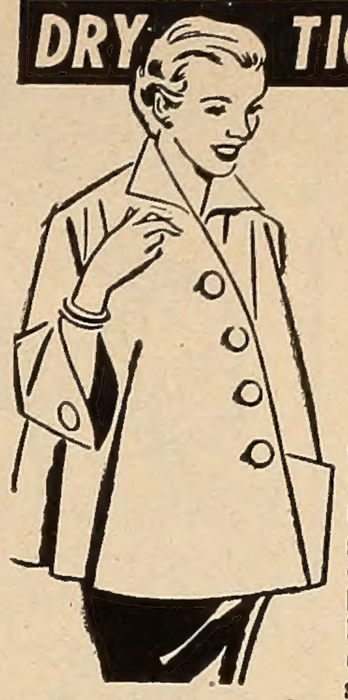
How Debbie got even was inviting Bob to dinner. "As long as you've crashed the party," she told him, "you might as well eat. Leave everything to me."

Debbie went to work in the cabin that night over some stuff she called "goulash" for want of a better name. It was a collection of just about everything lying around including spaghetti, but to tell the sad truth, she couldn't even cook that. Everything came up raw. "I took one bite and excused myself," Debbie remembered. "Dick and Dawn took a few polite mouthfuls and had cramps all night. But this Wagner—he cleaned up his plate and said it was wonderful. 'What a liar!' I told him."

BUT she really felt bad about it, and was so impressed with his gallantry so she told him she'd make it up with a dinner in town. Bob's been having quite a few of these at Debbie's house ever since, when she isn't having them at his—or at least some place together—and that's how all these romance rumors got going at last. Well, what about them? True or false? You ask Debbie Reynolds a question and she tells you.

"Why, no," she said honestly. "It's no romance with Bob and me. We're not even going steady. I don't believe in going steady, not for me. I'm too independent. It's just the way I'm made, I can't help it. And R. J.'s the same way. We both feel exactly the same way about this. Why, can you imagine me telling any boy not to go with another girl—or any boy saying 'no other guys' to me? What a thing! Look," said Debbie, warming up to the subject. "I was just 20 years old on April First. R. J.'s only 22. We're too young for anything exclusive. Both of us are just starting careers. Wouldn't it be too ridiculous to get all tied up? Why, we've never even considered it. It hasn't come up. I'll tell you what we do have though—and it's pretty hard to find in this town—that's relaxed companionship. If we feel like it we go out and have fun. If we

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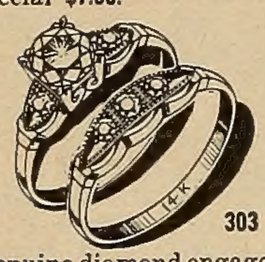
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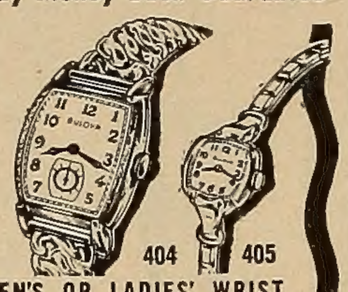
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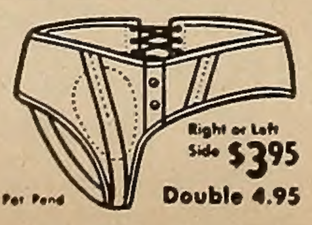
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don't, we don't and nobody gets mad."

Bob backed her up there. "That's what's so great about Debbie," he said. "No tricks. No act. No grand production."

"And you know what's nice about R. J.?" put in Debbie. "He's considerate. He understands. A lot of boys in this business don't understand. They think you're indestructible."

The other afternoon, related Debbie, she was tapping and sliding all around an MGM stage in a rugged number with Bobby Van for *Skirts Ahoy*. She had a date with R. J. that night, and he spent a few hours watching her rehearse. It exhausted him! When she finished she told him she'd go change her dress, and be right back.

"But," marveled Debbie, "you know what he said? He said, 'That's off. You're all beat. You go home and hit the rack. Goodbye, now!' Why, I almost collapsed. Most men would have made it an issue. They'd have yelled, 'Hey, what do you mean standing me up?' even if I was on the verge of collapse.

"That's one thing that gets me hacked, but really upset," frowned Bob Wagner. "The way Debbie knocks herself out. The other night she had a fever of 102. . ."

"It was 103, I had the flu," said Debbie, "and all I did was answer the phone. R. J. checking up to see if I was staying in bed. He called five times. 'What on earth's the matter?' my mother finally asked. 'Why, he's mad,' I told her. 'He doesn't trust me'."

"I can't," argued Bob. "Look what you did. You got up with the fever and went to a benefit, maybe six benefits. Somebody hands her a script even if she's ready for an oxygen tent," complained Bob, "and she says 'sure'! I don't want a corpse on my hands, do I?"

There are several things, Bob and Debbie admitted, that get them hacked about each other. Debbie can't stand to have anyone spend money on her, and that upsets R. J. She's so independent that unless the gifts are gags they embarrass her. "Flowers for instance," she says. "I don't dig flowers at all." The only gifts she's let Bob give her are two fuzzy monkey dolls that hang from her chandelier. "The greatest monkeys ever," said Debbie. "They're our kids, just darling." But she quickly paid him back with a corncob pipe and a beer mug on his last birthday.

They make an argument too, now and then, because he likes her hair long and loose and she likes it tight and she likes his short and he likes it long. She gets very nervous when he drives and he gets hacked when she tells him how to go—and then, of course, there's the trouble Debbie has with all her dates, about being on time. The worst experience she ever had was with a certain boy friend—not Bob—who was always late. She warned him, and one night when he rolled in tardy at Burbank he found her backing out the drive on her way to a girl friend's house. "I got lost," he pleaded, but since he'd been to Debbie's house many times before Deb didn't go for that. "Then get lost again," she came back. Well, Bob was a little bad that way but he's reformed.

But the main thing that gets her stirred is when she starts arguing and Bob drowns her out with his fast double-talk jabber. Whatever the issue is, Wagner has a way of smothering the whole thing by rattling, "Okay, swell, fine, now, all right then, girlie, see you later, never mind, nice to know you, good-bye Sam. . ." and so on and on until, well, "I could hit him right in the head," confessed Debbie.

As a matter of fact, those little tugs of war are what make things interesting when two spirited people like Debbie and Bob Wagner get together. But underneath them, I suspected there is genuine admiration on both sides. So when Debbie excused herself for a phone call I asked Bob, "What is it you really like about Debbie?"

"That's easy," he said. "Everything. First of all she's a terrif personality and she's always herself. She's the ideal date."

Then when Debbie came back and Bob had to answer the doorbell, I put the same one to her. I said, "Debbie, what really sends you about this R. J.?" "Why, I thought I told you," she said. "I think he's just wonderful, the greatest guy ever. Everybody does. He's not just a comic character, you know. R. J.'s a serious young actor, he's got brains and talent and he's so sensitive. He's got looks, he's got everything, he's going places. Why, he can even dance. You know how most boys have rhythm in their heads but it doesn't reach their feet? Well, Bob's got the message. We're working up a soft shoe routine right now," she revealed, "to entertain the soldiers, and I'd like to make a picture with him, too."

So I thought I'd try the $64 question and I asked her right out, "What about love then, engagement and marriage?"

I've got to hand it to that Reynolds. She didn't turn a hair or bat an eye. "Why sure," said Debbie, "I'm planning on it someday. When I fall in love, then I'll get married. But I don't think I'll fall in love—boom—like that. I'll have to know a person for a good long time; with me it'll have to grow. You know," Debbie cocked her dainty head and looked pensively out the window, "you go with a person, you like him, he's a nice guy, so you fall in love and you get serious, you get romantic. Well—you can get carried away . . .

"To tell you the truth," Debbie levelled it down. "Right now I'm in love with my work. Does that sound corny? Well, I really am. I wasn't at first but now, I couldn't live without it. It's got in my blood. Right now I've got everything I want. Why, look—a car, a pool, new clothes, some money in the bank. I never thought in my whole life I'd have all that. And so—that's enough for awhile.

"I won't get married when I'm 20, maybe when I'm 23. By that time this career will be going strong—or it won't be going at all. Either way, by then I can do what I want to do. But you can't have everything, not all at once. You've got to pay a little price for the good things you get," she philosophized, "and I guess keeping out of romance is mine. Of course, you never know what will happen to you."

That's when Bob came back in the room and naturally he had to ask, "What have you got figured out?"

"That you're coming to dinner at my house," said Debbie.

"Oh, let's go out—"

"It's expensive. I don't want to get dressed. I'll call mom, tell her to get something good. . ."

"Why don't we just eat here, then?"

"No—"

"Yes—"

"Look here, now, R. J.—"

"Okay, swell, then it's all settled, thank you very much," jabbered Wagner, "never mind, keep the change, that's a date, call me tomorrow, good-bye Sam. . . ."

"You see?" pleaded Debbie. "You see—oh, whatta you gonna do?"

I really have no idea, myself. That's Debbie's problem, and Bob Wagner's, too. But from where I sit it looks like it ought to be great fun working it out. In fact, a lot of guys and gals I know around Hollywood would stand in line for the job. Being Bob Wagner's best girl friend looks like very nice work and Debbie Reynolds has it—and vice versa with Bob. The only trouble is, if they keep it up much longer people may say they're in love. **END**

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